THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

JANUARY 15, 1949

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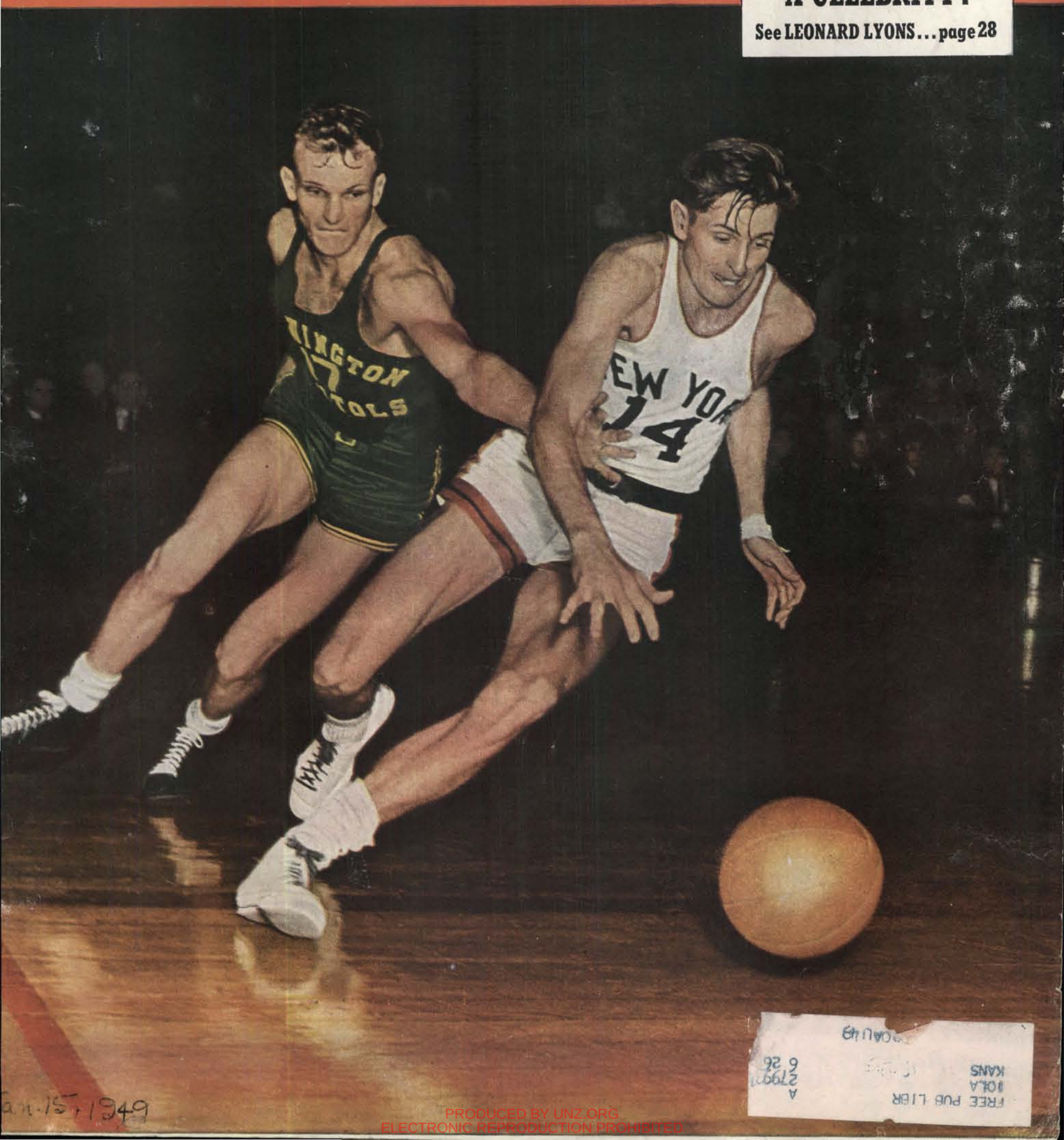
THE NUMBERS RACKET

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

WANT TO MEET A CELEBRITY?

See LEONARD LYONS... page 28



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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"THE SUN COMES UP"

starring

JEANETTE MacDONALD

LLOYD NOLAN · CLAUDE JARMAN, Jr.

and

LASSIE

with **LEWIS STONE · PERCY KILBRIDE**

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

Screen Play by William Ludwig and Margaret Fitts
Based on a Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

Directed by ..... **RICHARD THORPE**

Produced by ..... **ROBERT SISK**

Perhaps like us, you regard February as the longest month of the year. There seems to be no vernal hint in the air, no dickie bird's song. So we pass along a suggestion that worked wonders for us. We just hied ourselves off to see M-G-M's aptly titled "The Sun Comes Up", and truly it was as if the sun had broken through the clouds, shining bright and clear and warm. For it's a picture that speaks in the simple, straightforward language of the heart. You see it. You live it. And you love it.

The distinguished author of "The Yearling", Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, displays once again her great understanding of people. For these are real people – vital, stubborn, proud, searching. A woman who plunges into her career to fill the void where love should have been. A boy who discovers the adventure and happiness of growing up, in the devotion of a dog.

All credit to M-G-M for a well-chosen cast. As the concert singer, Jeanette MacDonald lends lustre to the role. Her famous voice is richer than ever. Lloyd Nolan is the hard-bitten, soft-hearted writer who helps the sun come up on love.

Claude Jarman, Jr. (of "The Yearling" fame) and Lassie are the typical boy and his dog. Lassie's last-minute rescue of her master from the blazing orphanage will be remembered for years as one of the great action thrills of the screen.

Special mention must be made of the tasteful use of Technicolor. In bold, vibrant strokes it brings to the theatre the grandeur of all outdoors.

Director Richard Thorpe continues to hit his stride, following his delightful "A Date with Judy". Producer Robert Sisk, responsible for the memorable "Courage of Lassie" and "Hills of Home", adds another masterpiece to America's gallery of magnificent motion pictures.

"The Sun Comes Up" – and brightens a great entertainment day!

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The Week's Mail

SEX, CLASS OF '52

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Re Amy Porter's article, Sex in Our High Schools (Dec. 4th), why should girls who have broken the moral law receive preferred treatment over the thousands of decent people who have children legitimately? Special agencies for the care of these girls and their unwanted children put a premium on sexual immorality. Why should I raise my children decently and give them schooling, and pay for the raising of the children of these irresponsibles as well? The thief, the murderer are rightly punished by society, why, then, should not sexual immorality be punished as well?

GUY STAUFFER, Ferndale, Mich.

. . . Our generation is pretty well geared to sex. If it is the chief motif of our movies and our slick magazines, aren't we a bit hypocritical to be surprised if it gets into our high schools? We should instead expect it. After all, the kids can read. And they practically live at the movies. Chastity is not a bad thing at any age.

FRANK TEMPLIN, Madison, Ind.

. . . In a sense, the article condoned intercourse out of wedlock, and then asked for more homes to take care of the unfortunate mothers.

The cure lies with the parents whose duty it is to instill in their children a good moral character, rather than establish more homes for boys and girls to take advantage of merely because they have never been taught to control their passions.

MRS. R. C. FRAZIER, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . Since parents have failed partially in the matter of sex education at home, why

(Continued on page 61)

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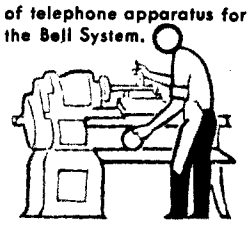

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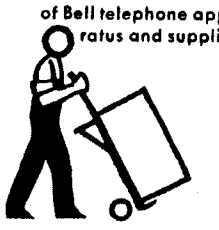

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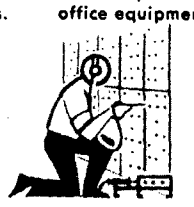

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G-E Daylight Television is a product of famous Electronics Park, world center of electronic progress. To be sure you get Daylight Television insist on General Electric—no other kind of television at its price can beat it for clarity, for realism!
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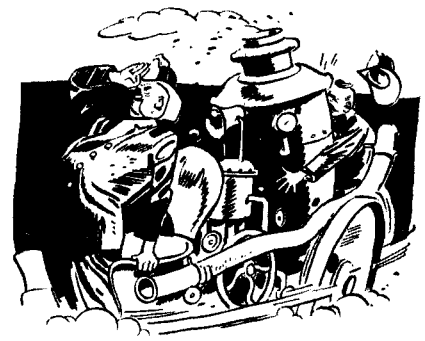
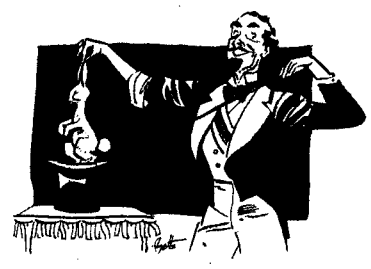
★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

AMERICA'S worst theater fire was that which occurred in the brand-new, $1,000,000 Iroquois Theater in Chicago during a matinee on December 30, 1903. Started by a hot lamp igniting a bit of scenery, the tiny blaze became a holocaust through a series of blunders made by the theater's panic-stricken personnel. For example, a stagehand so tangled the ropes of the asbestos curtain that it could not be lowered and an usher opened the auditorium skylights creating a draft that swept the flames throughout the house. Although killing 602 and injuring more than 1,000, mostly women and children, this fire caused a property damage of only $20,000 and burned itself out within fifteen minutes.



WHEN THE Honorable Li Hung Chang, Prime Minister of China, reached New York on his American tour in 1896, he admitted to the reception officials that his one desire was to see if the fire department responded to calls as fast as he had been informed. Therefore, they built a reviewing stand in Union Square with an alarm box so the guest himself could summon the apparatus. Fearing the electric signal might fail, the buffs (fans) of the company to be called decided to send their own signal by dropping handkerchiefs successively from spaced positions along the half-mile route. At the great moment, the statesman raised his hand toward the box and the buffs started their signal. Then suddenly he turned to ask a question and almost a minute passed before he sent the alarm. In less than 20 seconds the fire engine came racing around the corner, stopped before the stand, and the driver arose and saluted. The officials were baffled and speechless, but Dr. Li was profoundly impressed by "the incredible demonstration," thanked everyone and departed.—*By Frances Phelps, New York City.*



AN AMAZING FRAUD was perpetrated by Mary Toft of Godalming, England, in 1726, when she convinced her physician that she had given birth to 12 rabbits. It was publicly announced, and shortly virtually all of Britain came to believe the story. Two famous doctors had also investigated the girl and stated that the phenomenon had really happened. But a royal physician, ordering her under surveillance in a London hospital, announced later, as he alone had suspected, that she was a fraud. The girl was arrested and admitted having smuggled the rabbits into her bed. One night, shortly after the exposé, a London conjuror asked a member of his audience for a silk hat, then drew a rabbit out of it. The act made a tremendous hit. Thus, Mary Toft became at least the "mother" of this rabbit trick which has since been performed by the magicians of the Western world. Of the many books, pamphlets and articles written on her case, a number are owned by the U.S. Army Medical Library in Washington.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

THE HABÉ—a Negro tribe of French West Africa—punishes theft by hanging, yet lets off its murderers almost scot-free. The tribe considers that theft is incurable but that murder is an unfortunate accident that can be rectified. A murderer goes into exile for a year or two; and upon his return, either he or some member of his family lives with a relative of the victim until a child is born. Thus, a life is produced for the life that was lost, the tribe reasons.

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Sun Valley
Aspen
Alta
Mt. Hood
Mt. Rainier
Lake Placid
Banff
The Laurentians

FUN IN THE SUN AT PLACES LIKE:

Miami
Southern California
Palm Beach
Acapulco
Havana
Nassau
Arizona
New Orleans

The air is yours... **use it to discover what fun winter can be**

How do you think of winter? In terms of shoveling coal, sneezing and counting the days till spring? Or in terms of *enjoying* it?

Up in the mountains, winter is fun! Sharp skates flash and laughter rings out over the frozen pond. Dry, clean snow makes a cheery squeak beneath your boots and flies up in a plume of powder as a skier flashes down the trail. A hearty dinner and a crackling fire make a fitting crown to a brisk, invigorating day.

Down south it's fun, too. Warm days lazing on the beach. Fishing, golf, tennis, swimming. Sunshine and a healthy tan. Relaxation, and that wonderful feeling of getting away from it all. Gay evenings and a good night's sleep after hours of enjoyment in the open.

Whichever brand of fun you may prefer, the airlines of America can take you to it safely, quickly, comfortably, and at lower cost than you may suppose. As more than a million passengers a month are discovering, today's airline service is finer and faster than ever, with airplanes that cruise at five miles a minute and offer you every conceivable convenience. Wherever you live, inviting winter resorts are only a few hours away by air—close enough for a week's visit or even a week end. Ask any airline representative or travel agent to tell you more.

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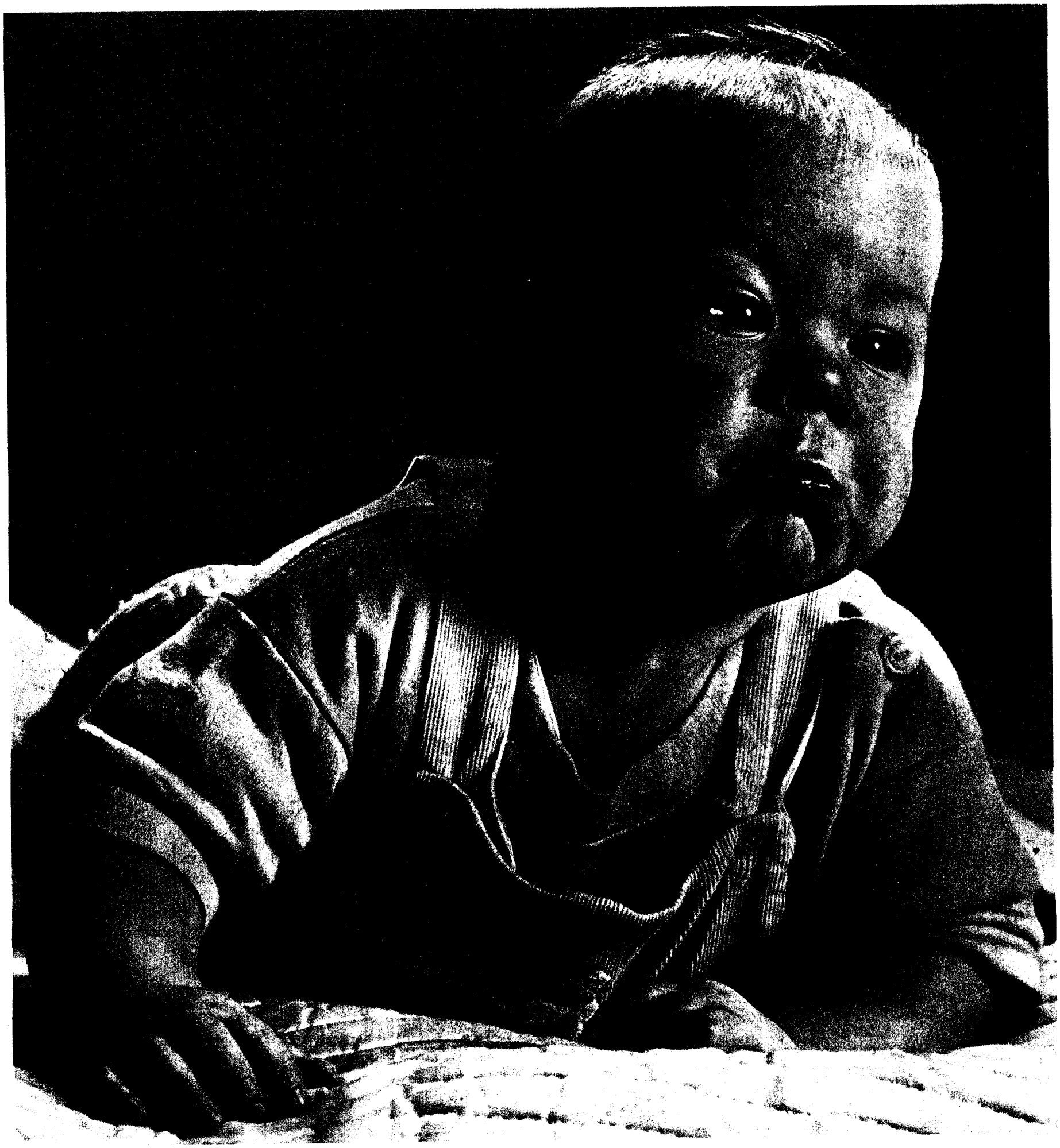

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MORAL: INSURE IN

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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From the balcony of his office, Rear Admiral Edmond J. Moran, USNR, surveys New York Harbor, the teeming home waters of his far-flung fleet of tugboats

Admiral Moran's Private Navy

By BILL DAVIDSON

The men who go down to the sea in tugs have an amazing story to tell. The Moran Towing and Transportation Company has rescued stricken liners, braved explosion-threatened harbors, performed in war with naval efficiency

ONE day last June, the Mexican navy's newly acquired destroyer Usumacinta entered the remote port of Salina Cruz on Mexico's west coast. The warship proceeded to disport herself about the harbor for the benefit of the population, which had turned out en masse to see the new Pride of the Fleet of the Republic. Suddenly a heavy swell came along, and the Pride of the Fleet of the Republic found herself aground and against the breakwater, facing rapid disintegration as the waves slammed her on the unyielding rock.

At this point no seafaring man would have given a plugged nickel for the survival chances of the Usumacinta. The nearest rescue forces of the minuscule Mexican navy were across the continent in the Gulf of Mexico, and the nearest U.S. Coast Guard equipment was more than 2,000 miles to the northward, in California. Yet the Usumacinta was saved. She was saved by a tugboat out of New York Harbor, the Kevin Moran, which was on a slight detour on her way back from a towing job to Venezuela.

The Kevin Moran nonchalantly worked her way as close as possible to the shallow water, got a line aboard the Mexican warship, and yanked for four hours until the Usumacinta came free. At this, the entire population of the city (which had been watching from the shore) unloosed a mighty cheer, and the captain of the port, the chief of naval operations and the captain of the destroyer swarmed aboard the Kevin Moran.

"It is a miracle," they said.

The gentlemen of the Mexican navy were quite right. Just a few years ago, the tugs of the Moran Towing and Transportation Company were known mainly for their ship-berthing and garbage-towing activities in the sheltered waters of New York harbor. Today, the Moran Company still tows scows and berths ships, but its bull-like little craft—all marked with a huge white "M" on the stack—also

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

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Docking the Queen Mary

1 The Queen Mary steams up the Hudson River under her own power but the Moran Towing and Transportation Company docking pilot has already boarded her and taken his place on the bridge. The tugs required for the berthing job are visible gathering around the Queen awaiting the first orders via ship's radio

turn up on bizarre missions in the most unlikely sections of the globe.

When the liner Exanthia hit a mine off the Italian coast in 1947, it was the Joseph H. Moran II that was dispatched to haul the abandoned hulk back to New York. When more oil was needed to speed up vital Marshall Plan deliveries to Europe, a fleet of Moran tugs towed huge floating oil equipment to Maracaibo, Venezuela, to expand the underwater oil fields there. When American industry desperately needed tin after the war, two Moran tugs hauled a pair of immense tin dredges 13,000 miles to Bangka in the Dutch East Indies.

When the Allies were getting ready for the D-Day assault against the Normandy beaches in France, Supreme Headquarters found that it had to have car floats to transport ammunition, rations, gasoline and other supplies to France after the landings. But the nearest available car floats were in the United States, and the big, engineless barges were too bulky to load onto ships.

Moran came to the rescue. Captain Earl Palmer, currently Moran's marine superintendent, suggested that the car floats be towed all the way across the Atlantic. "You're crazy," SHAEF wired back. "How can you cross an ocean with harbor craft?"

It took General Eisenhower himself to settle the controversy. He gave Palmer the go-ahead, saying, "If fifty per cent of the car floats get here, I'll be satisfied." Whereupon Palmer proceeded to tow thirty-six car floats across the submarine-infested Atlantic, losing only two in the process. Not only that, he also transported greatly needed wooden oil barges piggyback on each car float. To this day, ship captains speak of sea monsters and apparitions they saw in the Atlantic in the spring of 1944.

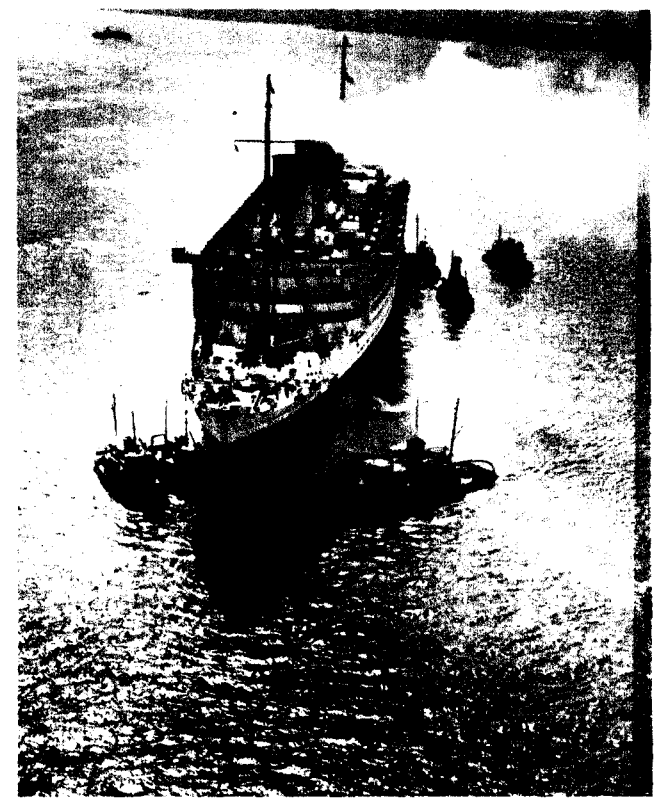
But the strangest new development in the Moran empire is its emergence since the war as a sea rescue service. In conjunction with Canadian associates, the Morans have established a special rescue department at Bermuda, from which a tug can sally forth to haul to safety any disabled ship in that storm-tossed section of the Atlantic. And on many a day there are at least two other Moran rescue jobs listed on the ships-in-distress diary of the Eastern Area U.S. Coast Guard.

In fact, since Moran is virtually the only tug company fully equipped for such long-distance deep-sea towing, the Coast Guard (whose policy is to aid vessels in distress but not to compete when commercial help is available) turns a big proportion of rescue jobs over to them.

While a Moran rescue mission is in progress, the company becomes figuratively an arm of the Coast Guard, using the Coast Guard's communications, its search planes, and on occasion even its Weather Bureau. All this is in addition to Moran's own private facilities, which include a radio communications network better than those of the navies of many small countries, and a jumbo, Pentagon-type operations map, complete with magnetic pips to indicate the daily positions of vessels.

Typical of a Moran rescue mission was the recent case of the luckless Leicester. Last September, the British freighter S.S. Leicester was whipping merrily along from England to New York when she ran smack into the first great Atlantic hurricane of the year. Six members of the crew were lost in the storm; the battered vessel lurched over to a 50-degree angle and remained there as her sand ballast shifted. The rest of the crew scurried away on two ships that had answered the SOS.

When an extensive search failed to locate the Leicester, it was presumed that she had taken berth in Davy Jones's locker. Ten days later, however, reports filtered in *(Continued on page 50)*



2 The docking pilot begins his masterminding in which split-second orders can mean safety or disaster for the 81,273-ton ship. Close-in orders are relayed to tugs by mouth whistles

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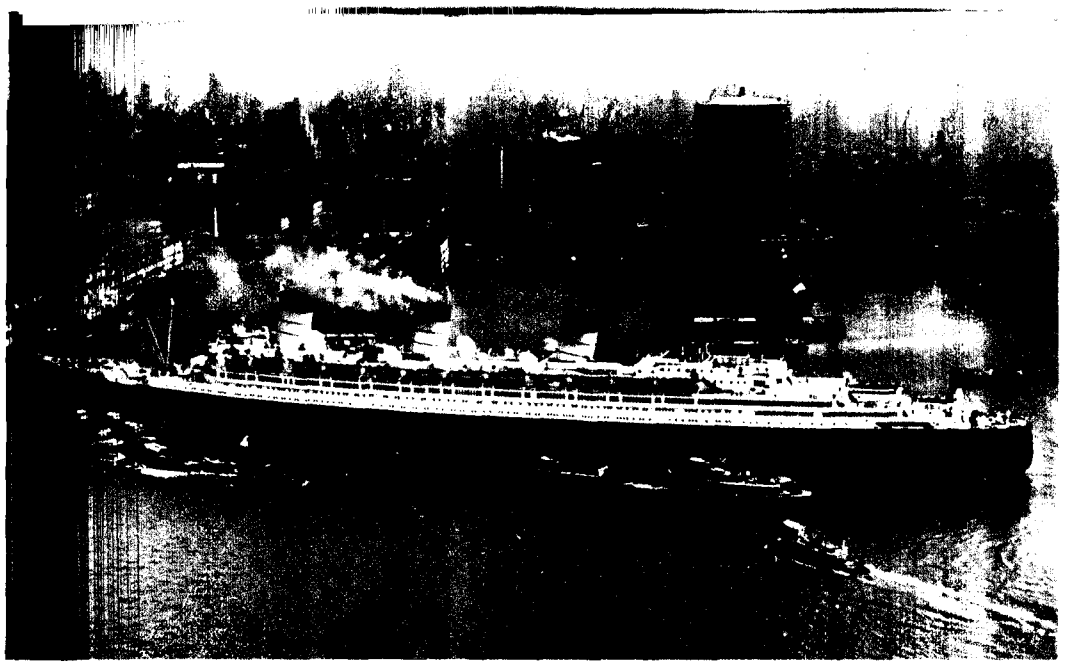
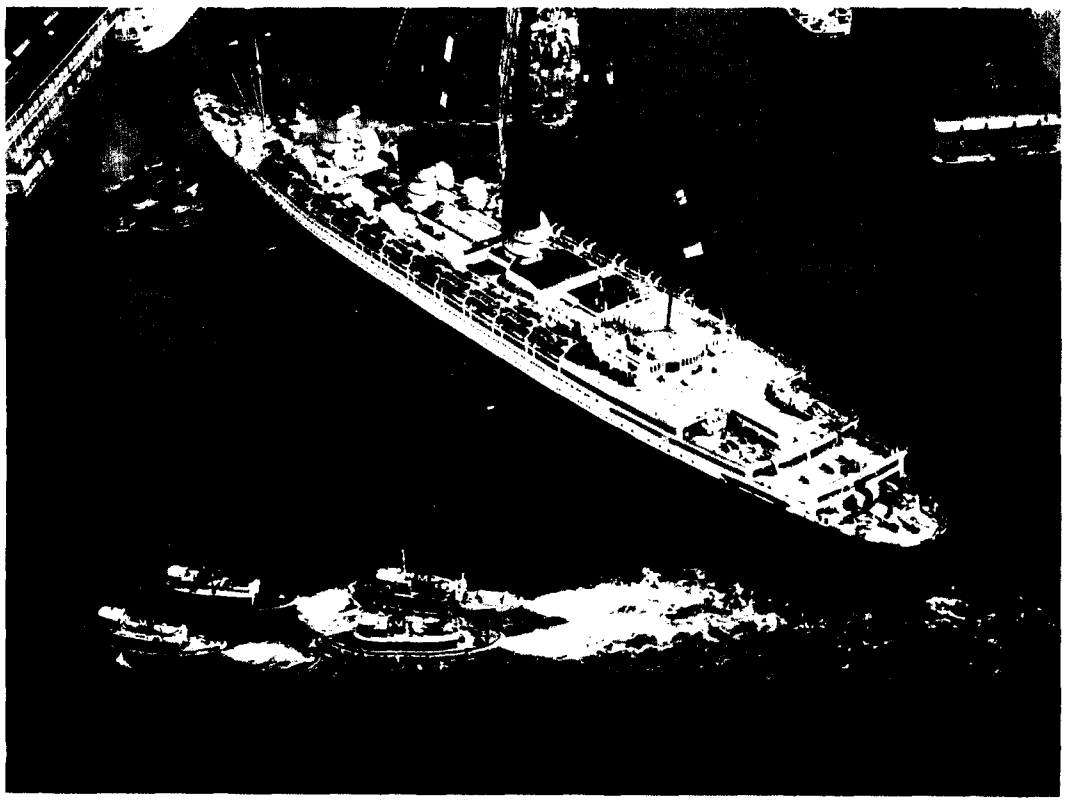
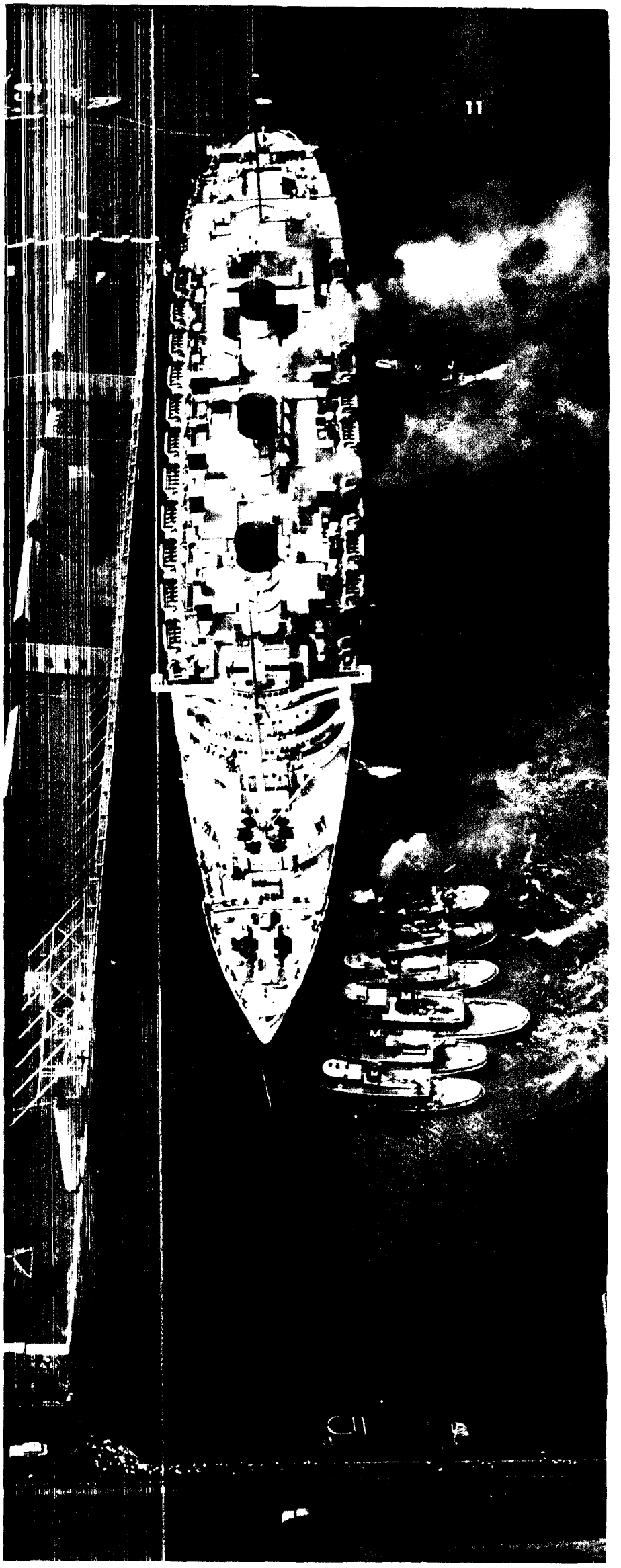


3 The big job begins in earnest as the Queen reaches Pier 90. Three tugs haul full strength on the stern as three others push the bow into the slip. But the river's current against the ship's side is stronger than had been estimated, and the docking pilot adds two tugs—one to the pushing group on the port bow and the other to the pulling team on the stern

4 Now the tug of war is almost won as the huge liner turns into the slip. With full teams of tugs pushing on the bow and pulling on the stern, the churning water in their wake gives some idea of the tremendous power being put into the effort. Against Manhattan's midtown sky line, the Morans perform this water-front wonder as a routine job



5 The most dramatic moment of the docking comes when the brakes are put on and the side of the Queen makes contact with the corner of the pier "without breaking an egg," as tug men say. The stern tugs strain to bring the liner around, pivoting on the corner of the pier, as the bow tugs push to make sure that the hard-won contact isn't broken



6 The tugs hold the Queen firm in one of the most dangerous phases of the operation. When she moves in, thousands of tons of water piled up between ship and pier have force enough to shoot her across the slip into the next dock

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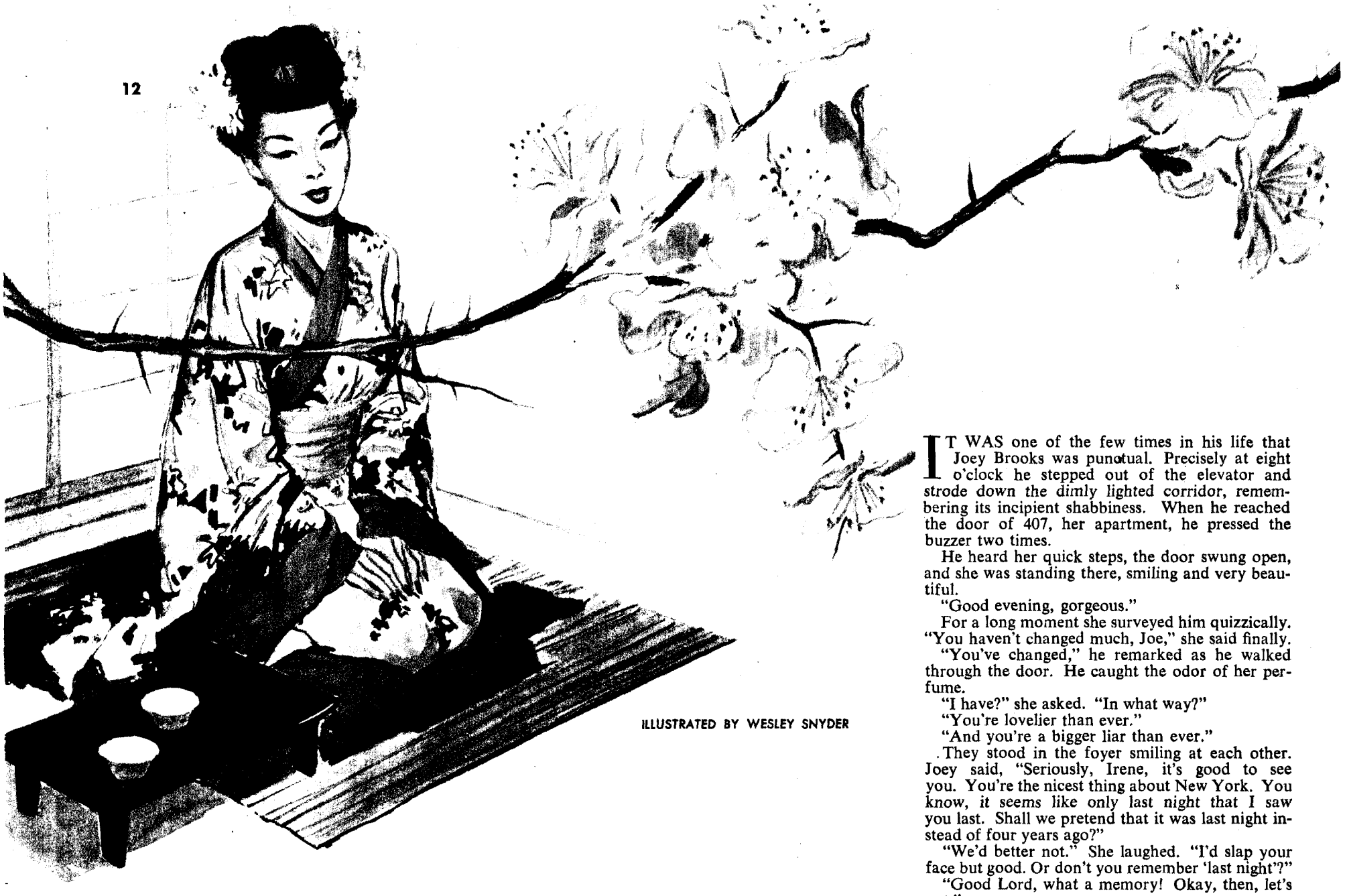

ILLUSTRATED BY WESLEY SNYDER

Joey's postwar plan was to pick up where he had left off with Irene—but a haunting memory kept urging him back to

Another land — another Love

By HOWARD LA FAY

IT WAS one of the few times in his life that Joey Brooks was punctual. Precisely at eight o'clock he stepped out of the elevator and strode down the dimly lighted corridor, remembering its incipient shabbiness. When he reached the door of 407, her apartment, he pressed the buzzer two times.

He heard her quick steps, the door swung open, and she was standing there, smiling and very beautiful.

"Good evening, gorgeous."

For a long moment she surveyed him quizzically. "You haven't changed much, Joe," she said finally.

"You've changed," he remarked as he walked through the door. He caught the odor of her perfume.

"I have?" she asked. "In what way?"

"You're lovelier than ever."

"And you're a bigger liar than ever."

They stood in the foyer smiling at each other. Joey said, "Seriously, Irene, it's good to see you. You're the nicest thing about New York. You know, it seems like only last night that I saw you last. Shall we pretend that it was last night instead of four years ago?"

"We'd better not." She laughed. "I'd slap your face but good. Or don't you remember 'last night'?"

"Good Lord, what a memory! Okay, then, let's not."

She was wearing a green dress. It was very effective with her black hair and lightly tanned skin. She went to the closet.

"I really don't know what coat to wear," she said.

"Anything looks good on you, cuter-than-most. In fact, you look good enough to bite."

"Did anyone ever tell you that you picked up a good line in the Army?" She laughed. "You can think up some more left-handed compliments while I check the exits. Heaven forbid the family jewels should be burgled while I'm out."

Sitting there, waiting for her to lock up, he lighted a cigarette. He was very pleased with himself. Arriving in New York only that afternoon he had anticipated a lonely evening. And then he had remembered Irene, and had telephoned her, hoping that she had neither moved nor married. And now here he sat in her apartment, about to go out with her.

Joey had met Irene in the winter of 1944 during a feverish ten-day leave in New York. They had been together every evening for a week. Knowing that he would be shipped out to the Pacific, he had been trying desperately to crowd something meaningful into that short span of days, something to be remembered and to be carried with him like a talisman. But, though they drank and jested and made quick, furtive love, the memory had cooled with the passing of time and ended in shorter letters at longer intervals.

Now, seeing her again, Irene seemed lovely and desirable and he wondered how he had ever forgotten her.

Going out of the apartment into the coolness of the night, Irene linked her arm through his.

"Did you make any plans, Joe?" she asked.

"None in particular."

"Well, I know a perfectly divine place. Gypsy atmosphere—violins and all that—and the most delicious *shashlik* that they serve on a flaming skewer. It's absolutely darling."

"Whatever you say, angel." He grinned, giving her arm a quick squeeze. They walked to the curb and Joey hailed a cab.

In the taxi she smiled and once again linked her

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Collier's ☆ STAR STORY

arm through his. He settled back in the leather seat and moved closer.

And then, from nowhere and everywhere, the memory came. It surged into his mind like a wave breaking on a beach. He felt the urgency of it, and he did not fight against it but let it possess him. Engulfed in the remembrance, he was in the other country in that other year:

1945: the year of the Victory; the first year of the occupation. And the road down the mountain from Lake Hakone was very dangerous because of the sheer drop on the left and the blind curves every hundred yards or so. It was a beautiful morning in early November and the little Japanese trees were warm with color. Joey was driving down to Odawara.

Just above Miyanoshita there is a place where a stream cascades down a precipice into the sullen gorge beyond. Joey idled the jeep around a curve and gazed at the splendor of the waterfall. Then he saw a young woman in a kimono walking ahead of him. On an impulse, he decided to offer her a lift. He felt good because of the fine day. Besides, he reflected, there might be something in it. Passing her, he stopped the jeep at the side of the road. He got out and for the first time he saw her face. She was very pretty.

"Konnichi wa," he said in Japanese. "Good day."

She looked at him and her face paled with fear. In sudden consternation she scanned the deserted road. God, he thought, she thinks I'm going to take her! He smiled reassuringly. Because he blocked the way she was forced to stop. Terror shone in her almond eyes.

"Konnichi wa," he repeated.

She bent her head and stared at the ground. *"Konnichi wa,"* she answered in a small, frightened voice.

"Anatawa dokoni yukimasuka?" he asked politely. "Where do you go?"

"Odawara," she quavered, still staring at the ground.

"So desuka? Is it so? I, too, go to Odawara. But," he lied, "I do not know the road. Would you be my guide?"

SHE looked up at him and the fear in her face was giving way to uncertainty. It was a truly beautiful face. There was, he noticed, a kind of liquid quality to her eyes—a kind of helpless sadness. Her skin was a delicate tan, taut across her cheekbones emphasizing the moist red of her lips. But it was her eyes that fascinated him. Deep and dark.

The girl glanced curiously at the jeep. She reached out a slender hand and touched the fender with awe. "Jeepo," he smiled, using the Japanese corruption, and this time she smiled in return. Thank Heaven, he thought, she has all her teeth. So many Japanese women had a mouthful of gold teeth.

She smiled again, shyly, and looked from the jeep to him. He repeated the invitation. After a moment of hesitation she nodded her head and said, *"Arigato.* Thank you." . . .

And that was the way it began, he reflected, glancing at Irene who was looking out the cab window.

The cab turned into Twelfth Street and stopped before a brownstone house, *(Continued on page 62)*

You can board a plane and be in Japan in a matter of days, he told himself. You can find her waiting. You can—if you want to

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Rev. R. P. (Bob) Shuler of the Trinity Methodist Church originated the idea of putting religion on the air waves in Los Angeles, but the Federal Communications Commission "refused to renew his license"

California's

By CAMERON SHIPP and FRANK J. TAYLOR

THE manager of Radio Station KFOX, Long Beach, California, L. W. McDowell, is a durable man. He can sit and take it calmly thirty times a week while the parsons and hallelujah shouters, who use up almost half of his station's time on the air, r'ar back and excoriate the Devil. Aimed at a potential five million listeners in southern California, camp-meeting style, salvation emanates from KFOX in powerful doses, and Mr. McDowell patiently absorbs it all as part of his job.

But now and then he rises in exasperation and decrees that certain parsons can't go on his air. He did it just the other day.

The auditioning evangelist started off in fine, flowing form. He had some banjo music backed up by several deep basses in the amen corner and his glory-be's were high-pitched and well-timed. His sermon, of course, was unintelligible, but Mr. McDowell learned long ago that clarity is not always the ingredient essential to success in radio exhortation. What fetched Mr. McDowell bolt upright was a change of pace in which the parson instructed his listeners about a glass of water.

"Put a tumbler on the radio while you listen to me," he said, "and when I finish, drink this water and your ailments will be cured. Hallelujah! Now get a glass. . . ."

At this point Mr. McDowell pulled the switch.

At about the same time that this audition was taking place, on KFSG, mouthpiece of the late Aimee Semple McPherson's Angelus Temple, eleven parsons appeared on one program, one of whom testified that the Four Square Gospel had healed him successively and instantly of paralysis, of blindness, and of inhaling a peanut.

More than twoscore other programs are broadcasting religion daily in southern California. Some are sensational, some conservative. Some, though shouted in frenzied terms disturbing to persons of a quieter faith, are the mouthpieces of sincere belief. Some are rackets.

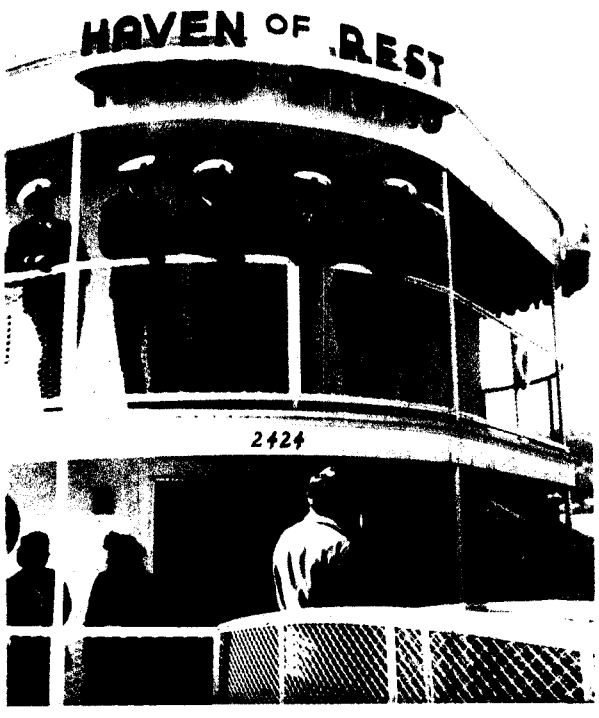
Unfortunately, both for the conservatives and for the loud-but-sincere fundamentalists, there is an unconscionable amount of sheer religious gibberish on the Los Angeles air waves and a stunning amount of noise. The general impression is one of uproar.

The hullabaloo, sincere though it may be, is in itself a disturbing factor, but it can't be quieted. Mr. McDowell, for instance, hushed one yelling, unintelligible evangelist, but after a week of quieter appeals, the man had lost his following.

Essentially, it comes to this: Los Angeles has become the confusing, hard-on-the-ears proving ground for the new-fashioned religion of the air, and the new-fashioned religion is Big Business. Some of the good works of the new technique are manifest. But at the same time, churchmen and thoughtful radiomen are deeply disturbed.

Businessmen like L. W. McDowell, who says he often has a waiting list of 200 parsons ready to buy time on his station, are alarmed lest they unwittingly foster an apostle more interested in lucre than in salvation. There is no way of obtaining a complete estimate, but radio religion on the West Coast runs into millions of dollars a year and many of the dollars pass through the hands of operators who are accountable to no one but God and the Department of Internal Revenue.

One able station manager who has been associated for years with some of the most frenzied practitioners, cites a radio dervish who nets $48,000 annually and who grumbles that he is slipping when his weekly take drops below a thousand dol-



This is First Mate Bob's Good Ship Grace with its crew of organist, quartet and minister standing on upper deck

Inside the Good Ship Grace Anchored in the Haven of Rest, Rev. Paul Myers, as First Mate Bob, conducts religious service with everything but spray to complete the salty illusion

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New-Fashioned Religion

The West Coast air waves are carrying the noisiest religious outburst since the assault on the walls of Jericho. Millions of dollars each year are pouring into the hands of Samaritans and charlatans alike in California's newest big business

lars. On the other hand—and the other hand is important—there are religious programs here which fetch more than a million dollars a year in listener contributions, and these programs scrupulously use every penny for bona fide activities.

Two years ago, the Rev. Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr., nationally recognized pastor of the First Congregational Church, largest and oldest Protestant church in the city, invited officials of the Southern California Broadcasting Association to meet with him to consider the problem of religion on the air.

Dr. Fifield asked the radiomen why they couldn't get rid of the shouters. The radiomen replied with considerable embarrassment that while the networks had everything under control, the small stations depended upon paid church services for half of their income.

Dr. Fifield's opinion of religion on the air is interesting.

"An average of 200 persons come to me or to my assistant pastors each week to talk about their troubles," he says, "and we find that a large percentage of these people are upset and disturbed because of something they have heard on a radio program.

"And yet, I would almost as lief give up our regular morning church service as surrender our own services on the air."

The temperate appeal of Dr. Fifield's First Congregational services inspires 400 letters a week. But Dr. Rolf McPherson, following the formula of Aimee, his celebrated mother, gets 1,000.

The Angelus Temple broadcast, one of the most famous but by no means the biggest, has been on the air for 25 years over its own thousand-watt station, KFSG. It offers 28½ hours of religion per week. Requests for prayer are telephoned in during divine services and are honored immediately between such statements as, "God bless you, what you got there, ten dollars?" and "Don't forget, Lord, to bless the pastor."

Testimony of Healing by Prayer

Sometimes, the Temple parsons advise the ill to lay their hands on their radios during prayer, and it is attested that the ailing have been instantly relieved. Sister Hal Smith, who is in charge of divine healing, often invites listeners to place an open Bible over their afflicted parts, and there are records of miraculous recoveries.

"Prayer cloths," small handkerchieflike pieces of material blessed and distributed by Angelus Temple, are also credited with surprising efficacy. The Temple cites the instance of a woman who was relieved of high blood pressure and influenza with one application, and calls attention to another in which a poliomyelitis victim with a temperature of 107 was immediately relieved after application of a prayer cloth.

But Angelus Temple does not ignore practical good works in favor of acts of faith. Between August 25th and September 25, 1948, the Temple fed 1,750 destitute persons and distributed 1,050 garments to the poor.

A religious show that has been the vortex of controversy since its inception a few years ago, and which illustrates how much money there is in evangelism on the air, is called the Hebrew Evangelization Society, Inc. Dr. A. U. Michelson, a German who was ordained as a Christian minister in Palestine, has as his announced purpose the harmonizing of the religious beliefs of Jews and gentiles—certainly a commendable purpose.

But the good man has been charged with bribing boys to be baptized and of inducing old and feeble women to turn over their *(Continued on page 52)*

One of the best known of the Los Angeles radio services emanates from the spacious Angelus Temple built by the late Aimee Semple McPherson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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Father of the Bride

By EDWARD STREETER

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"Who giveth this woman?" the reverend would ask. And Mr. Banks would say, "I do." It was his big moment, and he found it difficult to decide whether to answer, "*I* do," or possibly, "I *do*"

The Story: In the town of Fairview Manor, MR. and MRS. STANLEY BANKS are slowly learning an awful truth. Their daughter KAY is being married to BUCKLEY DUNSTAN, and according to the best American tribal rules the father and mother of the bride are arranging the wedding. What Mr. and Mrs. Banks are discovering is that they can either invite only the members of the immediate family, or they can plan to hold the wedding in something as big as Madison Square Garden. Kay and her father and mother try to keep the guest list to an absolute minimum. But slowly and steadily the number grows. Banks puts his foot down. "Only one hundred and fifty people are coming to this wedding. And the hundred and fifty-first person that enters this house gets thrown out on his ear."

PART 2 OF A THREE-PART SERIAL

THE telephone, which had never been an inarticulate instrument in the Banks home, now started ringing the moment the receiver was replaced in its cradle.

"Who was it, Ellie?" Mr. Banks asked his wife.

"Oh, just a woman who wants to take Kay's bridal pictures."

"Some orchestra that wants to play at the reception."

"A candid cameraman, dear."

"It was the little man that puts up the awning."

"Just another caterer."

"A man who wants to do the flowers."

"Only the dressmaker, darling."

What an innocent he had been! His original wedding budget had included a case or two of champagne, a couple of hundred water-cress sandwiches, a wedding dress (if he was unfortunate enough to have reared a daughter who couldn't slip into her mother's), a handsome present to the bride, some miscellaneous tips and that was about all. The church was free. What else was there?

"It's only the dressmaker, darling"

He followed his wife out, smirking to right and left

Now he suddenly appeared to be the sole customer of an immense and highly organized industry. He reminded himself of the government during the war. "Keep those production lines moving for Banks. Get the finished goods to him. He's committed now. He's in this mess up to his ears. There's no drawing back. We're all behind you, Banks; behind you with caterers, photographers, policemen, dressmakers, tent pitchers—behind you with champagne, and salads and clothes and candid cameras and potted palms and orchestras and everything it takes to win a wedding."

He sat in the big wing chair, shoulders slumped, staring unseeingly at the fireplace.

"I do wish," said Mrs. Banks, "that you could arrange to meet me in town some day soon, Stanley. We've just *got* to pick out the flat silver if we want to get it marked in time."

Mr. Banks regarded her with dull eyes. "The what?"

"Kay's flat silver. Her *table* silver. You know perfectly well that we give Kay her flat silver and her linen."

"Her linen?" repeated Mr. Banks. His voice sounded as if he had been drugged.

"Yes, dear. Of course. Her sheets and towels and napkins and all that sort of thing."

"My God!" It wasn't an oath. It was a prayer. "Doesn't Buckley's family give anything but Buckley?"

* * * * *

THE ONLY ONES who seemed thoroughly immune to the situation were Kay and Buckley. As it grew more complex they grew more serene, until they seemed to Mr. Banks to be floating away like disembodied spirits, leaving the entire mess in his lap. It was a kind of spiritual sit-down strike.

"Look here," he announced sternly, "there are a lot of details we've got to talk over and I never can get you two kids together. Now I want a few minutes of your undivided attention."

But before the words were out of his mouth Kay and Buckley had drifted back into an interminable

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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half-whispered conversation. Judging by the almost continuous giggling which rippled through it, each appeared to regard the other as a combination of Danny Kaye and Jack Benny. Mr. Banks hated whispered conversations and detested giggling. There were moments when it seemed to him that Buckley had the most vapid expression he had ever seen on a young man.

"Silly ass," he muttered under his breath—and then aloud to nobody in particular, "I'm damned if I can run this circus singlehanded and try to run my business too."

"*You* run it singlehanded!" said Mrs. Banks indignantly. "All *you* have to do is to hand everything over to Miss Bellamy at the office. I wish you'd stay around *here* all day. You might find out what's going on."

Basically it should have been so simple. Boy and girl meet, fall in love, marry, have babies, who eventually grow up, meet other babies, fall in love, marry— Looked at from this angle it was not only simple, it was positively monotonous. Why, then, must Kay's assume the organizational complexity of a major political campaign?

Take the question of bridesmaids, for example. Kay, who had almost become a professional bridesmaid during the last five years, was now repaying her obligations with a reckless disregard for numbers.

"It's going to look more like a daisy-chain parade than a wedding," grumbled Mr. Banks as the list grew.

Fortunately a large number were obliged to decline on the grounds of pregnancy. This reduced the length of the procession, but it did not simplify the dress problem. These must be the most beautiful bridesmaids' dresses ever worn outside of a movie. They must look as if they had been snatched from Bergdorf Goodman's window, but under no circumstances must they cost a penny more than $24.50.

"They should suggest the spirit of spring," said Mrs. Banks dreamily. "Like wood nymphs in glades."

"Sort of on the idea of the White Rock girl," suggested Mr. Banks.

"*Light* green pastel with three-quarter sleeves—and a *tight* bodice and a *bouffant* skirt," said Kay.

"That's it," said Mrs. Banks. "And wreaths of natural flowers."

"You girls ought to work for Billy Rose," offered Mr. Banks.

Kay's face fell. "*Mom*, can you *picture* Jane Bloomer in that dress! Why, she'll look like an elephant in a *ballet* skirt. Oh, dear. This is a *mess*. Wouldn't you *know* she'd accept?"

And so it went while Mr. Banks browsed absentmindedly through the evening paper and wondered what would happen if he suddenly began to make queer noises and froth at the mouth.

"Oh, Kay," exclaimed Mrs. Banks. "There's one thing we've forgotten. Mrs. Pulitzski. Remind me to phone her. She's simply got to be at the church to straighten you out before you go down the aisle."

Mr. Banks lowered his paper. "What's the child going to do—have the bends?"

"Oh, men never understand. Don't you see, dear, somebody's got to be there to arrange Kay's train and veil before she starts down the aisle with you?"

"I think I'll go to bed," said Mr. Banks.

Sometime during the night he woke up filled with a vague apprehension. For a few minutes he couldn't figure out what was bothering him. Then, gradually, the interior of a great cathedral took shape in his half-conscious brain. Its monolithic columns towered up and up, disappearing finally into the darkness above. The place was jammed to the doors with flashily dressed people. Somewhere an organ was thundering like a summer storm.

Suddenly the organ stopped and there was a dead silence broken only by the creaking of stiff collars and the rattle of pearls as a thousand heads turned as if on swivels to the point where he, Stanley Banks, found himself standing, quite alone, at the head of the aisle.

He tried to slip into one of the rear pews, but his feet were rooted to the floor. Then there was a series of terrific boomps from the organ, and the peals of the wedding march resounded through the vaulted shadows. A shaft of white light sprang from the gloom above him and placed him in the center of a glaring pool of brilliance.

Alone, pacing slowly to the measured rhythm of the organ, he started down the aisle. It was several hundred yards long and at the end of it he could distinguish the figure of the minister, which kept growing larger and larger until it towered over the whole scene and reached into the shadows—huge, sinister, forbidding, daring him to run the gantlet.

Now he could hear titters from either side. "It's Banks. How grotesque!!! Why, his clothes don't fit him. Look at his figure! Why, he can't even get his coat buttoned! What a clown of a man!"

The tittering was giving way to shrieks of laughter. People were standing on the seats of the pews and pointing at him. "Look at his knees shake! He'll never make it. He'll go down in a minute. How could a man like that have such a beautiful daughter? They say she isn't his. It's a joke. He's a joke. Banks is nothing but a big fat joke—a big fat joke—a big fat joke . . ."

He was sitting up in bed. His forehead was clammy.

"Why don't you take a sleeping pill, dear?" said Mrs. Banks. "It'll quiet you down."

* * * * *

A FEW DAYS LATER he found himself sitting on the living-room sofa with Kay, sipping his evening old-fashioned. Delilah was out. Mrs. Banks was in the kitchen. Kay suddenly slipped her arm through his. He patted her hand absently.

"I know I'm a *fool*, Pops, but I want to talk to you about something. You won't think I'm silly, will you?"

"Of course not, kitten. What's bothering you?"

"I'm scared, Pops. Scared to *death*."

Mr. Banks started and took a substantial swallow. "Scared? What are you scared of? Getting married isn't anything to be scared of. Marriage is the most normal—"

"Oh, Pops, I'm not scared of *marriage*. It's much sillier than *that*. You see—" He always had a particular fondness for Kay when she said, "You see" and snuggled.

"It's this way, Pops. You know how I wanted a *simple* wedding, out in the country somewhere. Well, that's out. We don't *live* in the country. Period. But this thing is getting bigger an' bigger an' *bigger*. Oh, I know it's ungrateful, Pops. You're wonderful. But sometimes it scares the living daylights out of me."

Mr. Banks glanced toward the kitchen and dropped his voice. "You mean like going down the aisle?"

"Every time I *think* of it, Pops, I turn into a cold sweat. Suppose my *knees* got shaking just as I started. And suppose they shook so much that finally they let me down *entirely* and you had to *drag* me to the altar like a sack of *meal*."

Mr. Banks regarded her for some moments with despair in his eyes. "We might both have a short snort just before the show starts," he suggested finally, but without conviction.

"*No*, sir. That won't do, Pops," Kay said firmly. "I'm not going to blow gin in the minister's face at my own wedding."

"I was thinking of a whisky and soda," said Mr. Banks. Then he pulled himself together with an almost visible effort. "Listen, kitten. Get this into your head. There's nothing to worry about. See? *Nothing* to worry about. All your life when you've been bothered *I've* been there, haven't I? Well, I'll be there when that wedding march starts. All you've got to do is to take my arm, lean on me and think about how you're the most beautiful bride in the world and how proud I am of you. That's all. Just relax. I'll do the rest."

"Oh, Pops!" Kay was looking at him with loving reverence. "You *are* wonderful. *Nobody* could be scared with you. Nothing *ever* fazes you, does it, Pops?"

* * * * *

ON SATURDAY MORNING Mr. and Mrs. Banks drove to town and visited the offices of Buckingham Caterers, specialists in luncheons, dinners, buffet suppers, cocktail parties, wedding receptions, christenings, lodge meetings and general social functions.

Mr. Massoula, who appeared to be in charge, was obviously a young man who knew his way about. He had a long upper lip decorated on its lower edge with a tiny mustache, reminiscent of a fringe on a lamp shade. His double-breasted blue suit was sharply creased and his thin black hair was plastered down so tightly that it might have been painted on his skull.

Wedding reception? Yes, indeed. Buckingham Caterers were fully equipped to take the whole affair over. Mr. and Mrs. Banks didn't need to give the matter another thought. Just specify the date and they could romp off to the Arizona Biltmore or Palm Beach or Palm Springs or wherever it was that people like Mr. and Mrs. Banks spent their time. The point was they *did not need to worry*.

Buckingham Caterers had handled some of the biggest and most expensive weddings in the country. Mr. Massoula let it be understood clearly that they were not in the habit of putting their shoulder to weddings which were not in the upper brackets of the social scale.

"But first," said Mr. Massoula, reaching under the table and producing several large photograph albums, "I'd like to get your ideas about a wedding cake. Once the wedding cake has been established Buckingham Caterers take over. Now here is a very popular cake. That's Brenda Santanya. You know. Daughter of Princess Fraschisi by her second husband."

Mr. Banks looked at his wife. They hadn't even thought about a wedding cake. To Buckingham Caterers it was obviously not a matter for discussion. Mr. Massoula turned over dozens of photographs showing brides and grooms about to destroy hideous cakes of every size and shape. One could see that the cakes were different, but the brides and grooms all looked alike.

Mr. Massoula had an encyclopedic memory for names and social connections. The first families of the nation passed in review before Mr. and Mrs.

Mr. Massoula, the caterer, was a young man who knew his way about

Banks. They had never heard of most of them, but they were pleased by the way Mr. Massoula assumed that all these people were their buddies.

"Ours isn't going to be a big reception," Mr. Banks ventured.

"Small and select. I understand perfectly," Mr. Massoula assured him. "Buckingham Caterers can handle them any size."

Mr. Banks's fingers tightened on the edge of the table. "We don't want a cake," he said with dignity. Mrs. Banks's admiring glance fortified his courage.

"What! You don't want a cake! Why—"

Mr. Banks shot the works. "I think cakes are cheap," he said. "Every Tom, Dick and Harry has cakes. We don't want one."

Mr. Massoula looked at him with new respect. "I understand," he murmured. "It is true that the *very* select weddings no longer have them. We must show them, though. Most people wouldn't understand if we didn't."

"Of course not," said Mr. Banks. He dreaded the moment when he would have to tell Mr. Mas-

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soula that this particular reception was to be held in a place called Fairview Manor.

Mr. Massoula brought up another large album from under the table. "While you're here I'd like to have you look at a few shots of some of our receptions."

As he looked, Mr. Banks's dismay turned to panic. Buckingham Caterers not only dealt exclusively with the uncrowned heads of the American industrial aristocracy, but apparently they only catered on huge estates and in palaces. He wondered how he could get out of the whole thing gracefully. Maple Drive had suddenly become a kind of suburban back alley. Quite obviously his home would look like somebody's gatehouse to Mr. Massoula.

But it was too late. Mr. Massoula had pulled out a pad of forms. "Now we should get some idea of what you would like to serve. We will supply the champagne, of course."

Much to his chagrin Mr. Banks turned slightly red. "I'm sorry. What I mean is I didn't know. That is to say I've bought the champagne already."

Mr. Massoula's face clouded with politely restrained annoyance. "Then we will have to charge corkage, of course."

"Corkage?"

"A dollar a bottle for drawing and pouring."

"Oh, Delilah can take care of all that."

"If you are referring to one of your house staff," said Mr. Massoula firmly, "you must understand that in an affair of this kind the caterer takes over completely. Any other arrangement would cause friction in the servants' quarters. I am sure *you* understand, madam." He smiled at Mrs. Banks as mothers smile at one another over the heads of their wayward young.

Mrs. Banks returned the smile. "Indeed I do."

"Now, about the food," Mr. Massoula went on. "Let's see. The wedding is in early June. How about a large cold salmon at either end of the table with the various salads in great bowls in the center? Another dramatic arrangement is a cold sturgeon in the middle of the table. Now for the ices—we pride ourselves on a very special effect with colored electric lights embedded in a huge cake of ice, capped—"

"But," interrupted Mrs. Banks timidly, "we hadn't intended to have that kind of reception."

Mr. Massoula gave her a puzzled look and laid down his pencil.

"What did you have in mind, madam?"

Mrs. Banks fingered her handbag nervously. "Well, we thought that maybe some small assorted sandwiches—different kinds, you know—and ice cream and little cakes—"

"Of course you can have what you wish, madam, but that is what we usually serve at children's parties."

"Well, it's what we *want,*" said Mrs. Banks with a sudden harshness that surprised her husband.

"Of course. Of course," said Mr. Massoula, making notes. "And I can assure you that you will be pleased when you see the results. Now where will the reception take place?"

"Twenty-four Maple Drive, Fairview Manor," said Mr. Banks belligerently.

"Is that a club or a country estate?" asked Mr. Massoula.

"It's my *home,*" replied Mr. Banks with dignity.

Mr. Massoula bowed slightly in deference to the generic sacredness of all homes. "What attendance do you anticipate?"

"About a hundred and fifty."

"Is it a large house?"

"No," said Mr. Banks defiantly. "It's a small house."

"Then of course you are planning for a marquee on the terrace."

"I have no terrace. If they overflow the house they can tramp around in the yard."

"And what if it rains?" asked Mr. Massoula with a rising inflection, glancing at Mrs. Banks. "What if it pours that day?"

"That's just what *I* said," put in Mrs. Banks. "Stanley, what *would* we do if it poured?"

"A marquee is very inexpensive," reassured Mr. Massoula soothingly, "and even if it doesn't rain you really *should* have it. I'll have one of our field engineers go over the property. We always have to do that anyway to study circulation problems and that sort of thing."

"Listen," said Mr. Banks desperately. "We've talked about everything but how much this is going to cost."

"The cost," said Mr. Massoula, "will be relatively small for a party such as you describe." His tone indicated that the kind of party which Mr. Banks had described wasn't much of a party. "For the minimum refreshments which you have specified the cost will be $1.50 a head, plus corkage, plus the cost of the marquee and sundry small expenses. For that, Buckingham Caterers take *complete* charge, including experienced and courteous men who have been with us for years. Don't consider the cost, Mr. Banks. It will be trifling compared to the service which you will receive."

* * * * *

THE SOCIAL SEASON apparently was dragging a bit, for a few days later Mr. Massoula arrived in person at 24 Maple Drive. He was accompanied by a sheepish-looking character with handlebar mustaches, whom he referred to as Joe. Mrs. Banks assumed that he was one of the field engineers whom Mr. Massoula had spoken about, although he looked more like a horsecar conductor.

Mrs. Banks was a meticulous housekeeper and she had always been proud of her home. Now, as Mr. Massoula and Joe wandered from room to room with cold appraising eyes and occasional mumbled comments, she realized that neither of them had ever before catered in such a hovel.

"Small," said Mr. Massoula.

"I'll say," agreed Joe. "How many head did you say?"

"Hundred fifty."

"Yeah," said Joe. Mrs. Banks was afraid he was going to expectorate, but he refrained with an obvious effort.

"Circulation's bad," said Mr. Massoula.

"I'll say," agreed Joe.

"We'll have all the windows open on that day," assured Mrs. Banks.

"What *we* mean by circulation," said Mr. Massoula kindly, "is the *guest* flow from room to room. A room with two interior doors has minimum circulation. A room like this with only one is—is—well, it's a deathtrap. Where does this go?"

Mr. Massoula pulled the knob of a door. It came off in his hands.

"I'm so sorry," said Mrs. Banks miserably. "It does that unless you push it in first. That just goes into a closet anyway."

Mr. Massoula placed the knob on the dining-room table. "Is this the pantry?" The two men seemed to fill the little room.

"Small," said Mr. Massoula.

"Dark," said Joe.

Mrs. Banks snapped the electric switch. Nothing happened.

"Bulb's busted," said Joe. "I seen enough."

Mrs. Banks followed them gloomily back to the living room.

She realized that neither of them had catered before in such a hovel

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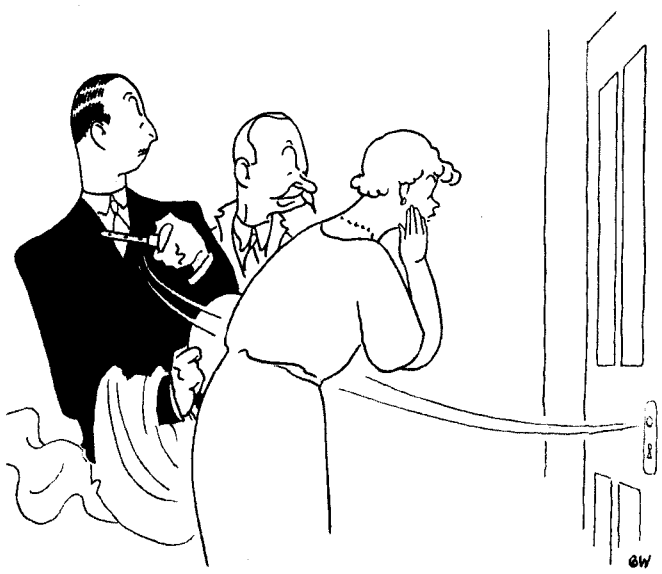


The knob of the door came off in Mr. Massoula's hand

"Circulation in this room's okay," said Mr. Massoula.

"Only one that is," said Joe.

"But you couldn't get more than a hunnerd twenty-five in the house."

"Squash 'em like bugs if you did," said Joe.

"I'm planning to take a lot of these things up to the attic, you know," explained Mrs. Banks. "All those straight chairs go up, and the small tables and standing lamps, and we're thinking of taking up the rug."

"Takin' the rug up ain't gonna give any more room," said Joe. Mr. Massoula maintained a displeased silence.

"Have you any suggestions?" asked Mrs. Banks nervously.

"Yes, madam, I have," said Mr. Massoula. "Even with a marquee you're going to be cramped. By the way, Joe, go out in the back and measure for the marquee. Now you see, madam, circulation's your big problem. The first thing you've got to do is clear this room of *all* furniture."

There was a suggestion of tears in Mrs. Banks's voice. "You don't mean the big davenport and the armchairs and—"

"Of course," Mr. Massoula insisted. "*And* the piano. *Everything* must come out of this room. Now in the dining room—"

"Does the dining-room table have to go too?" she wailed.

But Mr. Massoula was not listening. "That chandelier over the dining-room table—could that be looped up or something?"

In view of the fact that the chandelier was not made of rubber tubing, Mrs. Banks did not see how it could.

"Then you better have the electrician take it out an' cap it temporarily," said Mr. Massoula. "It's in the way. Now about these doors between the rooms. They've got to be taken off. You'd be surprised to see how much circulation you lose on account of doors. Especially doors like these."

Mrs. Banks might have forgiven him if he had not added that last sentence. As it was, she lost her temper as an alternative to tears. "What in the world do you think I've got upstairs—a cold storage warehouse?" she demanded. "And who do you think is going to lug all this stuff up there—if there was room? And who do you think is going to get it down again?"

But Mr. Massoula was a creative artist. Details were not in his line. "We'll connect the marquee to this French door from the living room," he explained.

He tried to open the door but it merely slammed violently back and forth at the top. The bottom was apparently glued to the sill.

"It's stuck," explained Mrs. Banks. "I've been meaning to have that door fixed."

Mr. Massoula opened a window and leaned out. "Hi, Joe," he bawled. "Figger on a connectin' angle through the French door here. Measure from the outside. The thing's stuck."

"I'll say," came an angry voice from the lilacs. "Too damn' many bushes out here. Ought to get rid of 'em."

* * * * *

THE TWO BLACK LIMOUSINES drove up at quarter after four on the afternoon of the wedding, their drivers immaculate in whipcord uniforms and visored caps.

"Where the hell—" began Mr. Banks, who had been champing nervously at the bit for half an hour.

The driver of the rear car got out and stood before Mr. Banks, cap in hand. He had white, wavy hair and a pontifical face that radiated gentle, loving-kindness.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. His voice sounded like a benediction. "They gave us the wrong address. I'm truly sorry, sir. I know the importance of punctuality at a time like this. I hope it hasn't upset the young lady."

Mr. Banks deflated visibly. "Not at all," he said. "Not at all." He helped Mrs. Banks and her mother into the front car, which dashed off immediately. Mrs. Pulitzski, the seamstress, already had Kay carefully folded into the rear one. He climbed in beside his daughter, knocking his high hat over his nose. The white-haired chauffeur closed the door tenderly.

It was immediately opened again by a small man in a brown suit. "I'm Wisegold," he said. "Wisegold of Wisegold and Wisegold. The candid men." Mr. Banks's eyes shut as a blinding flash went off in his face. "Thanks," said Mr. Wisegold. "See you in church."

"Drive," said Mr. Banks to the saintly wheelsman, "as if the seven hounds of hell were on your tail."

Mr. Banks sat uneasily next to Kay in the rear of the black limousine. Beside this lovely, calm stranger he felt small and a bit ridiculous. Their ages had somehow been mysteriously reversed. Instead of being the father of the bride he was a small boy being taken to dancing school in an asinine costume.

A neatly framed card on the back of the chauffeur's partition caught his eye. "The driver of this car is Mr. Pomus. He is Careful, Courteous, Cooperative." He read it over several times.

The shiny high hat cut his forehead. It had fitted him once. Why should it be too small for him now? He wondered if the forehead grew fat with the rest of the body. There was no reason why it should not, when you came to think of it. Or one's ears either, for that matter. That was a quaint thought: "How stout your ears have grown, Mr. Banks."

Ruminating along these philosophical lines, he half observed his progress through the elm-shaded streets of Fairview Manor. It should have created at least a ripple of disturbance. Someone should have stopped trimming a hedge long enough to step to the curb and wave them on their way. Someone should have cried: "There goes the bride and her father."

But no one did.

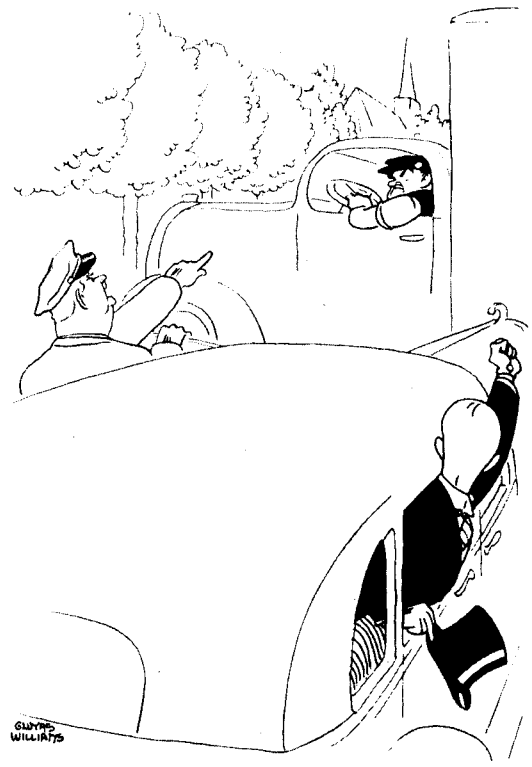
His face radiated loving kindness

Solid citizens continued their ceaseless, neurotic fight to civilize nature with a pair of clippers and a lawn mower. Little boys continued their suicidal ball games under the very fenders of the car. In the front seat Mr. Pomus gazed benignly over his wheel. If he had raised two fingers in blessing to the urchins that he so nearly ran over, it would have been in character.

They rounded a corner into Red Brook Road. Far down its leafy vista Mr. Banks caught a glimpse of the striped awning in front of St. George's. Considerably nearer, however, was the father of all moving vans. A veritable freight car of a vehicle. It was backed against the curb and completely blocked the street. As they came to a stop the driver of this behemoth looked down on them from his cab with lackluster eyes.

Mr. Pomus thrust his gray locks through the window. "We want to get by," he said gently.

The driver eyed him impersonally, as one observes passers-by in a station waiting room. "Hold yer glasses on, Gran'pa. Don't let yourself get sweated up."



The driver of this behemoth looked calmly down on them

Mr. Pomus' face took on the ethereal look of a saint about to be martyred. "I'm telling you to pull that lousy crate out of the way an' lemme get the hell by," he said with unexpected firmness.

The truck driver spat through the cab window, as if to rid himself of an unpleasant taste. "Yeah? You an' who?"

Mr. Pomus opened the door quietly and half stood on the running board. From his lips there poured, without warning, a torrent of electric invective. It contained many words which Mr. Banks had not heard since World War I. For a few moments he stared at Mr. Pomus in dismay. Then something long dormant within him was touched into life.

Lowering the rear window and carefully removing his high hat, he stuck his head out and joined Mr. Pomus, adding a number of words that the latter seemed to have forgotten. For the first time that day he felt like himself. He also felt Kay tugging at his coattails.

The driver descended from his cab and approached them, his shoulders swaying like those of a boxer moving into the ring. When he reached the car he noticed Kay and stopped. "Whyn't you tell me you was on yer way to a weddin'? What's bitin' people these days?"

He climbed back into his cab and stepped on the starter. Mr. Banks looked at his watch. It was twenty-three minutes past four. As they drew

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"Your right foot," Mr. Tringle whispered

up to the curb in front of St. George's he noted the usual crowd grouped around the striped awning. He alighted and, his hat once more knocked over his left eye, helped his daughter from the car.

She smiled up at him and took his arm. "You were wonderful, Pops." Mr. Wisegold of Wisegold and Wisegold danced before them like a leprechaun, his ever-candid camera at his eye. Preceded by flashing bulbs, they walked together toward the dim entrance of the church.

Mr. Tringle, the sexton, radiating efficiency, was waiting for them at the top of the stone steps. "This way," he said, and dove into a small passage. Through on open door Mr. Banks had a momentary glimpse of the interior of the church. He was conscious of heads and color and lights. It looked more like a stage backdrop than a real scene. The organ was booming complacently.

They were in some sort of vestibule that opened into the church through double doors that were now closed. The bridesmaids were there and a few of the ushers. Mr. Banks noted with surprise that everyone seemed dressed according to instructions.

Everyone seemed to know just what was going on except Mr. Banks. It was incredible that such complex details should be falling into place without his supervision. He almost resented it. With a dramatic flourish Mr. Tringle threw open the double doors that led into the church.

The ushers fell into line. Mr. Tringle stood beside the leaders. "Ready?" he asked. No one gave the slightest indication as to whether they were or not. Mr. Tringle pushed a small button on the wall.

The organ made a few ad lib sounds intended to convey the idea that the organist had come to the end of whatever it was he was playing. A hush broken only by the rustle of several hundred people trying to face in two directions at once fell over St. George's.

This was the supreme moment, the moment Mr. Banks had dreaded and anticipated for so many weeks. It had all come with such a rush at the end that he scarcely had time to grasp its significance. Now that it was here, he was serenely calm.

Although he had been in St. George's many times before, it was as strange to him at this instant as a Byzantine mosque. The faces that shot suddenly upward from the pews as the organ paused were unreal. They reminded him of a trick movie he had once seen of a field of growing poppies turning to the sun. Even the girl beside him was a stranger. She was no longer his little daughter, but a beautiful, serene woman into whom all wisdom had suddenly and mysteriously flowed. She stood poised on the threshold of her greatest adventure, her face lighted with understanding and confidence.

At this particular instant he was horrified to note that two of the bridesmaids had begun to sniffle. In the unscrupulous way of all women in little things, they had snatched carefully folded handkerchiefs from ushers' pockets and were dabbing their eyes and blowing their noses.

"Good Lord," said Mr. Banks, but he had no time to develop the idea. The organ sounded off with its warning thumps. Kay patted his arm. "Well, Pops, we're off."

"Okay, with the right foot," whispered Mr. Tringle heavily. "*Right* foot, I said." Mr. Banks shifted quickly. Everyone else changed step at the same moment and he had to shift back again. Good Lord, was this a wedding march or a minuet? The procession passed through the oak doorway into the church.

Mr. Banks and Kay reached the rear pews. He would have continued, but she held him back. "Hold it, Pops," she murmured. With the calmness of a general watching his forces deploy into battle, she stood poised, awaiting the proper moment.

The maid of honor was twenty feet ahead when he felt the gentle pressure of Kay's arm. The stage was set as she wished it. She was ready for her entrance.

Out of the corners of his eyes, Mr. Banks caught glimpses of familiar faces. Their expression paid tribute to the girl at his side. Pride dispelled all other emotions.

He saw Buckley and the best man waiting for them at the end of the aisle. The Reverend Galsworthy stood on the chancel steps, smiling ever so slightly. Mr. Banks was struck by his resemblance to Mr. Pomus.

Now they were lined up before the steps and the Reverend Galsworthy was reading from a white satin book with a purple marker hanging from it. As he stood on the top step he towered above them in his robes, like a genie emerging from a bottle.

Mr. Banks had a cue coming. When Mr. Galsworthy reached the place where he asked, "Who giveth this woman?" Mr. Banks was to say, "I do." It was his only line in the show. He wanted to acquit himself creditably and began to consider his delivery. Should he say, "*I* do," or, "I *do*"? "*I* do" sounded silly. It implied that any number of people might do it and that he was pushing himself forward for the job.

On the other hand "I *do*" didn't make much sense either. It certainly wasn't the proper way to answer a general question. The whole passage struck him as fatuous. It put the minister in a ridiculous position, forcing him to overlook the fact that the father of the bride was standing right under his nose. But he was obliged to put the question in such a way that it carried the implication that perhaps *no one* would wish to undertake the job.

It all struck Mr. Banks as lacking in forthrightness. Obviously, however, this was an inappropriate time to suggest revision of the marriage service, so he decided on "*I* do."

He was mindful of the fact that, when his one line had been spoken, his final part played, he was supposed to drop back a step, turn on his heel, and join his wife in the front pew. He wished that he had noticed just what lay in his immediate rear. He had an unpleasant vision of stepping back and tripping over something unexpected like an upturned corner of carpet or the end of the pew. He began to reach behind him stealthily with his right foot, using it like the antenna of an insect. He hoped that no one would notice it. People were always so quick to attribute such fumblings to alcohol.

"Who giveth this woman?" intoned the rich baritone of the Reverend Galsworthy from far above him.

It caught him off guard in spite of all precautions. Kay nudged him and placed her hand in his. "*I* do," he murmured almost inaudibly, and passed her hand to Buckley. As he performed the simple act he was conscious that something deep within him ripped slightly.

He did not see the rest. Turning slowly, he stared defiantly at the rows of faces, then entered the first pew and stood beside Mrs. Banks. He tried in vain to listen to the words of the service—and then suddenly it was all over, and Mr. Banks was walking out behind his wife, smirking to right and left.

* * * * *

IT IS TRADITIONAL that between the church and the house, wedding guests are free agents. This is the one period in the schedule where they can express their own individuality.

The majority of them enjoy this unsupervised interlude and are apt to turn it into a kind of hare-and-hound race in which the bride, groom and immediate progenitors are the hares, the guests assuming the role of hounds.

The latter are held in check briefly by a few yards of satin ribbon and a rear guard of ushers whose hearts are no longer in their work. Scarcely have the hares disappeared down the striped tunnel of awning than the pack is after them with lolling tongues.

Gone the little prewedding courtesies when one car waited politely for another to pull into the curb and friends exchanged genial words of greeting while trying to crawl out of underslung sedans. Now it is every man for himself, *sauve qui peut,* for the last man to arrive at the house knows that he must spend the balance of the afternoon standing in the reception line watching his more active neighbors guzzling free champagne.

(To be concluded next week)

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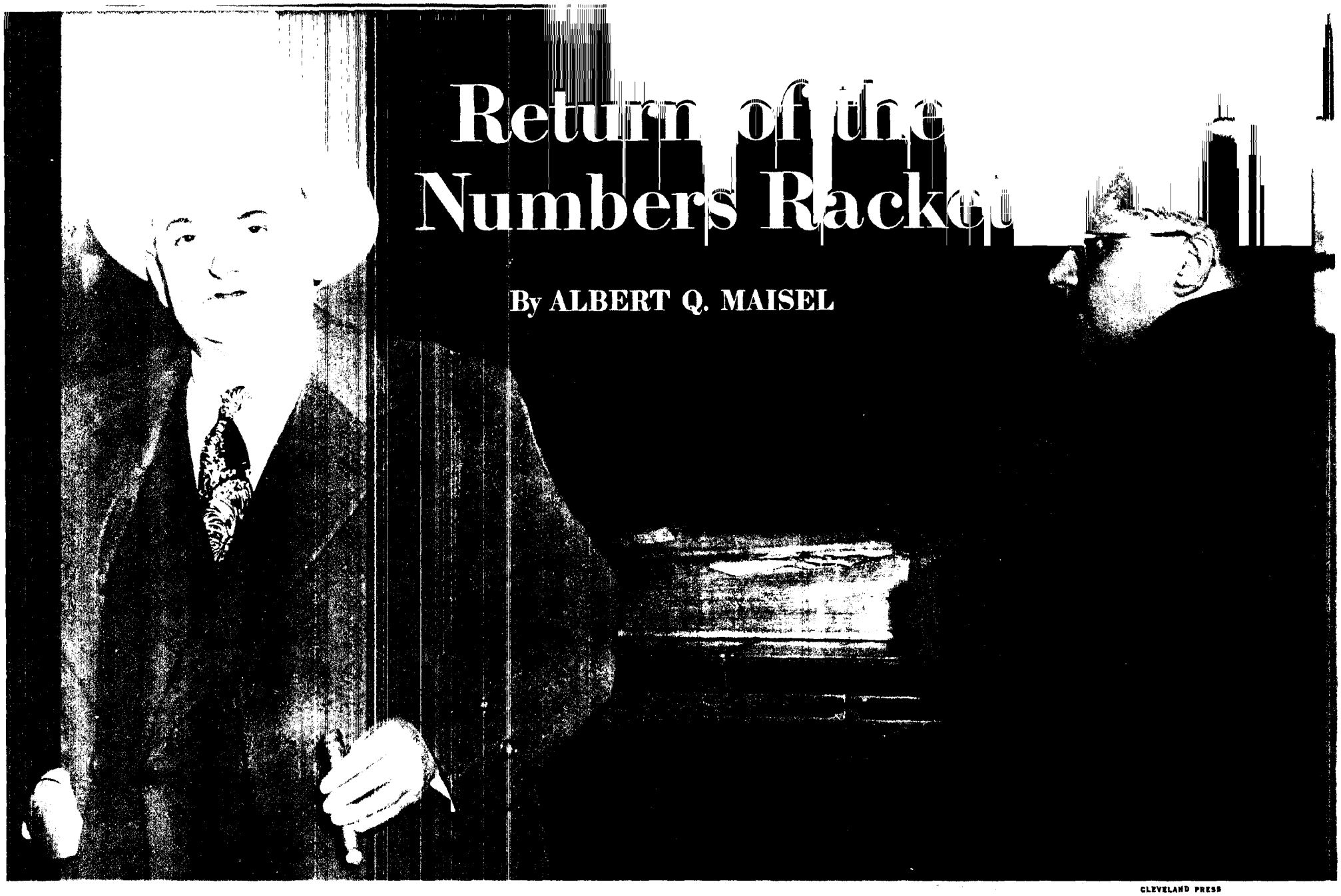
Return of the Numbers Racket

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL



CLEVELAND PRESS

Frank Hoge, left, described by Cleveland newspapers as numbers racket king, puts up bond for his brother, Willie Hoge, right, who had been picked up in a raid

HE WAS a hardheaded executive—the last man in the world you would think of calling a superstitious sucker. We sat in his office, high in a New York skyscraper, while a bootblack beat a tattoo on his shoes. Suddenly, he demanded of me, "What's the number on your driver's license?"

Astonished, I fumbled for my wallet. My tag, we discovered, was 4,822,659.

He turned to the bootblack and handed him a five-dollar bill. "Give me four dollars' worth of 659," he ordered.

The shoeshine man took out a little pad, made a few notations, handed my friend a slip and his change. Then he turned to me and asked, "You wanna bet, too? It's your number; for you it should be extra lucky."

My betting friend didn't know it, but he is one of a vast new crop of suckers who have pyramided the old-time numbers game into the biggest racket since prohibition. His daily number hunches—and those of hundreds of thousands of other suckers like him—are not only making millionaires out of a few dozen policy kings; they also pay for the corruption of many police officials and subsidize a dozen varieties of vice and crime.

Several years ago the numbers racket was primarily a poor man's lottery, relying on the penny and nickel bets of poverty-stricken Negroes. Today, thanks to an army of dollar-and-up players, it has blossomed into a two-billion-dollar-a-year big business.

Fifteen million people regularly play the numbers. In New York's Harlem and back of the Chicago stockyards, you can still buy a policy slip for as little as a nickel, but gentlemen in impeccably tailored pin-stripe suits now cultivate the office trade; foremen and union-shop stewards in auto plants, foundries, shoe factories and railroad yards have been brought into the racket. Often their 25 per cent writer's cut amounts to so much that their jobs become merely the means of keeping in close contact with their customers.

In Detroit, one auto plant policy writer explained to me, "I been in this racket fa twenny years. But always I was a dope. I write numbers onna street—for nickels. It rains. It snows. But still I gotta be there or the jerks'll get sore and switch their business offen me. Every coupla months, the coppers run me in. Sure, the boss pays my fine. Only I lose two days' commission, sittin' there in court. The war wised me up. They told me, work or fight. I get a job in a motor shop. I look around. It's fulla customers! Joe, I says, here you can spit on quarter bets. Mostly I write nothin' less than dollars."

Joe was typical of thousands of policy writers who went to work during the war to duck the draft. Most of them had never seen the inside of a workshop before. To their delight they discovered that the big automobile plants were an ideal site for operations.

Soon big-shot bankers got wise to the possibilities inside the factories. They concentrated on securing the type of job for their writers which would allow them to move around their departments, such as sweeping or maintenance work. Those that scorned such menial tasks got jobs as foremen. Some entered union elections and even got themselves placed as shop stewards.

By last year the racket had grown to such proportions that both auto management and honest union men became deeply concerned. It was not merely a matter of moral disapproval. Whenever the numbers racket moved into a new department, production fell off. The men neglected their machines to pore over dream books or exchange number hunches at the water fountains.

The unions were vitally involved. The gamblers who had muscled in as shop stewards threw their weight around in union elections. They let losers run up debts, then demanded a pay-off in votes.

The first large-scale attack on the numbers racket in industry was started last February by the management at Ford. Company police began to question every numbers peddler they could catch.

In the course of eight months, more than 50 operators were caught and turned over to the authorities for prosecution. Company officials gradually worked their way up the ladder toward the big-shot representatives of the Detroit numbers banks who were wildly competing within the plant.

One ring alone had been grossing more than $5,000,000 a year at the Rouge

Once living off the pennies and nickels of the poor, the numbers racket has moved out of the slums and wound its tentacles around almost every decent group in society. Only by awakening the public from its apathy and by purging crooked policemen can we get rid of what threatens to be the worst poison since prohibition

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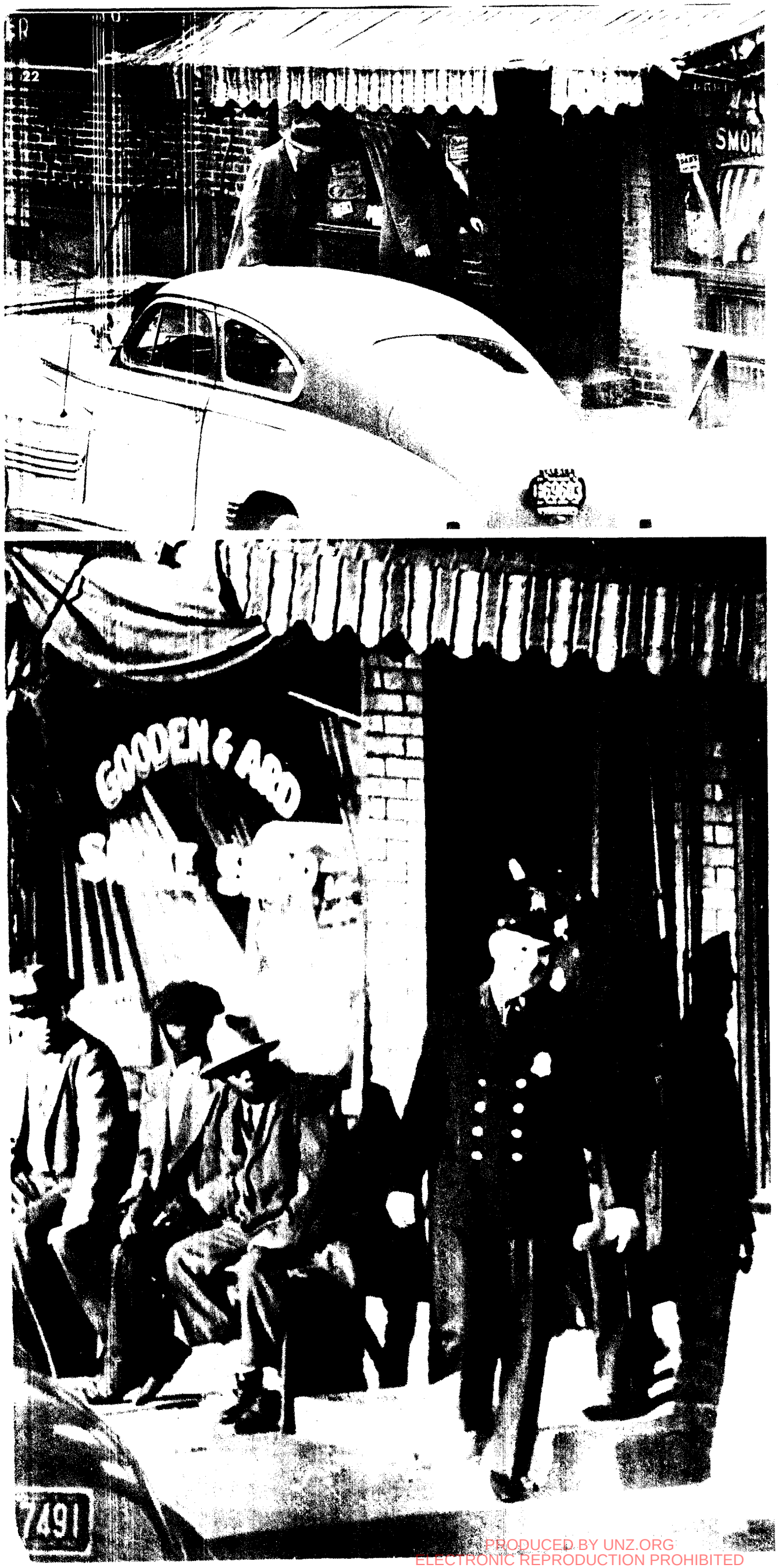

plant, Ford officials estimated. Yet, this is but one of at least five numbers banks operating among the 90,000 Ford workers.

The ring leader, Edward Hester, occupied the important post of chairman of the Union Committee in the foundry, a position that put him at the head of several thousand workmen. Since his arrest, Hester has suffered a complete defeat in the annual balloting. Honest union men signified their unwillingness to see their organization taken over by mobsters and racketeers.

I have studied the numbers racket in cities from New York to Los Angeles. Everywhere it follows the same pattern: It is accompanied by gangs of gorillas, the scum of society, struggling in a constant, double-crossing war, to eliminate competitors for the right to cheat the public. Nowhere is the sucker given anything approaching an even break.

Worst Game of All for the Player

Even if the numbers racketeers played their game honestly, the public would never get a fair chance. For policy—like all other forms of gambling—is loaded with a heavy percentage for the house. In dice or horses there is generally a cut of five or ten per cent for the house. In numbers, the cut ranges from 40 to 75 per cent and even higher.

The oldest form of the numbers game, policy, involves an actual drawing. The player bets on three two-figure numbers. Often he gets them out of a dream book—a dictionary with countless columns of words matched to sets of numbers. Suppose the player has dreamed of his sweetheart. He would then—if he used the popular Three Witches Dream Book—pick the numbers 30, 47 and 72. (Of course, another dream book would give him another set of numbers—but the addict overlooks this slight flaw in his superstitious reasoning.)

The policy operator uses a bag containing balls numbered from 1 to 78. Twelve balls are drawn. The player would win—at pay-off odds of 100 to 1—if all three of his numbers turned up among the twelve balls that were pulled. But the odds against any given three numbers turning up, when 12 balls are picked out of 78, are actually 161 to 1. The house gives itself a 39 per cent advantage. Its pay-off is only 61 per cent of what it takes in.

Old-fashioned policy is an exciting game. If the players don't get an even break, they at least get a thrill for their money. They gather in an empty apartment, a cellar or an open lot to witness the drawings.

The banker and his aides usually turn up at the last minute, flashily dressed and sporting diamond rings and stickpins—the visible tokens of their ability to pay off.

Best dressed of all is the puller, the man who will draw the balls out of the sack. Policy players—the world's most superstitious people—will not tolerate a puller who doesn't look as if he had just dressed for an Easter parade. "A raggedy man," they say, "wears his hard luck on his back."

Such public policy drawings are hit-and-run affairs. There is always the danger of a raid. Then the high-pitched wail of the lookout sounds: "Ra-aa-ise u-ppppp." Everybody heads for the exits, leaving the meeting place strewn with policy slips. The frustrated police can only get a conviction if they catch a man in actual possession of gambling tickets.

More sophisticated players patronize a numbers game that seems to them to be better insured against cheating. In some cities this is called Clearinghouse. In Winston-Salem it's known as Butter and Eggs. In southern Ohio it's called The Bug. The central idea is that the player bets upon a number that will actually be printed in a newspaper after all bets are down.

In some cities they use the odds of the pari-mutuel machines at a near-by race track. In others, they use the daily balances of the New York Clear-

After these pictures had appeared in the Milwaukee Journal, investigations were launched to probe the numbers racket in Milwaukee. Police are shown entering and leaving Smoky Gooden's store, described by the Journal as the focal point of the racket

Collier's for January 15, 1949

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inghouse—hence the name of this variant of the game, Clearinghouse. In still other places they use the daily balance of the U.S. Treasury.

The most common system followed today is that used in Cleveland. It is based on the figures for the number of stock quotations which have advanced, declined or remained unchanged each day on the stock market. Thus, on September 20, 1948, these figures read:

Advances— 81
Declines—860
Unchanged—136

The pay-off number for that day, therefore, was 106, the last column read downward.

Since it is possible for any number from 000 to 999 to turn up in these tabulations, the bettor has a choice among a thousand different three-figure numbers. The odds, of course, are a thousand to one against his winning. The pay-off, however, usually runs at only 500 to 1.

Superstition is usually a big factor in the bettor's selection of a number. Suppose the sucker has been almost run over by an auto. Ordinary folks might curse the driver and forget about it. But to the numbers fiend the incident is an omen from his personal god of luck. Quickly he jots down the last three figures on the license plate—let us say 946. He rushes to his favorite numbers writer—it may be a cigar stand keeper or it may be a shop steward or foreman in his factory—and bets a buck on 946.

If he doesn't fully trust his luck, he may play a combo—making six 25-cent bets on all possible permutations of 946—including 964, 496, 469, 694 and 649.

Or he may bet three quarters, or three bucks to box-in his number. The numbers writer will simply draw a line around his number like this—946—and everybody will understand that he is really playing 945, 946 and 947. The idea seems to be that he would feel terrible if he lost a hit by the narrow margin of a single number.

But no matter how he plays it, the sucker feels certain that the winning number is beyond all possibility of a fix—because it will be printed in his daily paper, out of reach and presumably out of control of the numbers gamblers.

How Both Kinds of "Fixes" Work

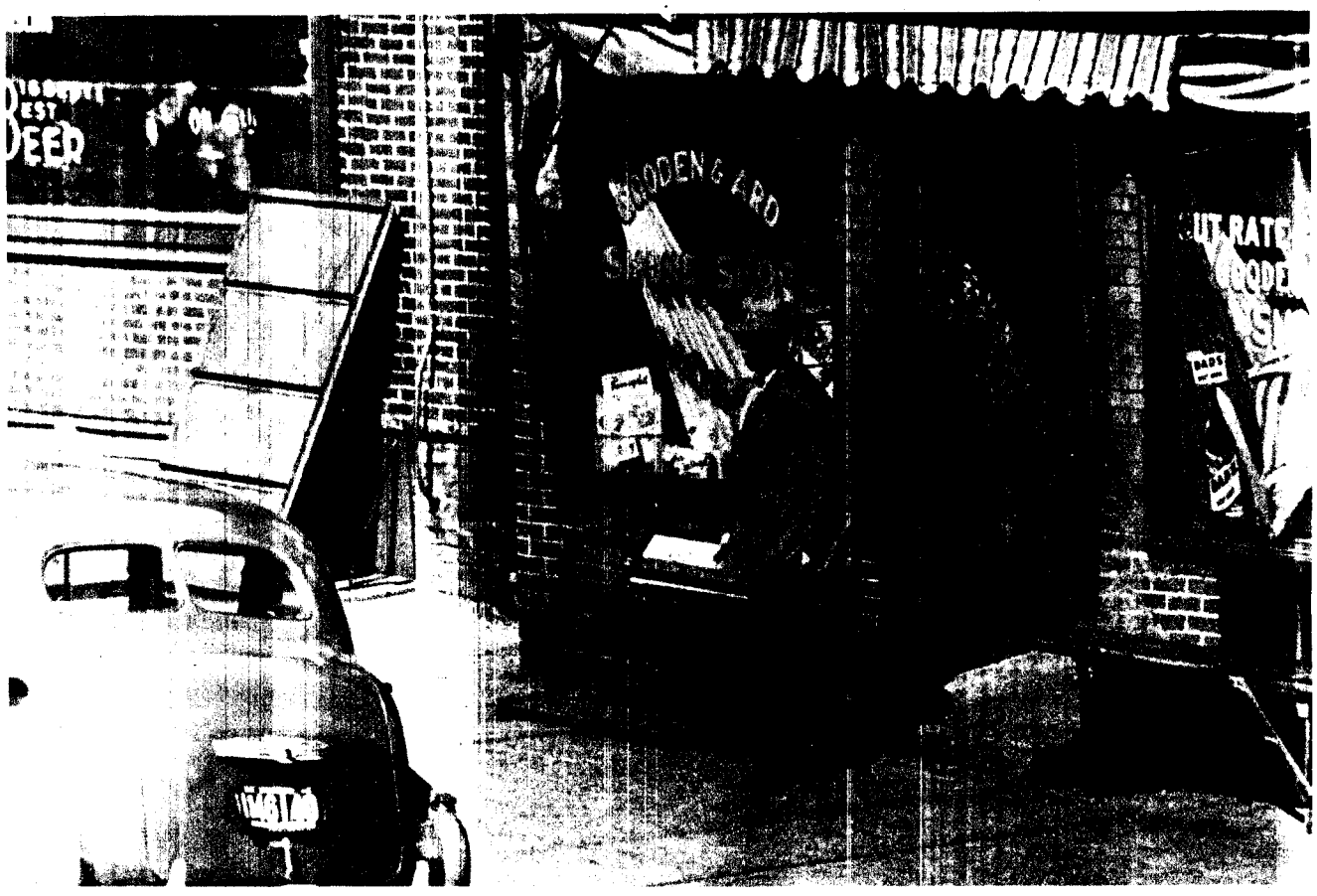
A fix in the numbers racket falls into two categories—"small fix" and "big fix."

Small fix is when you rig the numbers so as to cheat the customers. For instance, if the banker finds that a substantial part of the bets are concentrated on, say, the number 73, he can improve the already heavy percentage in his favor by eliminating the ball numbered 73, before the drawing begins. Sleight of hand restores the ball to the sack at the end of the game.

Big fix is when you rig the numbers to beat down competition from rival syndicates. To achieve this, bankers can buy the service of an organization centered in New York and Pittsburgh called a Fix Syndicate—with representatives handling territories parceled out all over the United States. For sums up to many thousands of dollars, these fixers will undertake to alter the Clearinghouse figures in the newspapers. Usually they plant a conspirator in the tabulation or composing rooms of a local paper. This agent doesn't have to fix the numbers every day. Once a week will pay off.

Since the operator who buys the "big fix" knows in advance which number is scheduled to hit on a given day, he sends agents around to the writers working for a rival banker. Each agent will bet the limit. When the hot number hits, the victimized banker must pay off at the rate of 500 to 1. The percentage, which has so far worked in his favor, suddenly disappears.

This is the method that was used to extract over $100,000 out of a big-time Atlanta operator. A kingpin policy man in *(Continued on page 71)*



Police testified that their visits were in line of duty, that Smoky was a stool pigeon furnishing information—an honest merchant from whom they made legitimate purchases. Lower right: Smoky (back to camera) enters his store with a detective

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Patricia Morison's shrew and Alfred Drake's Petruchio snarl at each other to Cole Porter's music. Even the ballet girls (below) sport Elizabethan costumes

Singing Shrew

By BRUCE DOWNES

Patricia Morison escapes Hollywood to sing the lead in Kiss Me, Kate, Cole Porter's new hit show on Broadway

PATRICIA MORISON, for ten years spiritually frustrated by stardom and feature roles in B pictures, has finally fled her lucrative exile straight into the arms of Cole Porter, whose new songs she sings with becoming and unexpected authority as co-star with Alfred Drake in Kiss Me, Kate, Broadway's latest musical hit.

As Shakespeare's volcanic Katharine in this musical version of The Taming of the Shrew, Patricia gives fiery release to her own pent-up urges and takes vocal revenge on her Beverly Hills masters. She snarls at Alfred Drake's flamboyant Petruchio and sings at and with him as if she'd come from grand opera instead of Hollywood.

However unexpected may seem her transition from the peccability of her recent film roles to this singing shrew, it is actually as logical as fate itself. The Morison story points up the shortsightedness of the Hollywood system which sometimes operates like a complacent husband who fails to appreciate his wife until she flees to the arms of another who does. Patricia fled to Broadway to do what she had always wanted to do, and from the looks of things at the Century Theatre, where Kiss Me, Kate is showing, she won't go back for a long time to come.

From all this you'd think that Irish-eyed, long-haired Patricia had been hiding her voice under a microphone all those years in Hollywood, that the producers never suspected she could sing. Actually, the story goes like this: Ten years ago, after a period of rigorous training in voice and dramatic art, Patricia got the lead in Marc Connelly's short-lived operetta, The Two Bouquets, in which coincidentally, she co-starred with Alfred Drake.

Paramount then and there whisked her to Hollywood because she could act and had a wonderful singing voice, and promptly *(Continued on page 49)*

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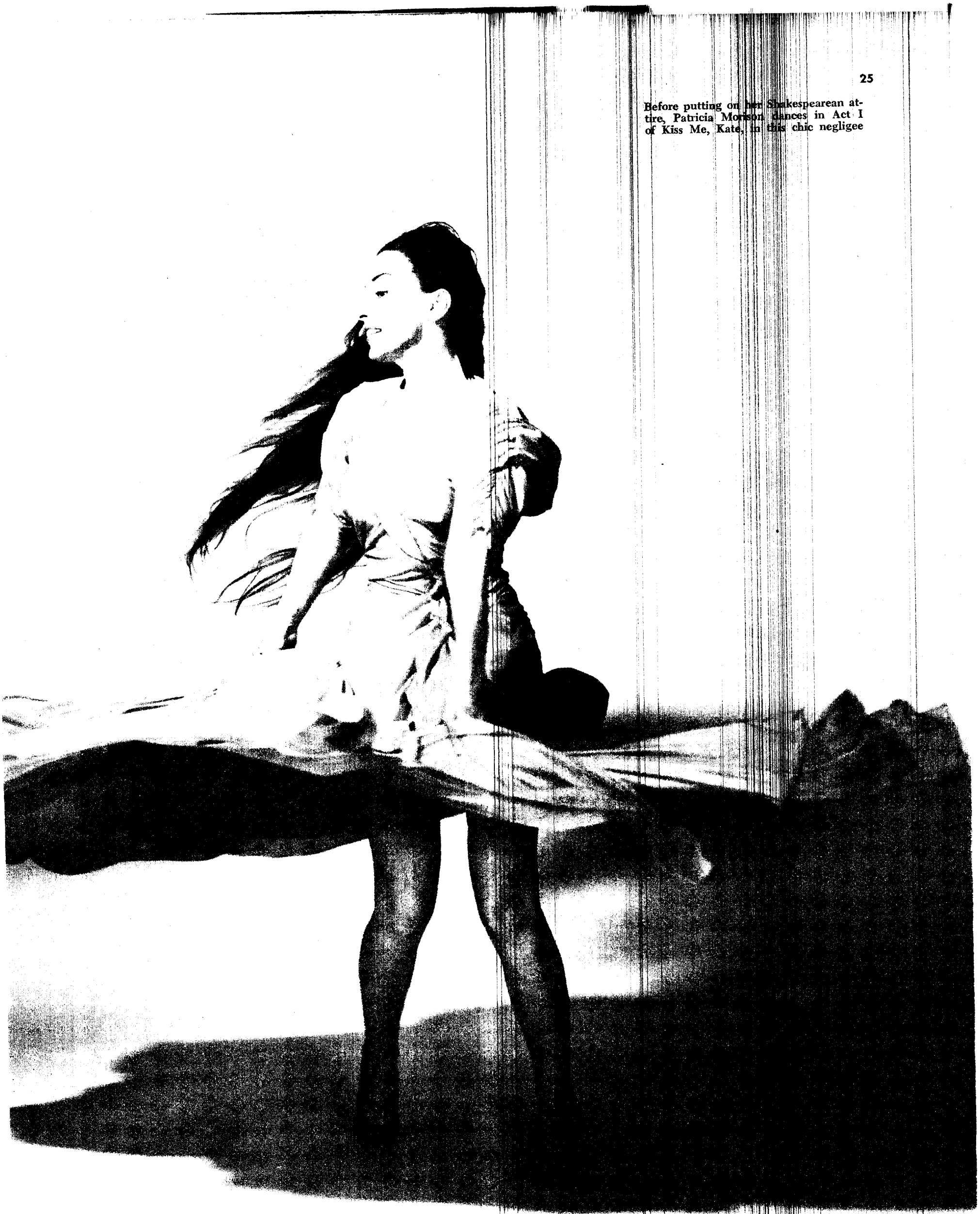
Before putting on her Shakespearean attire, Patricia Morison dances in Act I of Kiss Me, Kate, in this chic negligee



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH BARTHOLOMEW

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Mr. Carnegie takes a rest during a walk in Forest Park, Forest Hills, New York

Dale Carnegie: A Man With A Message

By COLLIE SMALL

Dogged by a personality problem in his youth he stumbled on a valuable secret—good speakers are good at almost anything else. He built fame and fortune teaching this simple lesson. His Institute of Effective Speaking has since saved many a tongue-tied Caspar Milquetoast from the tortures of fear

DALE CARNEGIE, a Missouri farm boy who grew up to be the most surprised man in the world, is the product of an unpredictable section of the United States, which has, in its time, spawned such improbable characters as Carrie Nation and the Dalton Boys. As a counselor on human relations and the author of an unfinished book on How to Win Friends and Influence People, Carnegie lies somewhere in between the two extremes represented by his neighbors. He is difficult to chart exactly; yet his personality has been stretched to such a point over the years that he has acquired, by osmosis, all the zeal of a crusader and most of the bravado of a bandit.

These two characteristics, plus a magnificent grasp of the obvious, have enabled Carnegie to establish himself as a man with a message. The message, a Carnegie conception of strength-through-joy, has been heeded so universally, moreover, that over 3,000,000 copies of How to Win Friends and Influence People have been sold since 1937, or more than any other nonfiction book in history with the exception of the Bible, the Koran, and possibly one or two other perennial classics whose total sales have never been computed.

Although Carnegie has always intended to put in a chapter advising readers what to do if the message doesn't work, he has never got around to it. Nonetheless, it is now in its 56th printing, and it has been reproduced in 20 languages and dialects, including Afrikaans, Gujarati, Punjabi and Burmese. This figure does not include certain Chinese and Japanese versions which have been bootlegged by enterprising Oriental booksellers.

Carnegie has written eight other books, the most recent being How to Stop Worrying and Start Living. How to Stop Worrying is a book composed largely of the case histories of accomplished worriers, and it has started off at the same lively clip that distinguished the early sales of How to Win Friends and Influence People. Now in its sixth printing, it was recently introduced into the Dale Carnegie course on Effective Speaking and Personality Development, where it is now required reading.

Carnegie's other books, which include a number of short biographies, books on public speaking, and an ambitious study of Lincoln, have been only modestly successful from a sales standpoint. One, an early novel called The Blizzard, was unquestionably one of literature's most resounding failures. It was never published, and it is the one cross he still bears. *(Continued on page 69)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES

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Pilot's Choice

By DONALD HOUGH

TO CHAD BRENDON, leaning on the fence, the nicest part of the view before him was the girl in the faded-blue denim slacks and the white sweater. It was funny, he was thinking, what could be done with Old Clothes Week, given red hair and the proper —impetus.

She had plenty of impetus, all right. Lithe, quick-stepping, slender-waisted, she moved purposefully from the small weather-beaten hangar out to the little bright-yellow plane, and back again. She never once glanced in the direction of Chad, who had chosen the shade of a large oak against the California sun that flooded the flying field's mangy pattern and swept on to the mountains beyond.

The girl came out of the hangar again, this time with a five-gallon gasoline can, and Chad watched her pour the gas into the plane's tank, then start back.

"Hello," he said.

She stopped, looked at him, then came over to him, slowly. Chad took his arms off the fence and tried a modest smile.

"Hello," she said. She smiled also. Her skin was moist; she was very pretty. "Are you Mr. Brendon by any chance?" she asked pleasantly.

"Yes," Chad said. "Is this by any chance the North Star Aviation Corporation?"

The girl looked at him steadily. "It is," she said. "We got your letter. You're—hired." She glanced around. "Did you walk over from the station?"

"It isn't far. And is that the North Star Aviation Corporation's airplane?"

"It is," the girl said firmly. "Do you like the color?"

"It's sweet."

"Thank you. I painted it myself. The other one's blue. Won't you come in?"

Chad laughed a little. "Look, honey, I think there's been a mistake made around here someplace. My fault, I guess. I've had sixty-five missions, B-29s and B-24s, including eleven over Ploesti and five over Tokyo. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly." The girl looked tired as she brushed straying red hairs from her damp forehead. "I'm sorry. In any case my name isn't honey—it's Helen Ressinger and I'm known as Red to the trade. Maybe someday we'll be able to afford an airplane your size, something big and wonderful, a job that even a hero wouldn't be ashamed to fly."

"That's not exactly the point," Chad said uncomfortably.

"It is with me," Red said. She turned away.

"I'm sorry," Chad called, and Red kept walking, then stopped and came back. "I realize you don't want the job," she said, "but will you please fly just one more—mission? Please? My brother's upstate with the other plane and I don't know how he's going to get back before dark. I've got to get Doc Walters over the Hump. I was going to try it but I —haven't flown much. I'll give you twenty dollars."

Chad looked past her. "And where's the Hump?"

Red turned and pointed to a low saddle in the mountains. "Up there. We call it the Hump."

Chad laughed. "Would I get the Air Medal or the D.F.C.? I also was with the ATC and I've flown the Hump. I mean *the* Hump."

"I know." Red's eyes were direct. "The thing is, there's a guy over there with a broken leg, a bad one. His name's Steve Eberle and we think the world of him. The Forest Service phoned in. The road's closed; they were blasting and it filled in." She hesitated. "You'd have to land on the road above there, and take off. Not too easy, but it can be done."

"Well—"

Red placed a hand on his arm. "Come on. Jump over."

CHAD got over the fence and followed her to the hangar. She gave him a pair of jumpers and made a phone call.

"Do you own the outfit?" Chad asked as they went outside.

"Harry's and mine," she said. "My brother. He used to fly a P-38. He was in the squadron that got Yamamoto, the Jap admiral. You may have heard of that one."

"Yes," Chad said. They stood by the plane as Red looked up the road, and presently a small car came toward them, went past and around the fence and came back on the field. A few feet from them it stopped suddenly, the engine killed. A short man got out. "Hello, Red," he said jovially. "I guess I'll never learn to drive one of these things." He looked at Chad. "The new pilot?"

"For today, anyway," Red said. "Mr. Brendon. This is my old friend, Doctor Walters."

They shook hands and the doc looked at the plane and then at the mountains. "I hope this thing can make it," he said.

"It can," Chad said. "I've flown B-29s."

Doc Walters nodded. "Well, I've got to get to Steve. That damned fool. A shell splinter he got at Guadalcanal simply ruined the bone, and he's broken it three times and I suppose he'll keep on doing it until I have to cut it off and throw it away. He's bound to work in that timber. I've got to call my wife." He went into the hangar.

"I hope the old doc doesn't get excited and try to jump out of the ship," Chad said.

"He won't," Red said. "He's flown before."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Of course he's used to much bigger planes. Most of his flying was over the Hump. The other one. I thought perhaps you might have recognized his name. He was the one who took care of the three hundred wounded Chinese in two days. Something like fifty major operations, I believe it was. Under fire, of course."

"Of course," Chad said. "And I do certainly remember."

"It'll be quite late when you get back," Red said, "which means you'll miss the last train, the seven sixteen, and I don't know about the busses. If you care to stay overnight, Mother has a room for tourists. You're welcome to it."

Chad grinned. "Is it by the day or month?"

"Any way you want it."

"By the month," Chad said.

Red nodded. "I thought you might, once you remembered about the war being over. Things are a little different now. This is peace, and around here we're all trying to do what we can do, everybody getting along. It'll be fine having you with us."

"I'll have to learn the ropes," Chad said, quietly. "I won't be so hot right at first, but I can sure try."

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN ECKMAN

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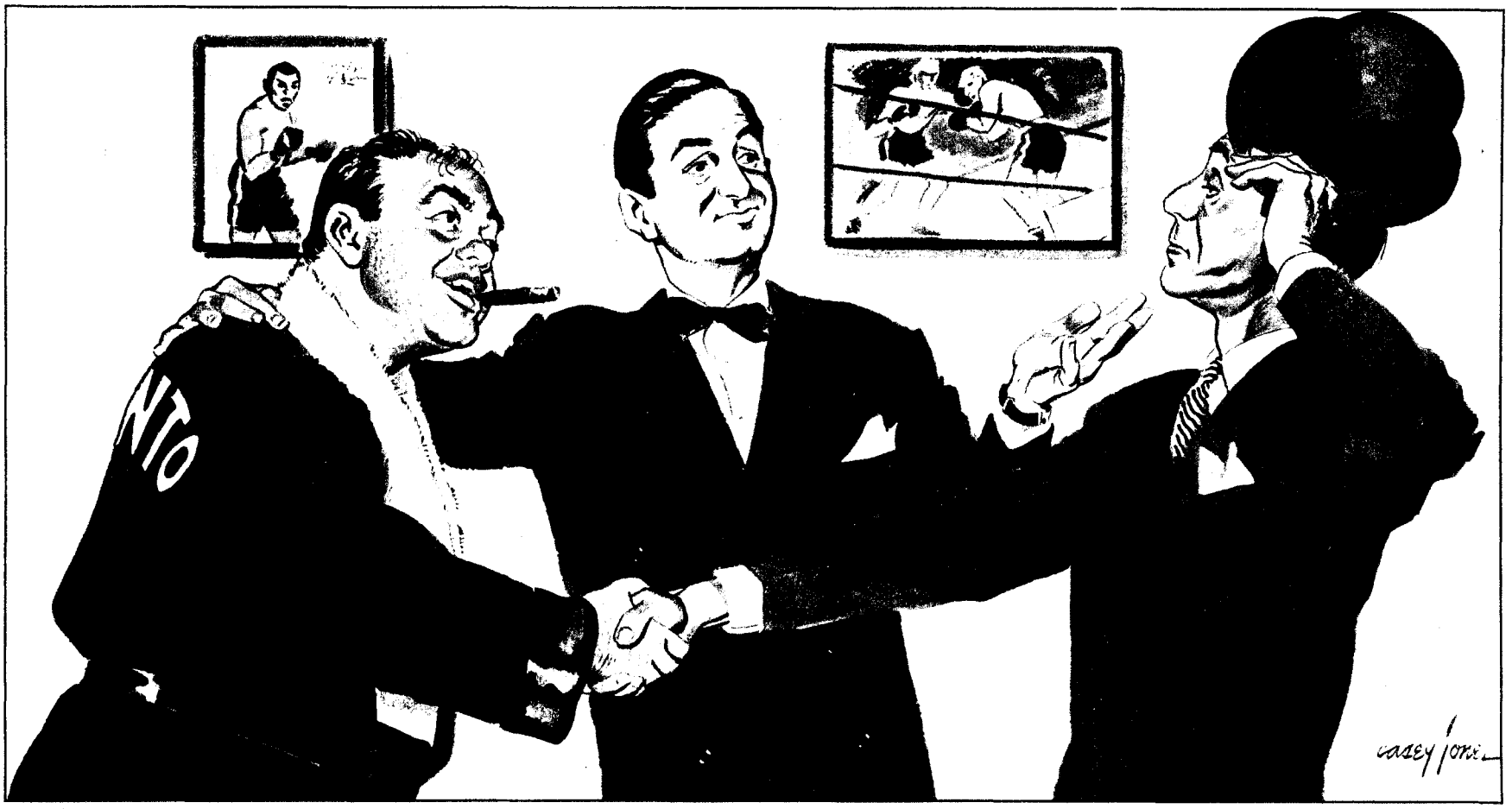

Said Tony Galento when Mr. Lyons introduced him to Noel Coward: "I kin lick dis bum wit' one han'." Said Mr. Coward: "I heartily agree with your surmise"

Introductions From The Lyons Den

By LEONARD LYONS

Columnist Lyons knows everybody. And for years he's been introducing everybody to everybody else. He says it's ticklish business—once he introduced a man and a woman and a couple of minutes later they were engaged! Here he digs into his memory and brings out some stories which surprised even the ever-introducing Mr. Lyons

AUTHOR, playwright, foreign correspondent and adventurer Lieutenant Colonel Vincent Sheean nodded toward the Stork Club corner where Betty Grable was sitting, and said, "I'd like to meet her. Can you arrange it?"

The desire to be introduced to a movie star is a normal wish, and in Miss Grable's case it is wistfully expressed, according to the statisticians in the employ of Darryl Zanuck, by at least 92.362 per cent of the male population. These precise calculators also marshal figures to indicate that 7.637 per cent are neurotic, illiterate or reside in areas so isolated that no movies ever have been shown there. Sheean is one of the .001 per cent who just don't give a hoot.

"I have a special reason for wanting to meet Miss Grable," Sheean apologized. He had just returned from the Sicilian campaign where, one day, he suddenly became the object of sensational esteem by the G.I.s who had read a movie magazine which featured an article by Miss Grable. It was one of a series entitled "I'd Like to Have a Date With. . . ." In it, Miss Grable had selected Sheean because, she said, listening to him relate some of his remarkable adventures would be a memorable experience for any woman.

I led Colonel Sheean across the room and introduced him to Miss Grable and her husband, Harry James, the orchestra leader. The screen star's acknowledgment was perfunctory; then she stared at the colonel blankly. When I mentioned the "I'd Like to Have a Date With Vincent Sheean" article, she prodded her memory long enough to confess that the article had been ghostwritten by a studio press agent, and that she hadn't even read it.

She whispered to her husband, who shares her absorption in matters cinema: "The only Sheean I ever heard of was Winnie." Harry James nodded concurrence. Colonel Sheean glared at him, then returned to his own table, muttering: "The only James I ever heard of was Henry."

If Colonel Sheean sought consolation in a rereading of Henry James's Society, The Redeemed Form of Man, he would have found no mention of any society bearing resemblance to the unique one in which he had suffered rebuff—a nighttime civilization whose activities, ranging from the bizarre to the historic, are covered by an assortment of syndicated writers.

And to these writers, who must operate gregariously lest they face the challenging typewriter only with unproductive memories of half-empty café rooms and a sheaf of publicity releases, the practice of introductions in these sectors peopled by the volatile and the dramatic can become a fruitful, enlivening activity.

In the course of my professional duties, by design, by accident and by request, I've been the intermediary in countless introductions which sometimes assumed proportions bordering on Tammany Hall or a Lonely Hearts clubhouse. They frequently produced nothing beyond a quickly forgotten exchange of formalities. But sometimes they resulted in friendships, intrigue, lawsuits, business ventures, weddings, bankruptcies —and column material.

When their respective fathers were coming to grips bitterly, I introduced William Randolph Hearst, Jr., to Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and a long friendship ensued between them. I arranged a meeting between Ferenc Molnar and Louis Calhern, and it resulted in the successful revival of Molnar's The Play's the Thing, with Calhern in the starring role. And on the eve of his fight against

ILLUSTRATED BY CASEY JONES

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Joe Louis, I introduced Tony Galento to Noel Coward. "Dis bum I kin lick wit' one han'," was Galento's prompt appraisal.

"I," Coward replied, "heartily agree with your logical surmise."

I whispered to Galento that Noel Coward's talents were not with his fists but with his typewriting fingers—that he was a distinguished British playwright. "Gladda meetcha," said Galento, and to indicate that he understood the full import of my whisper, added: "Indeedy."

Dr. Karl Menninger, the eminent psychiatrist, once asked me to introduce him to some colorful people of Broadway—a meeting which he could describe at the convention of the American Psychiatric Association the next morning. I took him to Lindy's Restaurant to meet Artie Shaw, Oscar Levant, Moss Hart and Clifford Odets.

After the introductions, Odets asked him about the possibility of analyzing a playwright by his output alone and without a personal interview. Odets' question was answered by Hart, who was then in the throes of writing his musical about psychoanalysis, Lady in the Dark. The rebellious Artie Shaw immediately took issue with Hart and suggested analyzing a composer by dissecting his music. Dr. Menninger adjusted his eyeglasses, grunted and listened.

Shaw's discourse on musicians provoked brilliant exposition in dissent by Oscar Levant. Hart re-entered the discussion. Shaw challenged him again. Odets submitted another theory. It was destroyed by Levant. Dr. Menninger continued to listen and after an hour—during which he hadn't uttered a sound except "Uh-huh"—he left. The four men lingered at the table to continue their arguments, and agreed on only one thing: "Brilliant man, that Menninger."

Artie Shaw's rebellious nature asserted itself once more when I introduced him to Armand Deutsch, the film executive, whose grandfather was Julius Rosenwald. "Deutsch?" Shaw repeated. "Navy lieutenant, weren't you?" Then he cited a series of tragic episodes in which he had suffered as an apprentice seaman in the South Pacific and for which, he insisted, Deutsch personally had been responsible. "I swore that when the war was over, I'd get even with you," said Shaw.

Before any blows could be struck, Shaw suddenly realized that the offending officer against whom he had vowed vengeance was not Deutsch but an ex-radio press agent. He apologized, they shook hands and a few days later Shaw solved Deutsch's West Coast housing problem by selling him his Beverly Hills home, furniture and swimming pool for $100,000.

This experience was paralleled by the introduction of Tallulah Bankhead to Alfred Hitchcock, for Miss Bankhead exploded with a series of inimitable, frank opinions about the film director because he had been making the sweeping assertion: "All actors are cattle." But Mr. Hitchcock did not appear offended. He studied Miss Bankhead silently, listened to the magic of her compelling voice as it wavered between whispers and strident roars, and signed her to play the starring role in Lifeboat.

These transactions balanced, in a measure, for my conscience the consequences of an introduction of an oilman to Helen Morgan. He became so enamored of the singer that he authorized, pleaded and finally demanded that I report his plans to build for her a resplendent gold-domed night club he would name "The House of Morgan."

I published this story. When he read it he said to me, "Why did you print something I told you when I was drunk?" Later, when he was overwhelmed by the congratulations of his envious companions, he came to me, apologized profusely—and sent for the architects.

He built The House of Morgan at the corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street, and its eventual bankruptcy cost him $80,000. Three night-club operators, in turn, acquired possession of the premises, but their ventures failed. The building, now occupied in part by a ladies' shoe store, still stands—a glittering memorial to a man's affection for Helen Morgan, and a substantial reminder to me that I must never again print the glowing promises of anyone who's drunk and/or in love.

To Cecil Brown, author of Suez to Singapore, I introduced Bob Matthews of the American Express Company, who then traced and found for him the trunk Brown had left in Singapore when he boarded the battleship Repulse on its fatal voyage in the China Sea.

I introduced Private First Class Frank Loesser to General Elliott Roosevelt, who with his pilots wore spurs and flew planes which bore names stemming from the chorus of Private Loesser's song, Jingle, Jangle, Jingle. General Roosevelt gave the song writer the spurs he wore in the reconnaissance planes which made the preinvasion photos of the coast line of Africa.

To Dorothy Parker and Garson Kanin, who hadn't met although they occupied adjoining offices at the Goldwyn Studios, I wrote letters suggesting that immediately upon receipt each should go next door and present my regards. The letters, received in the same mail, were opened and heeded simultaneously. They met, a few seconds later, in the hallway.

Mr. Lyons' most memorable introduction involved no third party. He introduced himself to a girl named Sylvia, at a social club. She became his wife

Mr. Kanin, the playwright-director and author of Born Yesterday, was introduced by me to Ruth Gordon. Then, one evening, when he learned I was to escort Miss Gordon to the theater, he asked me to convey to her his proposal of marriage. I reported her acceptance and they were married in Washington. I introduced them to Arthur Douglas, head of the Statler Hotel chain, and they moved into an apartment at the Statler in Washington.

After a three-week tenancy—the limit agreed upon by the capital's hotel owners, Kanin asked for aid in extending their stay. I reached Arthur Douglas at the home of his brother, Justice William O. Douglas, who arranged for an eight-week extension. And during those eight weeks Kanin helped his wife write the hit play in which she starred, Over 21.

At the Washington opening of the play, Justice Douglas was brought backstage to meet the author-star. "Justice Douglas?" was Miss Gordon's acknowledgment of the introduction to the Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court. "Imagine meeting the brother of the head of the Statler Hotels."

When Arthur Kober, the writer and author of Having Wonderful Time, moved into an apartment house on Fifth Avenue, he told me of his eagerness to meet his next-door neighbor, Wendell Willkie. I mentioned this to Mr. Willkie, whose desire to broaden his acquaintanceship was born of his natural amiability and a political realization that the more you meet the larger your vote.

"If you should meet Mr. and Mrs. Kober in the hallway," I suggested, "please introduce yourself."

A few nights later, during a taxicab ride home, Mrs. Kober lectured her husband about his chronic forgetfulness. When they entered the foyer of the apartment house, Mrs. Kober continued to admonish him. "A man who expects to amount to something in this world," she said, "just can't be forgetful."

They had to wait for the elevator operator, who had rushed out to get a passkey from the superintendent. He returned, took the Kobers to their floor and there, in the hallway, they finally met their neighbor, Wendell Willkie, who was waiting for the passkey because he had forgotten the key to his apartment.

Introducing William Saroyan to anyone always is an interesting event whose results never can be anticipated. His first statement in meeting Tallulah Bankhead at Sardi's was "You're the most exciting actress in the world." Miss Bankhead replied, "I don't want any compliments from geniuses; it goes to their heads."

I brought him to the next table to meet Ferenc Molnar, who had just arrived in America. "Molnar?" Saroyan gasped in disbelief. "I thought he was dead." Mr. Molnar understood enough English to wince at this, until I reassured him: "That's because yours is the kind of fame we attribute only to the immortals."

To help Saroyan forget the disappointing short run of his memorable first play, My Heart's in the Highlands, I gave a dinner party for him to introduce him to some people I knew would give him encouragement. Lillian Gish, who sat next to him, urged that he start writing another play the very next day, and Saroyan promised to do it. John Garfield asked him, "How long will it take you?" and Saroyan guessed: "Oh, about six days."

This amused Moss Hart who told him: "I've been spending the last three months trying to fix up my second act. If your six-day play ever should win the Pulitzer prize then I will move to have you expelled from the Dramatists' Guild." Six days later Saroyan finished the first draft of The Time of Your Life. It was awarded the Pulitzer prize which, for some perplexing reason unrelated to Mr. Hart's jesting threat, Saroyan refused to accept.

At the Versailles Restaurant one night I introduced Saroyan to Sinclair Lewis, the only other person who ever refused the Pulitzer prize. Saroyan asked him bluntly if he would refuse the Pulitzer prize again, in the event that his newest novel were selected for the award. "Just because I refused one once," Lewis replied, "doesn't mean that I'm a teetotaler."

Saroyan then volunteered the information that he had sent the script of his newest play to the Pulitzer Prize Committee at Columbia University, and to make sure that it would be read and considered, he addressed it in care of the late President Nicholas Murray Butler and marked it "Registered Return Receipt Requested."

When I introduced "Prince" Mike Romanoff to Carl Bernadotte, who renounced his rights to the Swedish throne, Bernadotte thanked him for the fine service he had received in Romanoff's California restaurant.

"Not at all, old boy," said Romanoff haughtily, "*noblesse oblige.*"

Colonel Frank Owen, the *(Continued on page 43)*

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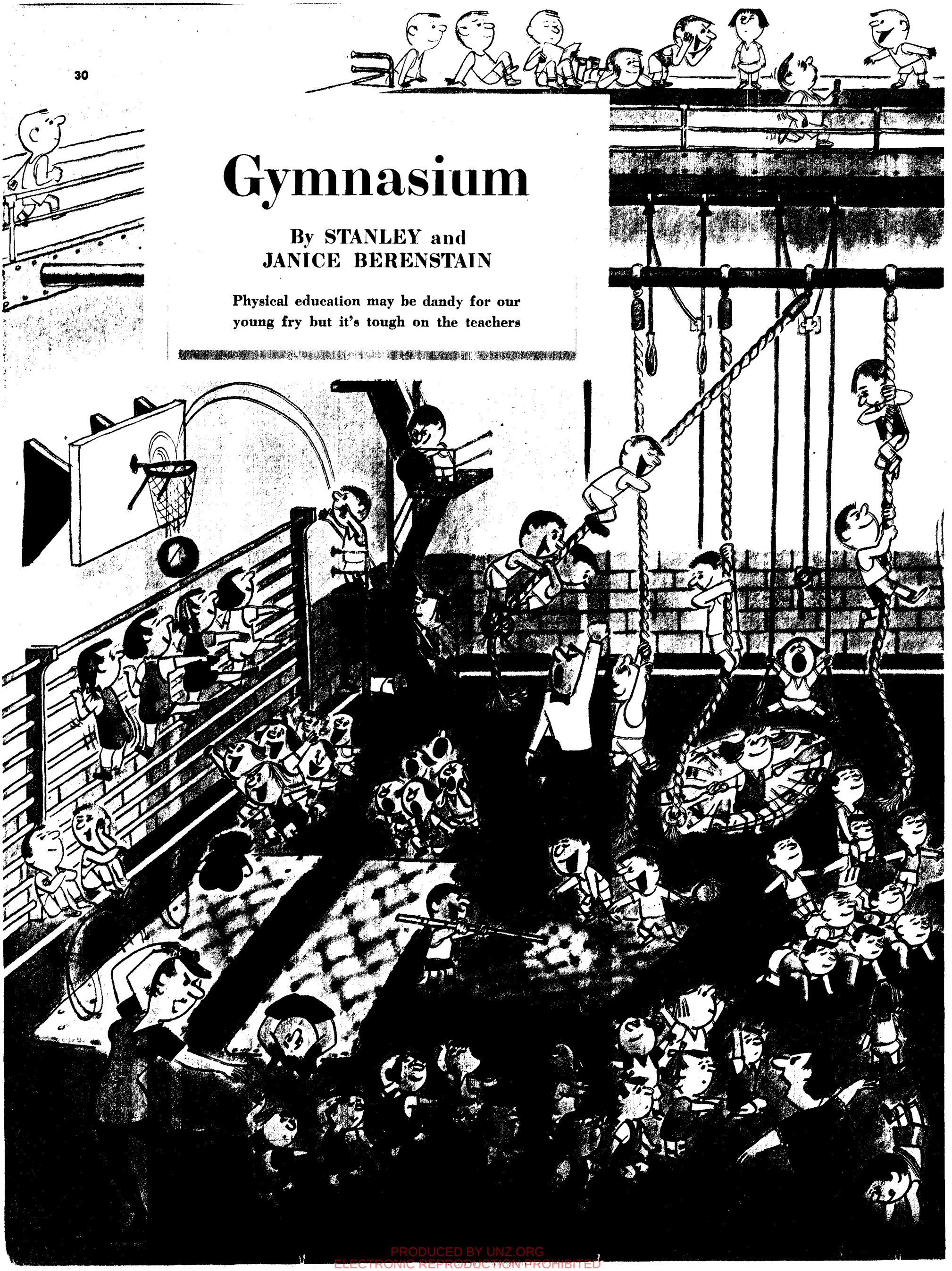
Gymnasium

By STANLEY and
JANICE BERENSTAIN

Physical education may be dandy for our young fry but it's tough on the teachers



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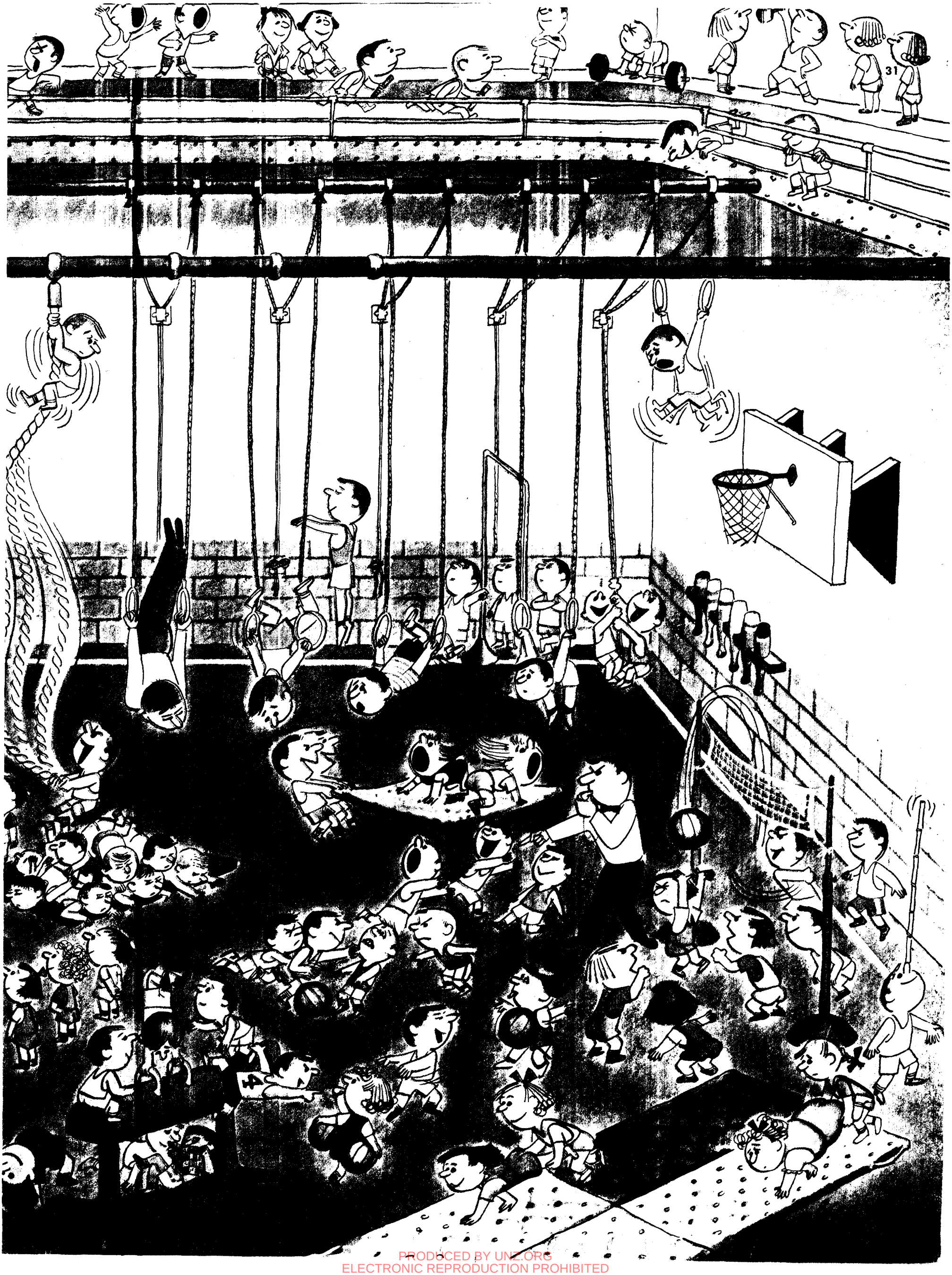

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

By EDWIN LANHAM

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WHO KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED—AND GOT IT

The Story: One day life in a small town suddenly becomes too much for AGATHA CHRISTOPHER. Abruptly she breaks her engagement to CHARLIE HARPER, and the next day she rashly quits her job as village librarian. Charlie and Agatha's mother, GWEN, try to reason with her, but Agatha won't listen. Then, quite unexpectedly, Agatha is notified that she has inherited the estate of her UNCLE LEO—and this estate consists mainly of a restaurant in New York. Impulsively Agatha decides that she will go to New York and run the restaurant herself. She imagines it to be a very swank place. However, it is really a West Side bar and grill much frequented by prize fighters and horse players. OSCAR, the barman, is not looking forward to working for a new owner. And LEFTY LANGAN the prize fighter whom Agatha's Uncle Leo owned ten per cent of, is not looking forward to a woman having this share—nor does this appeal to Lefty's girl, LUCILLE. When Agatha arrives in New York she goes straight to the office of her late uncle's lawyer, JACK BARLOW. Jack explains to Agatha where the restaurant is, that it is named Leo's Place. He is a handsome and pleasant young man, and after Agatha first visits Leo's Place and is completely disheartened by what she has seen, Jack encourages her to stay in New York and run Leo's Place. That night Jack and Agatha go to Leo's Place and watch the television set there as Lefty Langan fights EDDIE MANOLO. Lefty is defeated by a knockout. Later he comes into the bar and gets drunk. The next day Agatha takes over Leo's Place and when Lefty comes in late in the afternoon she gives him his contract and tells him he can tear it up.

PART 3 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

SHE went behind the bar for her pocketbook, and when she turned Lefty had moved on to a table and had taken off his raincoat. He sat down heavily, but got to his feet again when Agatha approached. She took the sheet of paper from her handbag and put it on the table, but Lefty did not pick it up. He gave her a wan smile and said, "You might as well keep it."

"Oh, no," Agatha said.

He looked at her, scowled, and called out, "Walter, want to bring me a boilermaker?"

"Here," Agatha said, and gave the paper a little push with her forefinger. "Tear it up."

"Keep it," he said, "for a souvenir. I'm done with the ring."

Walter shuffled over with a beer and a rye on his tray, set them in front of Lefty, and asked, "You gonna tie one on again?"

"What's it to you, Walter?" Lefty said.

"If a customer wants to get soused I'm here to lend a helping hand," Walter said. "Go ahead, stupid, get soused." He turned and walked away.

Lefty grinned and said, "That Walter!" He drank the rye down and took a swallow of beer.

"You know you're not through with the ring," Agatha said softly. "One knockout isn't going to stop you."

Lefty pointed a finger at Walter. "Set me up another, Walter, without the conversation."

Lefty looked at Agatha, but fixed his gaze somewhere above her eyebrows. "I'm getting my old job back," he said. "I talked to my manager today and told him I was getting my old job back. He didn't shed no tears."

"What was your old job?" Agatha asked.

"Dispenser," Lefty said, with a stony face.

"A what?"

"Dispenser," Lefty said. "That drugstore two blocks down, that's where I used to work."

"You mean a soda jerk?" Agatha asked, incredulous. Her eyes went to his big, fleshy hands. She said, "Somehow I can't imagine you behind a soda fountain, whipping up malteds. You—you *belong* in the ring."

"For a lousy ten per cent, you take a lot on yourself, Miss Christopher," Lefty said. "I didn't ask for anybody's advice."

"I'm sorry," Agatha said, flushing. "Of course it's none of my business, and I'm sorry."

"Forget it," he said. "It's all right. You're Leo's niece, and Leo done a lot for me." He chuckled. "I knew Leo a long time. When I was a kid I used to get his goat. I grew up around here, see. Went to PS 51. Nights us kids used to hang out here on the avenue, and we had a game we used to play, to get Leo's goat. We'd run up to the door of this here bar and shout—well, I wouldn't repeat what we shouted."

He smiled gently. "It sure got Leo's goat, and one day he caught me. He laid in wait and caught me, and I thought he was gonna call a cop. But he sat me down and poured me a ginger ale and we had a talk, and Leo was always my pal after that. You know what my big moment was?"

His eyes were bright again, and there was color in his cheeks, but Agatha thought that maybe it was because of the whisky. Walter had brought another boilermaker as Lefty talked.

"I'd been in the Navy," Lefty said. "I'd been out in the South Pacific and I'd seen a little action. But my big moment was when I was back here on leave and I walked up to the door of this here barroom, where I used to yell and run, and I stepped up to the bar and ordered a drink and Leo gave me a grin and poured the whisky and then he said, 'It's on the house, sailor.'" His eyes met Agatha's. "That night made me feel I'd really made the grade."

Agatha said, "I suppose you started fighting in the Navy?"

"Yeah, I had a few bouts. I was welterweight then, and I was as good as any in my area. And after my discharge I picked up a few watches fighting amateur and Leo bought 'em off me. And it was Leo told me to quit that job in the drugstore and fight pro. He gave me a stake to start on." Lefty drew in a deep breath. "I thought I was a ball of fire then. I thought I could take Tony Zale if I had the chance." He shrugged. "Anyhow, I'm glad Leo didn't see me go down last night."

"Eddie Manolo was lucky," Agatha said, with conviction.

"He can hit," Lefty said. "He knocked me clean from St. Nick's to Eighth Avenue, didn't he? Right back into the drugstore."

"You're not taking that job back," Agatha said. "You're going to stay in the ring, Lefty."

"You think so?" Lefty said, and she saw a shine in his eyes.

"I know it," Agatha said. "I'm sure of it."

While they had been talking, a redheaded girl had come in out of the rain, leading a Scotty on a leash. Agatha became aware of them when the dog shook itself vigorously, with a rattle of collar and chain. Lefty glanced up and said, "Hello, Lucille."

The girl's eyes studied Agatha for a hostile moment, then she said, "Room for me here?"

Lefty pulled up a chair and the girl sat down opposite Agatha, with Lefty between them.

"You stop in at the drugstore, Lefty?" Lucille asked.

He shook his head.

"Honey, you ought to do it," Lucille said.

"The hell with the drugstore," he said. "Quit yapping about that drugstore."

Lucille stiffened, but turned her hostility on Agatha in a glance that clearly held Agatha accountable. Her voice was placating. "But you know he's looking for somebody, Lefty. He won't hold that job open indefinitely."

Lefty held up his hands, said, "Look at 'em."

Lucille looked, said, "What about 'em? You want to borrow my nail file?"

"What business they got whipping up malteds?" Lefty said. "Spreading chicken salad, squirting Cokes. Those are strong hands, Lucille. I never broke a hand. I never had any trouble with my hands."

"Trouble with your jaw is all you had," Lucille said.

LEFTY sucked in his breath and the girl added hastily, "I mean talking, always talking. Big talk was always your trouble."

Lefty put his hands on the table. "That's not so."

"Oh, honey," Lucille said, and her voice had changed. It was pleading now. "You're not gonna go back on me, are you? You said last night you were through—"

Agatha realized that she was an intruder in a private argument, and she was embarrassed. It was none of her concern whether or not Lefty Langan quit the prize ring, and she had been rather free with her advice, on impulse and without real thought about it. She was glad that Tony Franklin chose that moment to push open the swinging door and call, "Hey, Aggie, can you come in here?"

Agatha said, "Excuse me," and as she started to her feet Lefty Langan picked up the sheet of paper and thrust it toward her. "Here, take it along," he said. "It may come in handy."

Agatha hesitated, then took the paper; it was not the time for further discussion of her inherited ten per cent.

Tony Franklin had everything in order, and he explained to her Leo's system of bookkeeping, such as it was. The cook had reported in and was rattling pans in the kitchen, and while Agatha was talking to Tony, Oscar Gumper arrived.

"Thought I'd drop in early," he said to Agatha as he hung up his hat and coat. "Everything go okay?"

"Yes, fine," Agatha said. "Thanks for sending the barman. And Oscar, I want to get hold of a good carpenter. I want to do some work on this office. Enlarge it a little, if it's possible, and make it more comfortable.

Oscar gave her a curious look. "You figuring on staying in the business, Miss?"

"I might," Agatha said. "For a while, anyhow."

"I'll get you a carpenter," Oscar said. "I'll see what you mean. This office *(Continued on page 57)*

"As a favor to Leo I'll let you have the boy," Benny Small said. "But I'm gonna keep ten per cent"

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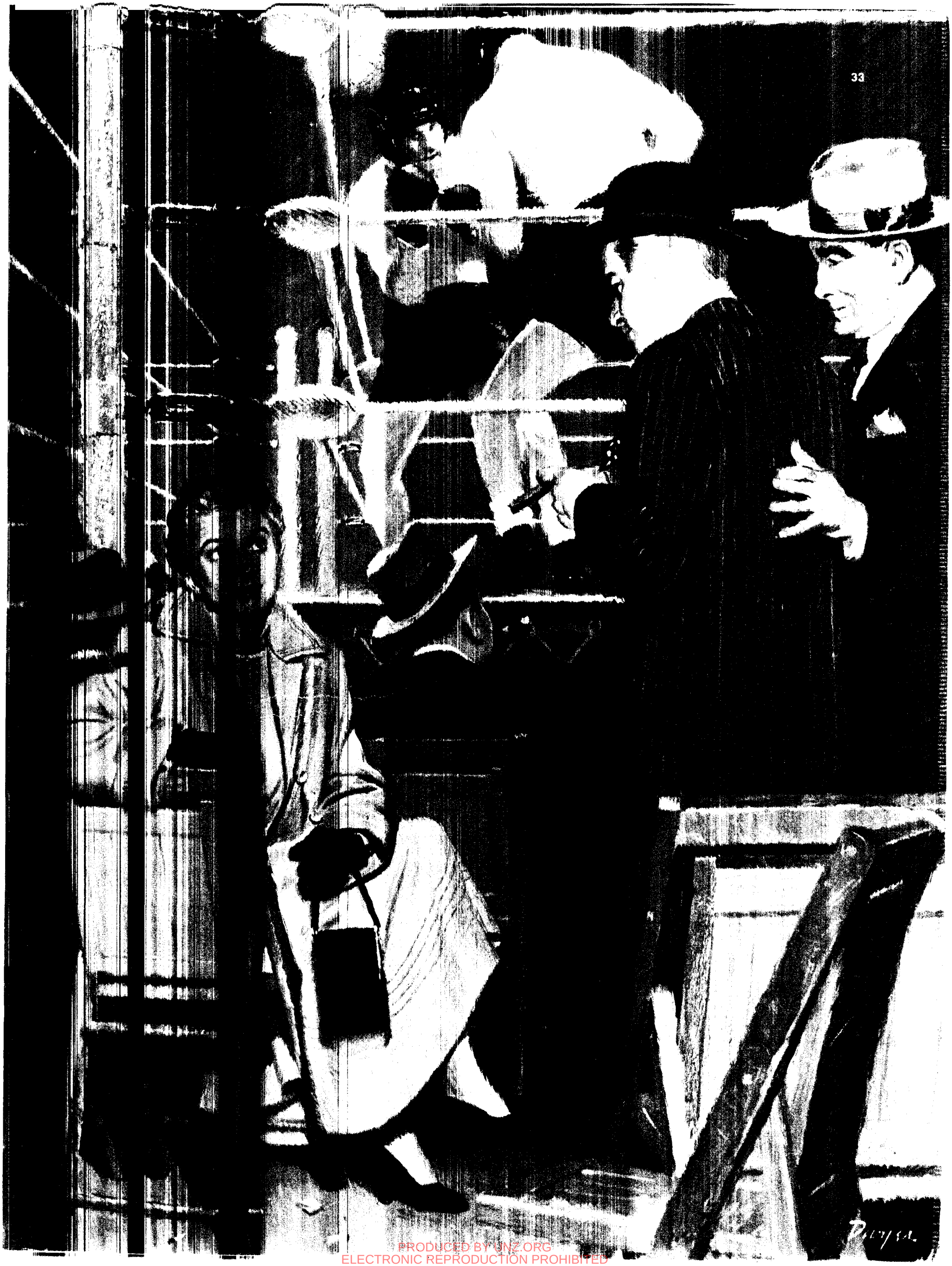

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The membership of Bucknell's Phi Lambda Theta represents the antidiscrimination forces on campuses. In this house varied religions and races live in harmony

The College Fraternity Crisis

By HOWARD WHITMAN

PART 2—DEMOCRACY IN ACTION

TWENTY-FIVE young men from eleven colleges sweated out a hectic week end in Chicago last May to launch a new national fraternity. They worked night and day. They wrote by-laws, preambles, articles, amendments and resolutions. They tore up pages, rewrote pages. Finally they came up with the constitution of Beta Sigma Tau, a fraternity which opens its arms alike to Christian and Jew, to white and Negro, to rich and to poor.

Having paid their own way to Chicago, the students didn't have any money to spare. They could not afford more than one paid employee to aid in their labors: a nimble-fingered public stenographer. She sweated it out with them, working way past midnight, taking shorthand, transcribing, typing. She was groggy when it was over.

But after she had typed the final version of the constitution—with its pledge of "brotherhood and democracy which transcends racial, national and religious differences"—she had all the pep she needed to say, "Gee! I've never seen anything like this in all my life! Do you fellows really mean it?"

Assured that Beta Sigma Tau was in unmitigated earnest, she gulped, "Well, I want to help, too! You can keep my pay check! Call it a contribution —I guess I just worked free!"

Beta Sigma Tau, which formally calls itself an "intercultural fraternity," is a dramatic outgrowth of the bare-fist battle over discrimination which is being fought on American campuses. This fraternity draws heavily upon the One World philosophy of Wendell Willkie and has attracted scores of college men to whom fraternities for "white Caucasians" or "full-blooded Aryans" are a little nauseating in this day.

By the opening of the fall term, Beta Sigma Tau —without benefit of trumpets' blare—had amassed seven full-fledged chapters, at Ohio State, the University of California at Santa Barbara, the University of Buffalo, Hobart College, Roosevelt College, Baldwin-Wallace and Ohio Wesleyan. In addition to these, four more chapters were busily forming. November saw the launching of chapters at Stanford, the University of California at Berkeley, the University of Southern California, and the University of California at Los Angeles—all within the month.

While most of Beta Sigma Tau's membership is white Protestant, as is the population of the U.S., it includes Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans, Negroes, Chinese and Nisei. John Caldwell, one of the top national officers of the fraternity, happens to be a Baptist from Texas. Kenneth Woodward, president of the Ohio Wesleyan chapter, happens to be a Negro.

Caldwell, who goes to the University of California at Santa Barbara, said to me, "Maybe my Texas *raisin'* had something to do with it. Out our way we judge a man for what he is—not for the labels on him." Caldwell had behind him the heritage of the Pecos country, where it once was "justifiable homicide" to shoot a man for asking where you came from and what you had done before you got there.

Eschewing the mumbo jumbo of a secret order, Beta Sigma Tau will gladly tell you that its name stands for "Equality, Understanding, Unity." After the hectic founders' week end last May, the boys wrote:

"Coming as we do from different racial, religious and cultural backgrounds, we are constantly made aware of the dignity and integrity of the individual. As we better understand this concept of equality and do something practical about it, then the unity which is so much needed in our world will come."

In addition to national Beta Sigma Tau, a lusty litter of local antidiscrimination fraternities also has appeared. Union College has a new local named Beta Eta Upsilon. It calls itself an 'anti-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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segregation fraternity." The fact that it came to life at Schenectady, where America's first social fraternities were born in 1825, is regarded as a meaningful straw in the wind.

In the fall of 1947 a dozen freshmen looked over the fraternities at Union, went to rushing parties, heard the blandishments of upperclassmen clad in pin-striped suits, tasted punch at fraternity smokers, and then said to hell with it.

"The exclusion policy, applied to fellows of minority races and religions, stuck in our craws," one of them told me.

They formed Beta Eta Upsilon and were recognized by the college last February. Their constitution states: "This brotherhood is organized on the basis that all men are created equal, and that no discrimination because of religion, race, color or background should be practiced by a fraternity at Union College." The membership includes nine Protestants, three Catholics, one Jew.

"Practically every fraternity on the campus has a few men who agree with us," President Clarence H. Walker declared. "They're trying to fight segregation within their own ranks. We call it the 'underground.'"

Bucknell University was in the fray as early as 1945. Three students, just back from war, rebelled at the big nationals and started their own local, Phi Lambda Theta. Prominent Bucknell alumni gave them a helping hand. A year ago they acquired a fraternity house. Of their 55 brothers, three are Negroes, two Catholics, five Jews, and two Chinese.

The University of Wisconsin has a new interracial group—Sigma Delta Phi. Bowdoin has a new fraternity which calls itself "ARU," meaning "All Races United." The antidiscrimination movement is hopping from campus to campus.

Sobered by a war which turned out to be a young men's proposition, thousands of students are wondering whether *young men* shouldn't take a bigger part in running the world. They are unwilling to follow hand-me-down systems. They squirm unhappily in the long flannels of fixed ideas. They want to think for themselves.

The "wrong-side-of-the-railroad-tracks" notion is thoroughly repugnant to them. They believe no man should be evaluated by his father's bank roll, his father's clubs, or by the Social Register. No man should be excluded from a fraternity because he isn't a "smoothie" or a hot dresser, or doesn't drive a convertible.

Dr. Max McConn, formerly of Lehigh, has listed the "values" on which old-line Greek-letter cliques judge new freshmen: 1) Money. 2) Family connections. 3) Type of preparatory school attended. 4) "Personality."

"Personality" is in quotes because it does not mean true personality values but rather what is sometimes called *poison-ality*—the ability to flash a toothy smile, a convincing handshake, an assortment of quips for the cocktail party and, of course, plenty of sartorial whiz. Student reformers chide the Greeks mercilessly for such hot-shot standards.

Said one, at Wisconsin, "If grownups felt that way, Van Johnson would be President."

Scoffed another, at Yale, "The fraternities are interested in families whose best part is under the ground."

Editor Blasts Methods of Selection

Clayton L. Dickey, a 1947 Michigan graduate, battled bitterly with his own fraternity, Delta Tau Delta, over social discrimination. He wrote in the Michigan Daily, of which he was city editor:

"Is it a healthy thing to allow the existence, in a university community, of groups which select their members for social graces—values which aren't very important in a university scheme of things? Anyone who has been through the rushing melee can tell you that good looks and/or fast chatter are paramount . . . How beneficial to a university community is a system whereby some are accepted and others are barred on the basis of false values?"

Dickey, now a United Press writer in Cleveland, said to me when I was getting this story, "If I went to college all over again I would not join a fraternity. I liked it best just after the war, when the fraternity houses were thrown open as dormitories. I stayed at the Chi Phi house. We had a mixed group of Christians and Jews, rich and poor boys."

What is the effect of fraternity exclusiveness upon the young men who are left out? What about the 86 boys at Michigan who had their hearts set on being asked to fraternities last fall, who filed their names with the dean's office and who did not get bids?

At Amherst, storm center of the college fraternity crisis, the Amherst College alumni committee on postwar education reports: "The 'unwanted man' psychology plays a real role with too many students. . . . The competitive status of membership among the fraternities gives rise to a good deal of heartache and insidious comparison of social status."

Wrote Amherst's subcommittee on student activities, four fifths of whom were fraternity men themselves: "The sense of exclusiveness and social preferment . . . is hurtful to the young men who are in the fraternities because it gives them a false and undemocratic sense of superiority. And it hurts the students who are outside the fraternities by giving them a wholly unwarranted sense of being inferior and of being social outcasts."

The committee pointedly recalled that "each year in the last decade a number of otherwise thoroughly desirable young men *have left college at the end of the freshman year primarily for the reason that they have failed to be elected to a fraternity.*"

Many educators feel that the boys who are excluded from fraternities are the very ones for whom a fraternity could do the most good.

"How about taking in an occasional misfit?" I suggested to a group of Phi Gamma Deltas. "You boys could do a lot for such a lad."

The suggestion was laughed at. I was promptly informed that taking in a "spook"—as they put it—was a contradiction of the whole idea of fraternities.

Paced by the storm at Amherst and a new "intercultural" national fraternity, the antidiscrimination fight is hopping from campus to campus. Thousands of reformers are chiding the Greek-letter cliques mercilessly for their adherence to hot-shot standards

It was a heresy. "We only want the cream, not the skim milk," one brother said.

College chaplains often hear the other side of the story. The Rev. John Colburn, at Amherst, has known many a pale hour when a boy has come in, quietly and alone, to weep a little over being left out. "When the fraternities reject them, these boys often live in a psychological climate of defeat—not only in college, but well into life," Chaplain Colburn remarked.

I got a better picture of what he meant when, a few hours later, I talked to a youth who had been turned down by the fraternity to which his father and two cousins belonged. He talked without rancor, but there was something behind his eyes that spelled out the story.

Psychologists are not fooled by the exclusion idea. They have put it in a test tube too many times. Exclusiveness is nothing but the old in-group and out-group mechanism which is as old as man. By forming a clique, and throwing a wall of exclusion around it, Mr. A can say to Mr. B, "My group is better than your group. Therefore, I am better than you." Fortunately, men who are confident of their own worthwhileness do not need to resort to this dodge.

"It is no coincidence," one psychologist remarked, "that the men who flaunt their fraternity pins most ostentatiously are the ones who have nothing else to flaunt."

American democracy insists that in this land there shall be no aristocracy save that of talent devoted to the service of man. Thus many a college president feels that student aristocracy, if there be one, should be based upon an oft-forgotten facet of college life—education.

The scholarship ratings of the old-line Greek-letter fraternities have been less than dazzling. At Williams, the Garfield Club—composed of nonfraternity men—regularly whips the academic hides off the fraternities. At Amherst, the annual Treadway Scholarship Trophy has been won six times in the last 13 years by a similar group of nonfraternity men, the Lord Jeffrey Amherst Club. Michigan, typical of large universities, finds that fraternity men's scholastic average is 2.47, that of the nonfraternity men 2.56.

One college alumni committee was moved to report, "The number of students who have felt it advisable to *move out of their fraternity houses* in order to pursue their scholastic careers more effectively has increased in recent years."

It dryly added, "There appears recently to have been more drinking in the fraternity houses—and more women visitors—than would be generally adjudged to be conducive to concentration on intellectual growth."

He Laughed at the Wrong Moment

The intellectual value of secret grips, passwords, rituals and other fraternal falderal might also occasion some doubt. One New England chapter was rudely awakened while initiating a faculty member to honorary membership. The mumbo jumbo was in full career, grave brothers were arrayed in their hoods and robes, the faculty man was on his knees with his hands folded listening to the esoteric effusions—when suddenly he burst out laughing. He blurted, "Just slip me the grip—and forget this hocus-pocus!"

Many a fighter pilot, infantryman and paratrooper has turned in his pledge pin when a plush-lined punk has tried to "make a man out of him." One veteran quit rather than memorize page upon page of fraternity flummery. "I'd rather memorize a little history and economics," he quietly stated.

To demands for abolition of the fraternity system, many observers complain, "You can't leave students in a void. If you abolish fraternities, you must have a substitute plan."

Two substitute plans are now functioning with notable success: the House Plan at Harvard, and the Club Plan at Princeton. When a freshman comes to Harvard he looks over the seven "houses"—large clubhouse residences, where students live, eat and hold their parties. He applies for admission to one of them. He may prefer Lowell House. He may prefer Adams or Dunster.

The important point is: *The man chooses the house*—unlike the fraternity system in which the house chooses the man. The houses are interracial, nonsectarian, and conscious of neither bluebooks nor bankbooks. Harvard hangs no labels on the men it is educating for democracy.

Princeton, a foe of fraternities since Civil War days, centers its social life in seventeen "eating clubs" which are similarly democratic. Vernon Geddy, chairman of the Undergraduate Inter-Club Committee, earnestly told me, "The thing we're proudest of is that there is no racial, religious or social segregation. We take a man on his merits."

Along Prospect Street, along which the club mansions are lined in elm-shaded elegance, there is a free and wholesome tang. There is neither restriction nor exclusion. Harold Yerkes, president of the Quadrangle Club, remarked, "The club system is for everybody. Clubs aren't 'something special.' They're part of the whole college experience."

Thoughtful fraternity men know that in the Harvard and Princeton plans the fraternity system is up against a stern rival. Since the war, many fraternities, perceiving the neon handwriting on the wall, have tried to mend their ways. Most of them have tossed hazing and hell week into the ash can.

Many observers take heart from what Dan Byrd, until recently president of Alpha Tau Omega at Ohio State, called "the more mature outlook which fraternities are evincing."

If the baiting and paddling of pledges no longer appeals to them, perhaps they are on the way to discovering the human being beneath the pledge pin. And when they do, they may perceive a smidge of human dignity—even in a freshman. Then—who knows?—his clothes, his looks, his race, his religion, and his old man's bank account may not matter any more.

THE END

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Collier's MOVIES

The Week's Preview

By WARREN PHILLIPS

In The Boy With Green Hair, Hollywood has turned out a really stirring antiwar picture. The star is 12-year-old Dean Stockwell, and he's great

FOR reasons probably best known to our psychiatrist, we've never quite been able to look a child actor squarely in the eye. There he is on the screen, trying hard to get through to Grumpy Old Us, and there we sit concentrating on some spot on the brat's forehead, wondering if when he grows up he'll have more wives than Mickey Rooney. Boy actors have a way of acting too manly; and Junior Bernhardts with dyed permanents are always being sued by their parents for nonsupport. Often we get an urge to spank them on their little fat egotisms.

This doesn't go with young Dean Stockwell, though. After watching his haunting, competent job as The Boy With Green Hair, a touching realistico-fantasy about a one-boy crusade for world peace, we dub the lad: Hamlet, Jr. We believe he's twelve, as he says.

Possibly it's the Stockwell home influence. Dean was born in North Hollywood on March 5, 1936, of theater folks, and practically brought up backstage. However, Mama Betty Veronica Stockwell, a former George White's Scandals gal, has raised Dean and his older brother Guy from a small-town viewpoint. She wants them to be just two other kids in the neighborhood. When traces of hambone appear in her young genius, she showers him with psychological vegetables.

When he was seven, Dean debuted on the stage in a Theater Guild flop. After some radio, Dean wound up in Hollywood in Anchors Aweigh, making only the infant bobby-soxers squeal.

But from there on it's been a breeze. Possibly you caught Dean in Gentleman's Agreement, among others. Dean's now about four ten, weighs 70, has brown hair and eyes, and a serious, sensitive face.

Despite a tendency toward moving into the upper brackets, the Stockwells cling to a five-room bungalow in Culver City, hard by the M-G-M studios.

M-G-M owns Dean's contract. Dean attends the M-G-M studio school. He's a 90 student.

We are also informed, reliably, that inside the home Dean is like any other boy. He hangs his clothes on the floor; has drawerfuls of boyhood treasures, pieces of string, hunks of metal, marbles, and yoyos that whistle.

Three movies a week satisfy Dean, so long as they're Westerns and whodunits. When he isn't wrestling with brother Guy, playing ball, or being left half on the neighborhood Tigers, Dean will engage you in fact-crammed gab on such topics as sports, movies and politics. Like many others, he thought it would be Dewey.

Though he'd like to make a career of flying, he's more likely to put it this way: "Gee, Mr. Phillips, I've given it a lot of thought, but I don't know if I want to be an actor all my life. I know one thing for sure. I want to go to college and play football."

Now that he's twelve, Dean has discovered Girls. From time to time there is a sound of revelry by night issuing from the modest Stockwell living room. Dean's pretty serious about his polka. Later he'll speak casually of the tall fat girl, the small fat girl, and of Joyce. Joyce is a blue-eyed blonde who lives near by. We hope we're violating no confidences when we add she's about Dean's age, and has what he points out as a "very pleasing personality."

Dean likes to play the drums (to the neighborhood's unhappiness), and there are two Stockwell dogs: Thug, a cocker, and Thief, a dachsie.

Such being his talents and home life, it was a dead-beat cinch for Dean to be tapped as The Boy With Green Hair.

Here's how the story goes: The police in a small town pick up a sullen, mute runaway boy with a completely shaved head. The lad refuses to identify himself until a police psychiatrist wins his confidence. Then he reluctantly tells his story.

The boy's parents had gone to England years before and he'd been shuttled from relative to relative. Finally he had come to live with Gramps, an old circus performer, now a singing waiter. Pat O'Brien, the Irish Gable, plays Gramps.

With Gramps, the boy begins to feel the first security he has known in his pushed-around life. He becomes an unscared, normal kid.

One day, however, he overhears some women talking about a new war. This upsets him very much.

Later, during a clothing drive his school is putting on for war orphans, the boy accidentally learns that he, too, is a war orphan. His parents were killed in a London blitz.

The next morning he wakes up to find that his hair has turned a brilliant green. At first he thinks it is one of Gramps' sleight-of-hand tricks and he's pleased. But soon he finds that Gramps is disturbed, too, as is the town doctor, who can't explain the phenomenon. The townies begin to stare; and the other kids won't play with him.

His security vanishes—and he runs away. Stumbling into oblivion, he unexpectedly comes on a clearing in the woods, and there stands a pathetic group of battered war orphans—miraculously come to life just as they appeared on the posters used in the school drive. One of them explains why Peter's hair had turned green: "We did it, Peter, so it would attract attention. Go back, and when anyone asks you about your hair, say that war is bad for children and it must stop."

Peter goes back—and what happens then makes up into as moving and unusual a preachment as we've ever seen. Not once does it get preachy, however. The scriptists have concealed their message in everyday terms. They've also included some useful tips on how to raise children. On his first night with Gramps, young Peter reveals he's afraid to sleep in the dark. "Lad," says O'Brien, "there's nothing in the dark that wasn't there when the light was on." Pete believes him—but sleeps with a baseball bat alongside the bed, nevertheless, for insurance.

Playing the out-of-date mush-hearted ham, Pat O'Brien gives the performance of his life. But it is to young Stockwell that the picture goes. After their first scene together, in which Stockwell did what was asked of him in an effortless way, O'Brien cried tragically: "I'm sunk. The kid's murder—he'll steal every scene."

The only false note is the green wig worn by Dean. The Boy With Green Hair should be flashed on every screen in the world—including the Iron Curtain!

Young Stockwell as he appears in his new role—green wig and the works. Phillips says he's a real artist. He dubs the little fellow Hamlet, Jr.

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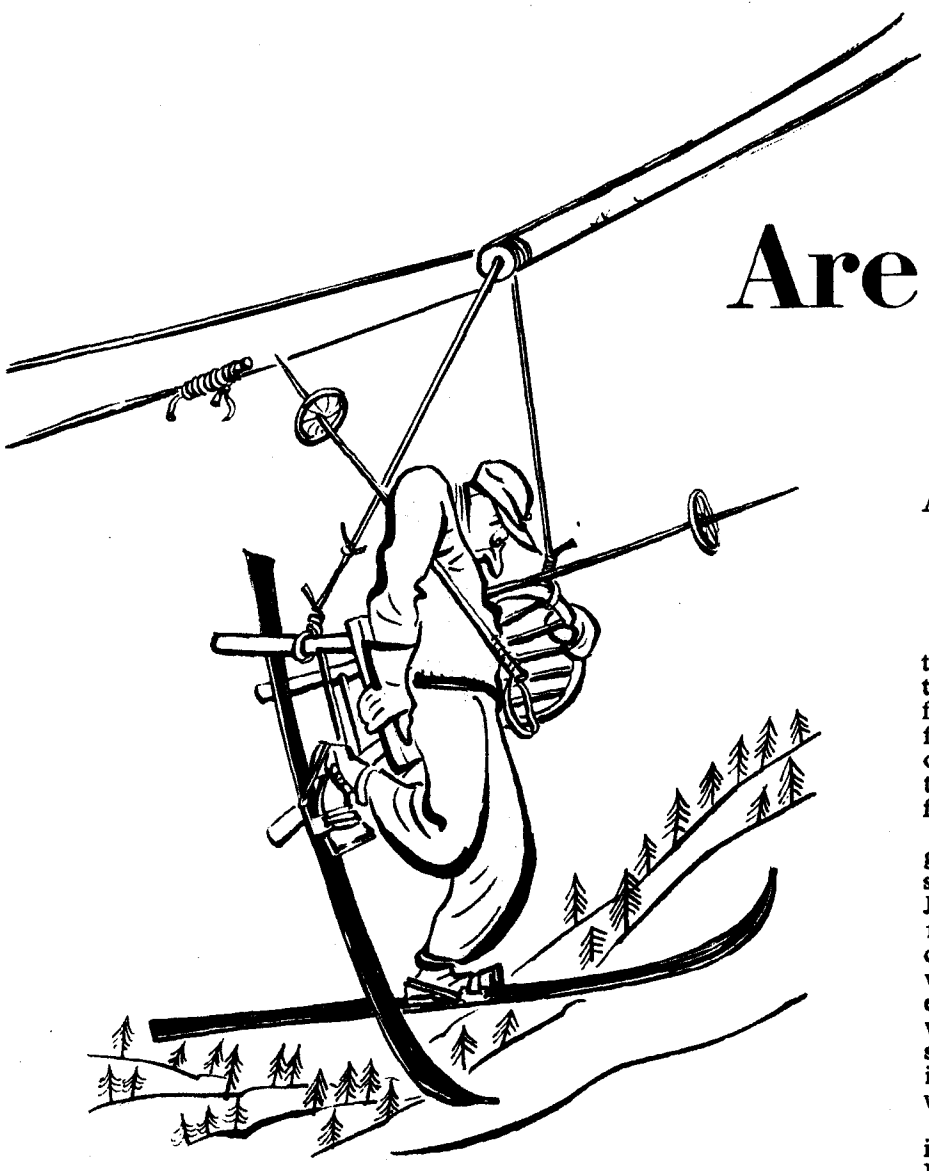

This tow is a marvel of native ingenuity

Are Skiers People?

By JAMES DUGAN

A report on a sport the author wouldn't touch with a ten-foot ski pole

SO FAR as the title of this piece is concerned, there is much evidence to the contrary. You can see exhibits A to Z around this time of year, slogging down the street in shoes that look like a deep-sea diver's boots, carrying planks over their shoulders and poking people's eyes out with steel-pointed sticks.

They're on their way to some inoffensive mountain many miles away; and they will travel on a ski train and spend their time rubbing cans of wax on the death-dealing planks. Everybody has a different kind of gook to rub on the timber. There are as many kinds of wood salve as there are clothes for skiing. The clothes look like a prep-school masquerade ball on the theme of a Night in the Harem.

The train breaks down three or four times on its way to Muggins Notch, because the tracks are traveled just once a year—the week end these crazed people have chosen to skid down Old Muggins, Sentinel of the Mountains.

Within seventeen hours, the railroaders put them off two miles from a derelict potato warehouse called the Muggins Notch Inn. Milling around the cozy interior, everybody plugs in his electric heater at once, blowing out the lights in three counties.

The local farmers have been busy for weeks hauling snow to pile on the slope of Mount Muggins with flinty gleams in their eyes in anticipation of sacking the nutty city folks. Local handicraftsmen have whittled great stacks of back scratchers labeled Souvenir of Muggins Notch. Little children run about, offering to sell maple candy made of creosote, and the ladies have cleared enough space in the root shed to put up five skiers at ten bucks a night each. The local veterinarian rubs his hands: Business in bonesetting will be great on the morrow.

Muggins Notch never sees cash money from January to January, because wampum was good enough for Isaiah Muggins, the founder of the village; but the day the ski train comes, the good people receive a buggyload of greenbacks with it. They have found exciting uses for the city kind of money, going to Florida in February and taking small villas at the Cap d'Azur where they won't have to look at snow for eleven more months.

The morn dawns clear and cold. Well, not clear enough to make out the 311-foot eminence of Mount Muggins, and not cold enough to keep the snow from slipping off the mountainside, but clear and cold enough for skiers. Everybody plasters their fifty-dollar skids with a special kind of adhesive paste for wet snow and then they form a long line, waiting for the ski tow.

On their way to some mountain

This tow is a marvel of native ingenuity. It is a length of very strong steel cable secured somewhere by Jed Gordon, the local inventor. All right, maybe the light and power company *is* wondering why the guy wires are missing on some of the towers on the power line, but they surely will admit Jed did a splendid job of splicing. At one place he has spaced it out with a short length of barbed wire from Ed Pillsbury's hill pasture.

The chairs fastened to the lift are ingenious. It seems that the Muggins Notch Historical and Genealogical Museum had some ducking stools from colonial days—power for the ski lift is furnished by John Peacock's Model T and there are some strong fellows standing by to give 'er the old tug-of-war heave when traffic is heavy on the slope. There will be no repetition of last year's incident, when the lift got away and shot fourteen cityfolk through Miss Ima Rogers' New England Gift Shoppe.

The skiers are all at the top of Mount Muggins five hours after leaving the bottom. The kindlier townsfolk now close their shutters and stopple their ears against the screams and crunching sounds, the splintering of kiln-dried lumber, the hollow knell of heads on second-growth jack-pine boles, and the piteous cries of the wounded for water.

Out in Main Street the town contractor has a gang stirring up plaster in a cement trough, and the Ladies Aid Society and Lifeboat Fund has rolled mounds of bandages. The First Congregational Church has been turned into a collecting station, from which the more serious cases are quickly dispatched to Dr. Oliver Judson's Hospital.

What a busy man is the genial old veterinarian, working around the clock, sipping black coffee, and moving calmly among the pitifully twisted bodies! He sets a fibula here, reconstructs a clavicle there, and consoles a young girl whose face has been rearranged by Jed Gordon's stone fence. "Doctor," she says, "will I lose my beauty?"

"There, there, Miss," replies the compassionate medico, "you'll be as good as new after several years at the Mayo Clinic."

But let us draw a veil of pity over the harrowing scene and pass on to the train as it returns to the city after a thrill-packed day of skiing. The ambulatory cases are helping their less fortunate fellows, administering cocoa and reading aloud to those with bandaged eyes.

Let us draw a curtain of pity

The train arrives in the middle of the night, a fortunate thing because it spares nonskiers a distressing sight and might have an adverse effect on introducing the sport to new enthusiasts. The next day every man jack, and girl jack for that matter, of the skiing party, is wheeled or assisted to their gathering places to regale one another with memories of the great week end.

The unfortunates who are still on the danger list receive phone calls, letting them in on a new wax that has just hit the market.

Dear me, whatever became of sledding?

The ambulatory cases help

DRAWINGS BY CARL ROSE

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the taming of Superwoman

By ISABELLA TAVES

"Listen," Cam said. "Mr. Carleton doesn't see anybody. Leave your application and a picture and we'll call you"

THE casting reception room at WFIX—"tops in television"—was in its usual state of hypertension. There was a parrot who could sing Nature Boy and did, a yelling baby, a dog that was supposed to talk and didn't and a refined blond muscle dancer.

Cam leaned back in her chair and put her feet in the left-hand bottom drawer of her desk. In front of her was a neatly printed sign which said deceptively: "Information." Beneath it, Cam had scribbled with more accuracy: "Miss Cameo Jackson." The descriptive first name had been given to her by a model agency, back in the days when Cam was fresh from being a May Queen and had dreams of carrying a hatbox and being a cover girl.

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

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Cameo's beauty seemed to have little effect on George, whose casting machine was slipping completely out of control

The muscle dancer lighted a cigarette, after first offering her pack around the reception room. Cam, without taking her feet out of the bottom drawer, held out an ash tray.

"Listen," she said to no one in particular. "Mr. Carleton doesn't see anybody. Leave your application and a picture and we'll call you. Don't call us."

The muscle dancer pouted. "Honey, I'm sure he'd see me just for a minute if you'd tell him I'm a muscle dancer."

"Mr. Carleton doesn't go for muscle dancers. He's strictly a slide-rule man." Cam's mouth twisted. She was an exceptionally pretty girl with mahogany red hair and long green eyes thickly fringed with mahogany red lashes. Her profile, which had inspired her name, was almost spiritual in its clarity.

But there was nothing spiritual about Cam. She was bitter. Her looks had always been a barrier between her and other girls. They had invariably attracted the wrong type of men. And, after she had tried to commercialize them in front of a camera, the model agency had told her, "You have everything, only a still camera is too dumb to catch it. Try television. Get in on the ground floor."

After making the rounds of the stations Cam had gotten in at WFIX before the cement was dry in the foundations. George Carleton, Casting Director, was occupying a folding camp chair in the lobby. So she walked in, pulled

up a wastebasket, tipped it over and sat down.

After a startled look, he sent her down to have her lips blackened and be plastered with saffron make-up for a fashion show. After the show, he had taken her out and bought her a drink. "Miss Jackson, you're beautiful. But you just aren't telegenic. On the screen, you look like your own grandmother—now, don't cry. How would you like to be my receptionist and secretary?"

So Cam had become George's secretary.

George was a big man, with eyes that blinked mildly from behind thick glasses. His nose was too big and his ears stuck out from his head at ridiculous angles. All day long, behind a locked door, he worked on Superwoman.

Superwoman was a casting machine, George Carleton's invention. It was a complicated file of push buttons and notched cards. When a director needed a certain kind of talent, George would sit down with a gleam in his eye, consult Superwoman's master file, then push certain buttons. Drawers would fly open and cards would pop up—cards with statistics and pictures of suitable talent.

At ten minutes of twelve, Cam took her feet out of the bottom drawer. "Lunchtime. Don't you folks eat?" When no one answered, she continued: "It's no good waiting. Mr. Carleton doesn't see anybody. Now be good boys and girls and give me your applications."

The atmosphere in the reception room chilled. Cam sighed. She took a key out of her top drawer and shook it menacingly.

"And don't you think you can sneak in his door while I'm out, either. It's locked. If I were you—"

Then she thought: Nuts. Here I am wasting my time sitting around a casting room too. After seven months George Carleton is no more aware of my legs than he is of Superwoman's. She tucked her handbag under her arm, unlocked the door and disappeared behind it.

A large room, with a river view, was furnished with a desk, six telephones, banks of filing cabinets and George Carleton. There wasn't even a visitor's chair—a defense, George said, against visitors. When Cam came in, George looked up.

"One of the cleaning women messed up the master file last night. It was right in its place when I went out to dinner but when I came back it was on my desk, in a mess. Keep them out of here."

Cam sat down on the wastebasket. "They have to get in sometime or the department of sanitation will be after us."

"Can't you—"

"No, I can't," Cam said firmly. "Union rules don't allow my lily hands to touch a dustrag. Besides, I thought you weren't going to work last night."

"I wasn't, but some VIPs are coming to tour the station this afternoon, and I'm to demonstrate Superwoman. I wanted to be sure she was in perfect shape."

Cam sighed. "Why don't you try seeing how the other half lives and invite me to lunch? Not to the quick-and-dirty across the street, either. To some place dreamy where you can hold my hand and ply me with cocktails."

George laughed. "I'll take you, if you're serious. But you name the dreamy spot. You're more up on those things than I am."

ONE of the six telephones on his desk rang. A green light on the panel above the desk flashed to indicate that it was the direct wire from the office of Mr. Jennings, the pompous and bearded head producer.

Cam said, "Don't answer it. He never wants anything important."

"This time he might."

Cam stamped her foot. "Don't answer it." Then her mouth drooped. "Please, George. It might be something that would interfere with our lunch date."

The telephone rang and the green light flashed again. George looked toward it longingly. "This time, it might just be an emergency."

He untangled himself from his desk chair. He was well over six feet and no string bean. "Don't make fun of me. I'm nobody's baby, God knows."

Cam said softly, "You could be, if you'd just get over the idea that I'm teasing you when I tell you I go for you. I don't know why, either; maybe it's just chemistry. But why don't you try kissing me to break the ice?"

The telephone had stopped ringing, and a ferret-faced young man with hooded eyes slid in. He was Earl, Mr. Jennings' boy Friday. He stared at Cam and George without changing expression. Only his tongue, darting snakelike around his red lips, betrayed his excitement.

"Hope I'm not interrupting anythin'."

Cam pushed George away. Earl went on moistening his lips. "I thought nobody was home when you didn't answer the telephone. You shoulda let me know and I'd have covered up for you. After all, what Jennings don't know is what I don't tell him."

George's fists doubled. Cam stepped in front of him. "George was running through a test scene with me. I don't want to be a secretary all my life. And the door was locked. How did you get in?"

Earl looked at the key in his hand and promptly dropped it into his pocket. "Jennings wants to see you right away, if not *(Continued on page 66)*

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The Week's Work

This week's cover: *Pro basketballer Tommy Byrnes of the New York Knickerbockers is dribbling the ball down court at Madison Square Garden after grabbing a rebound off the backboard, as "Bones" McKinney of the Washington Capitals gives chase. Photo was taken for Collier's by Hy Peskin*

THE story Another Land, Another Love (p. 12) not only is the first Howard La Fay ever sold but it snags the Star Award for the week—something indeed! Howard at the moment is rejoicing on the Left Bank in Paris, where he is studying French Civilization at the Sorbonne. (Ah, Youth!)

Mr. La Fay has touches of the prodigy. Now all of twenty-six, he was born in Jersey City, attended Catholic schools, then New Jersey's Teachers' College—starring in English, physics, campus activities requiring mind and muscle. He began his Life's Work on the campus paper.

After a hitch as a Marine shavetail out Pacific

Besides being a great introducer (see p. 28) Leonard Lyons, the eminent columnist, is a family man. Here he is lined up with his All-Star basketball squad. Youngest son doubles as water boy

way, he wound up in Japan itself on police duty. Always ready to learn and having a soft spot for the underdog, Lieutenant La Fay took up the study of Japanese. He met a Japanese girl who became friend, teacher and inspiration for Another Land, Another Love.

After the war, Lieutenant La Fay went back to Columbia to continue his studies and to write. Battling rejection slips he stuck with it, and we are happy to say that our staff readers singled his remarkable story from out of the daily mail pack.

ISABELLA TAVES broke into beautiful letters with the Chicago Tribune, and in her department there was a sophisticated old character of about thirty.

"One day he demonstrated his disdain of the newspaper business by emptying a file drawer out of a 13th-floor window of the Tribune Tower," recalls Miss Taves. "I was so impressed I remembered it all these years, and finally used the idea in my television story, The Taming of Superwoman (p. 38).

Otherwise Miss Taves has spent most of her writing days on the fringes of the entertainment business in New York and Hollywood. Once she made a snowbound trip to Minnesota with Ingrid (The) Bergman where Ingrid was making an OWI movie for Swedish consumption. Ingrid at that time was better known in Sweden than here.

Taves admits it was tough on her to watch Bergman get lovelier every minute of the rugged trip while the Taves nose reddened and the Taves hair came out of curl. An incident at a Swedish Ladies' Aid Society did a lot for the Taves morale. Getting to a meeting of this group a little in advance in order to prepare for the film star's arrival, Miss Taves stuck her head in the door. The president arose and asked charmingly, "Miss Bergman, I believe?"

Miss Taves has been married for four years to Dan Mich, magazine editor. "I've been writing fiction in an ivory tower on New York's Thirty-eighth Street," she says. "But I still grab Variety when it comes out on Wednesday and get Papa to take me along to paddle in some local swimming pool when he goes to Hollywood on business."

THOSE daffy photographs, like the one starring comedian Joe E. Lewis on page 48, are put together by those Collier stand-bys Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw. These photogags are made possible by a remarkable new rat-a-tat camera invented by Walter Rowe and Rudolph Brent of American Cinefoto, New York. "All *we* did," say Henderson-Shaw, "was discover Rowe and Brent."

Their camera, called the Movette, combines the newest in split-second stroboscopic lighting and the principle of the old penny peep-show movie, a series of stopped-action pictures, which, when flipped, put the subject in motion.

The inventor struggled for years to perfect a camera which would stop split-second action so the result would be completely separate pictures showing the complete flow of movement.

The discovery of stroboscopic lighting licked the problem. The Movette, accordingly, has no shutter; flashes of light govern the exposure. In place of a shutter a tiny frame jumps across the film in synchronization with the light flashes. This gives—on a 4-by-5 negative—42 separate pictures, each about as big as one of your fingernails. The whole negative is then enlarged to make the pix the size you see on page 48.

Because the camera has no shutter, the gags are shown in complete darkness—shattered, once the camera is turned on, by the strob flashes. The whole thing is over in less than 10 seconds. Hence the gags must be rehearsed to fit the limit.

Aside from our photogags, Rowe and Brent see the Movette used in ads, in studies of motion, and by people who would like to get a candid bang-bang-bang (etc.) close-up of themselves.

We'd find it handy to photograph a much-split personality.

THUS far Mr. Albert Maisel's exposés have always been concerned with what he calls "white-collar crooks"—veteran cheaters, doctors who cheat patients, and phony psychiatrists. So when he was assigned to The Return of the Numbers Racket (p. 21) he thought: At last—real gorillas who talk outta da side a da mout', and pack rods. He'd need a bodyguard.

Maisel is a deeply disillusioned exposer. Not one Maxim-silenced bullet has he ducked; not once was he awakened by a thug's voice in the night phoning threats. For the most part the gentlemen of the numbers racket prove to be soft-spoken banker types in $185 pin-stripe suits. As one of them, at the moment out on bail, explained, "I'm not a criminal—I'm a percentage gambler!"

Maisel's disappointment in his gorilla friends has, however, been tempered by a stroke of good fortune. A Detroit policy banker gave him a letter of recommendation to one of the best tailors in New York. The latter, when consulted, looked down his nose at a mere Collier's writer, and consented only because of the connection.

We assumed that Mr. Maisel's connection also threw him in the path of a number of "good things." However, he reports playing only one number—472, and that because of a dream he had had interpreted for him by the experts. "They explained 4 as the age of Maisel's son, 7 as the age of Maisel's daughter. Maisel offers $10 as reward for the best explanation of the 2. Needless to say the number never came up.

However, his social prestige has risen in his home town. His daughter, heretofore somewhat ashamed of her dad's occupation, had been passing him off as a taxi driver. Now she boasts, "My papa is in the policy racket. He's a real gangster." Seven of the seven boys in the third grade want to go steady with her now.

THE life of a Collier's columnist being a dizzy round of cocktail parties, dazzling salons and balls, we feel we should let you see a sample of the thing the mails bring in on the hour and on the half. "Dere Mr. Shane," a recent typical summons read. "We at Bamburgurze Shmoopermarket, Nooark, has got Shmoos.—Al Capp. An to cellybrate we are having a Taming of the Shmoo party with lots of Scotch and an enormouse turkey dinner (natcherly we ain't eating shmoos, the lovin little critters, seeing as how they is guests of honor). Natcherly youse writer gals and guys will cum sober and respectuble and get unsober and disrespectuble quick as a shmoo ken lay eggs. Bring yore shoes. Yores respeckfully, George P. Slockbower, Hede Shmookeeper. . . . TED SHANE

Isabella Taves and an armful of her Dalmatian pups

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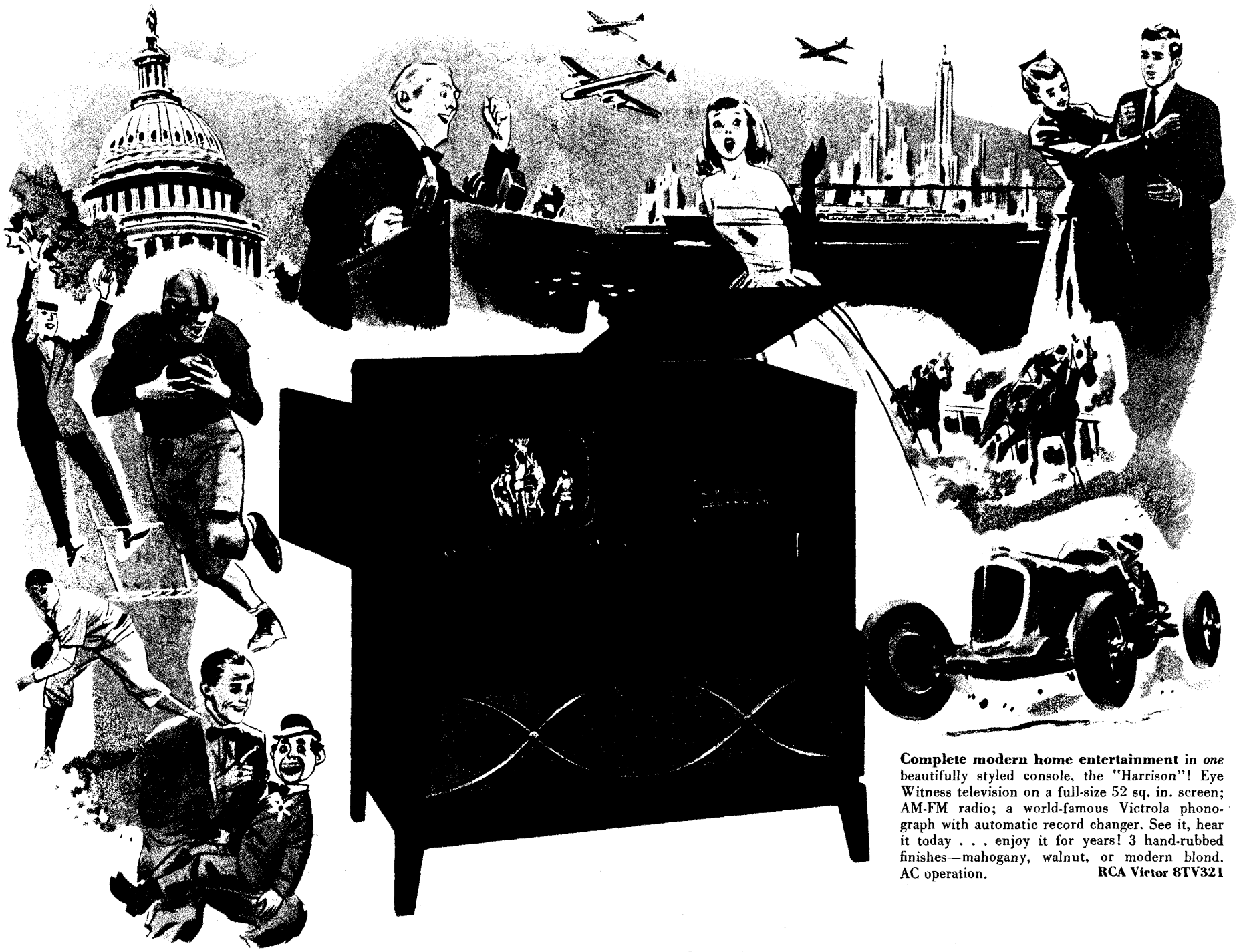

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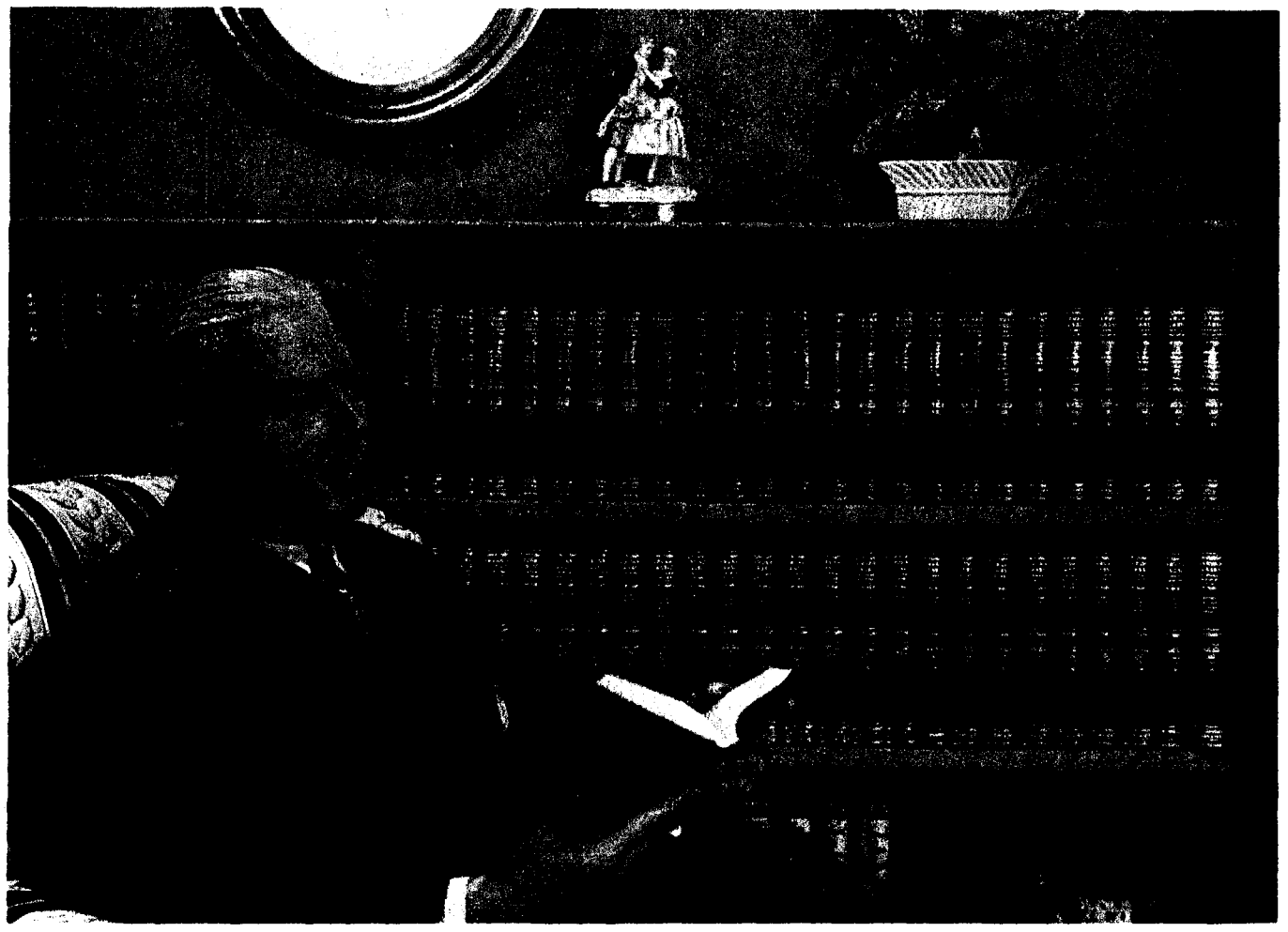

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INTRODUCTIONS FROM THE LYONS DEN

Continued from page 29

London journalist, came to New York on a British army mission from Burma, and I brought him to Beatrice Lillie to whom he reluctantly gave the first official confirmation of the death in action of her only son, Sir Robert Peel.

I introduced James Cannon, the sports writer, to Jerome Weidman, the novelist, and then invited Weidman to the going-away party I gave for Cannon on the eve of his enlistment in the Army. Mr. Weidman was visibly touched, for his next book, I'll Never Go There Any More, bore the dedication "To Private James Cannon," and then the novelist wrote and sold to a national magazine a fiction piece about a going-away party given for a Broadway sports writer—a story in which the villain was a feebly disguised New York columnist.

Private Hargrove Lectures

Soon after the end of the war ex-Private Marion Hargrove told me of his desire to make a lecture tour and I arranged for him to meet W. Colston Leigh, the lecture agent, who signed him to a contract.

Hargrove's first lecture was to the convening members of the National Association of Manufacturers at the Waldorf-Astoria. He confided that he was anxious for this first lecture to be a newsworthy one but that unfortunately he wasn't equipped with sufficient facts, charts and knowledge of economic cycles. I introduced him to Leon Henderson and the next day the economist delivered to Hargrove the outline of a speech, complete with supporting facts and source-citations. The lecture was a success, received full press coverage and brought a flurry of demands for his lecture appearances.

But then the weary ex-sergeant decided that the prospect of leaving his home and family for a series of one-night stands was unattractive, and inconsistent wth his postwar dreams. He notified Mr. Leigh, the lecture agent, that he preferred the comfort of his pleasant farm land near New York, N.Y., and would not make the tour. Mr. Leigh instituted suit for damages, and soon both Hargrove and Leigh stopped speaking to me for having got them involved in a lawsuit.

Two other friendships I had treasured suffered through an introduction. It was made—by me—in the doorway of a night club from which I was leading a noted writer who had failed in an effort to prove that unlike oil and water, drinks of Scotch, bourbon and brandy could be mixed. I introduced him to a young lady who was entering. He paused, took her aside and then invited me to drive to Harrison, New York, with them. "You're best man; we're getting married," he told me, while the impulsive lady beamed in approval.

I insisted that as a reward for bringing them together I deserved the exclusive story of their wedding, particularly if I were the best man. And inasmuch as my column already had gone to press, I suggested that the marriage be postponed until 7:00 P.M. "What's a 14-hour wait to this perfect marriage which certainly will last a lifetime!" was my rhetorical question, and they agreed to the postponement.

My 14-hour estimate of the sobering-up process was accurate, for both eventually were married, but not to each other. And now, whenever I see them with their respective happy families they try to avoid me, as if I were a tormenting reminder of a dim and unpleasant moment.

Undaunted by these experiences I served as intermediary in bringing together Sidney Kingsley, the playwright, and Tom Benton, the artist. Mr. Kingsley had decided to sell his country retreat in New Jersey, and he asked me if I knew of a possible purchaser. The following day I received a letter from Mr. Benton telling of his plan to move from Missouri. He wanted help in finding a suitable country house near New York. The artist made incidental mention of his largest and best-known painting, Persephone.

The two men met and Mr. Kingsley expressed admiration for Persephone and Mr. Benton expressed admiration for Mr. Kingsley's country home. On the eve of the exchange—the house for the painting, even—Kingsley's wife, Madge Evans, disrupted the deal by a practical reminder that Persephone was too large to fit into the New York apartment they had rented, and that it could be displayed to advantage only in their large country home, which they'd have to give up in exchange for Persephone. So Mr. Kingsley still has his country home. Mr. Benton still owns Persephone. And I still have Kingsley and Benton as friends.

A few weeks before his death, Damon Runyon said to me: "If I am remembered for any of the millions of words I've ever written, it will be for the 600 words in that bit of doggerel: 'Gimme a handy guy like Sande.'" Runyon wrote it at Churchill Downs in tribute to jockey Earl Sande who had brought the Derby winner home that afternoon. Years later I introduced Sande to Runyon, in the foyer of a Broadway restaurant. They shook hands briefly, and Sande left. "Who was that?" Runyon asked. "I didn't catch the name."

One midnight Orson Welles phoned from Philadelphia, seeking an introduction to a Broadway angel who would invest the $15,000 needed to bring Welles's production of The Five Kings to New York.

I found the angel and brought him to Toots Shor's to meet Welles. But the angel flew away when, during Orson's solemn assurance that every penny of the investment would be carefully guarded as if by Scrooge himself, Welles asked me for $20, and then said to the waiter: "Give $5 to the cabdriver who brought me; he's waiting outside . . . There's a panhandler at the door and I promised him something. Give him $5. Then give $5 to a cabdriver to wait and take me home. And, of course, keep $5 for yourself."

A Juror in a Double Role

Judge Samuel Leibowitz, who was America's foremost criminal lawyer before his ascension to the bench, once asked me to find a writer who would help him with a book about his courtroom reminiscences as defense counsel in murder trials.

These memoirs would have recorded a perfect history—not a single client ever having been lost to the electric chair—had it not been for the Salvatore Gati case. At that trial a lone juror—a chubby man selected by Leibowitz because he believed that chubby men are easygoing and good-natured and will always give the defendant a break—held out and after 15 hours finally persuaded the 11 other jurors to change their minds and vote Gati guilty of murder in the first degree.

The juror whose stubbornness broke Leibowitz's record, and the writer I brought to help Judge Leibowitz with his memoirs, was Josef Israels II.

Charles Cushing, the Wall Streeter, met Rita Hayworth through a Christmas gift I sent him—a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and Miss Hayworth's private telephone number. I introduced Peter Lind Hayes, the night-club mimic of movie stars, to Charles Boyer, who then spent the evening learning from Mr. Hayes the exaggerated tones and mannerisms he has been using successfully in his imitation of Mr. Boyer.

Without my knowledge I was responsible for the introduction of two diplomats at a postwar conference in Moscow, where they were serving as members of their countries' delegations. During a discussion about the fate of the Ruhr, each drew a small, ball-point pen which I had given him and which were recognizable novelties at the time. Each noticed the other's pen. They smiled. "Lyons?" asked the first. The other nodded. They smiled again, shook hands and introduced themselves.

A man went to jail as the result of an introduction of mine. He stopped me in El Morocco one night and asked if I knew the person in charge of one of the foreign desks at the Office of War Information. I gave him the name, and a few days later he had a temporary employee's badge pending a security checkup on his history. The investigation revealed his prewar association with the Italian air force and his friendship with Count Ciano, and resulted in his internment as an enemy alien for the rest of the war.

I've been instrumental in bringing together many people from all strata, from New York to Tokyo and from Iceland to New Zealand, in war and in peace, in business transactions and in friendships.

But my most memorable and most important introduction was one which involved no third party. It took place in a social club on East Broadway, on the lower East Side of New York, where I saw an adorable girl, not yet sixteen, whose looks bewitched me.

I stepped up boldly, introduced myself and asked her name. "Sylvia," she told me. I repeated it—"Sylvia, Sylvia"—and then, with all the logic and assurance of a junior at law school, which was my status at the time, I said, "I like that name. I like you. You are going to marry me."

And, praise be, she did!

"I'm glad you demanded to see the receipts for my deduction claims, because I keep everything. Now these stubs are from a double feature we saw two years ago—tax 10¢—under deduction . . . !"

COLLIER'S — FRITZ WILKINSON

"And then after the show, he invited me up to his apartment for drinks and spent the whole time explaining nuclear fission! But I still don't get it"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

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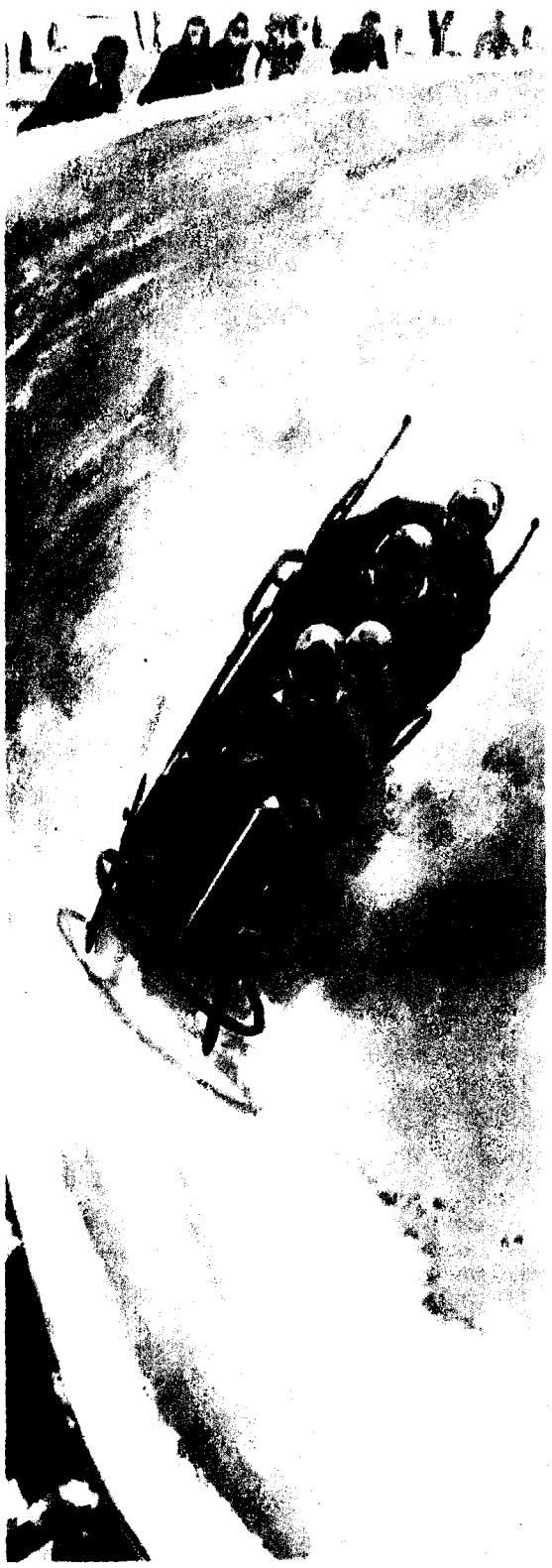
Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

NEARLY A TON OF OAK, STEEL AND MEN ROCKETS DOWN THE MILE-LONG BOBSLED RUN AT LAKE PLACID IN SIXTY-SIX SECONDS. EVERY INCH IS AN APPLICATION FOR A VACATION IN A HOSPITAL



LOOKING for work as a human sandbag? Alexis Thompson, millionaire owner of the Philadelphia Eagles, pro football team, has two vacancies on his four-man bobsled—the No. 3 and brakeman slots. These positions must be filled before the world championship skid down Mt. Van Hoevenberg near Lake Placid, New York, early next month. To qualify, you must be strong, agile and weigh at least 250 pounds (270 would be better). And you must have faith.

Sitting behind Thompson, you will whiz down Hoevenberg on glazed ice at 80 mph, dropping 495 feet in one minute and six seconds. In all fairness, you should know before applying for the jobs that during the Olympic trials last winter Thompson's quarter ton of oak and steel zigged when it should have zagged on Hoevenberg's famous Zigzag Curve.

Thompson and crew were reassembled in a Lake Placid hospital.

That's where the faith comes in. Enthusiast Thompson, faith unshaken in sledder Thompson's driving, is positive the Zigzag disaster can't happen twice. "Still can't understand it," Alexis declared several weeks ago while displaying newsreels of the accident in his Philadelphia office.

On the screen, a blur of bobsled skidded along the rim of an icy saucer 30 feet high. "That's Shady Corner," Thompson said. "Sharpest turn on Hoevenberg—the only bobsled run in this country."

The blur rocketed into another turn.

"Here we go," Thompson said softly.

The blur shot over the rim and crashed into the treetops below. The newsreel commentator came in loudly, "Of the four passengers, the most seriously injured was Thompson with a broken leg and four fractured ribs."

The lights went on. Thompson said, "I took my first ride at Saint-Moritz 20 years ago. Seems like a silly sport, but none of the others pack the thrill you get when you hit one of those curves. But this will be my last year. I'm getting old (he's thirty-two) and my wife seems to think it a dangerous sport."

Dick Surphlis, Thompson's office manager, interrupted. "Bobsledders retire every spring, but when winter comes along, they start looking for fat men to hold down the sled."

Surphlis won the National two-man title last winter with Hank Stearn, 270-pound Saranac Lake policeman. Dick spotted Hank directing traffic when he was driving through Saranac to the Eagles' training camp.

"Too bad bobsledders have to be amateurs," Thompson remarked. "I've got Leo Martin, a 270-pound electrical lineman for No. 2, but I would like to use a couple of Coach Greasy Neale's football linemen at No. 3 and at brake. Greasy has a guard named Mario Giannelli who weighs 271, center Alex Wojciechowicz hits around 250 and that tackle, Walt Barnes, must top 270!"

Surphlis nodded. "Too bad is right. They'd make wonderful sandbags."

The only bobsled run in this country, it was one of Mt. Van Hoevenberg's icy curves that scuttled Alexis Thompson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

A SURPRISED TWOSOME

The imminent inaugural ceremonies for President Truman recall an election story which never got on the press wires. During the Pinehurst tournament, on Election Day, Claude Harmon (1948 Masters' champion) finished at dusk in the last foursome and met Sam Snead on the practice green.

Snead, the noted long-irons analyst, pays scant attention to stock market fluctuations, political crises or international affairs.

"Hear the latest, Sam?" Harmon inquired. "Dewey's leading."

"That so?" Sam quipped. "What'd he go out in?"

THERE'S ALWAYS VAUDEVILLE

During the last three years, the New York Yankees have parted with Joe McCarthy, the manager with the winningest record in baseball; Billy Meyer, Pittsburgh's "manager of the year," who escaped the Yankee farm club at Kansas City; and Bucky Harris, who piloted the New Yorkers to the world championship in 1947 before finishing what playboy-owner Dan Topping considered an incompetent third last season.

Now, Funnyman Casey Stengel must succeed where McCarthy and Harris allegedly failed. Smart baseball men will be surprised if Casey accomplishes a pennant miracle.

Players who worked for Stengel when Casey was managing the Boston Braves admit (off the record): "Stengel can't work with youngsters. His sarcasm and continual criticism break their spirit."

When the Yanks signed Stengel, Dave Eagan, the Boston sports columnist, exulted: "The Yanks now have mathematically eliminated themselves from the 1949 pennant race. It's wonderful news for Red Sox fans."

Of course, Eagan never was a Stengel admirer. Dave once nominated as The-Man-Who-Did-The-Most-For-Boston-Baseball, a truck driver who had run over Casey, putting him out of action for the season.

THE MAN HANGS HIGH

Herbert (Buck) Read, seventy-year-old president of the National Association of College Basketball Coaches, will retire at the end of this season after 28 seasons at Western Michigan College. Buck will claim one distinction as he says good-by: "You've heard of baseball hitters who put their foot in the bucket? Well, I'm probably the only basketball player who ever put his foot in the basket."

Long ago, when floors were small, baskets were nailed to the wall, and players "ran up the wall" to drop the ball through the nets, Buck tried to score in an independent game at South Haven, Michigan.

"As I hit the wall with my right foot," Buck recalls, "somebody hit me from behind. Up went my left foot! It became tangled with the net and I was left hanging there, head down, while the other team stole the ball and went down the floor and scored. Finally, somebody got a ladder and cut me down."

HE HIT 714 OF THEM

Retirement of Fritz Ostermueller, the Pittsburgh southpaw, makes Schoolboy Rowe of the Phillies the last active member of that exclusive major-league pitching fraternity, the BRHAHOM. Translated, it means: Babe Ruth Hit A Homer Off Me.

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With the Stars

By BILL CORUM

Each month, Wilson presents this page, "With the Stars," featuring sports highlights by one of the nation's outstanding sports writers. Conducting this month's page is Bill Corum, popular columnist of the New York Journal-American, whose column appears in more than 1000 newspapers.

—Wilson Sporting Goods Co.

LUCK O' THE IRISH, INCLUDING NED

NOT every sports writer has, alack, a dream that pays off at the rate of $7,000,000 in fourteen years. But that's just about what Ned Irish's "dream" of college basketball in Madison Square Garden has yielded in gross gate receipts from 1934 up to the beginning of the current court campaign.

Which, brother, is a lot of basketballs in and out of the basket, but never in the red. No traitor to his name, Mr. Irish teed off as a promoter in the world's most famous sports arena with a game between the Irish of Notre Dame and the not-too-shy, basketball wise, Violets of New York University.

That was in the December of 1934. This Winter, fourteen lush seasons later, that hardy annual between N.D. and N.Y.U. still is being played in the Garden, with Mr. Irish still on hand to count the house. Not, however, with the same trepidation with which he counted it the first time.

His bacon, you might even say his Irish bacon, was in the fat that first time. After two years of persevering, Ned had sold the solid, sound-money Sachems of the dead Tex Rickard's Temple of Fistiana on the wild idea that even a dream wasn't utter nonsense—if it could be sold at the box office.

Not even boards of directors are adverse to 'such stuff as dreams are made of," if you can make the stuff that counts. Irish's basketball for New York City's sports loving millions made it in bundles.

What had been for years the country's most popular sport—little crowds and pretty good sized crowds to count—became Broadway's darling. Obviously basketball never can draw anything like the 86,000-odd that saw the fifth game of the last world's series in Cleveland, or many football games, the Kentucky Derby, a big fight or the 500-mile auto race.

And, typically, Broadway was prompt to decide that it had discovered what Dr. James A. Naismith had discovered so long before. How could the gents along Jacobs Beach know that for years every big red barn in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri had been a backstop for a basketball hoop?

The writer, who, in spite of being the greatest living 54-year old shot from the foul line writing this piece, doesn't know much about basketball, at least, knows that the Middle West was the true cradle of the sport. He also knows that as a major sport in Manhattan, it was Ned Irish, a sports writer who put the cover on his typewriter and stepped out into the "unknown" two days before the first game he ever promoted, who rocked the cradle on Broadway.

The game was such an immediate hit that Ned, who had wheedled and sweated out five dates in the Garden that first year, wound up with eight dates before the season was over.

Last season basketball had forty-one Garden dates. By that time, the Garden Sachems, unable to outvote the young man, had joined him. They had made him an executive vice president, which he still is. And will be until some unforeseeable distant date, when, possibly, somebody is lucky enough to be able to buy two seats to a Garden basketball game on the night of the game.

It is the writer's feeling that Dr. Naismith made two distinct mistakes. He was born forty years too soon and he wasn't born Irish.

The moral, however, is—Never sell a dream short. Even a sports writer's dream.

—Bill Corum

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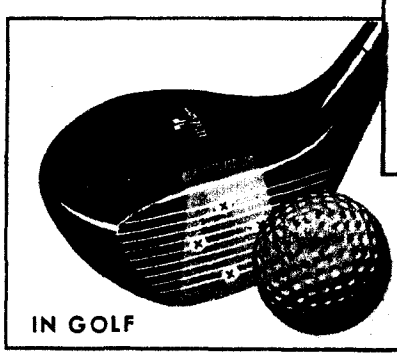
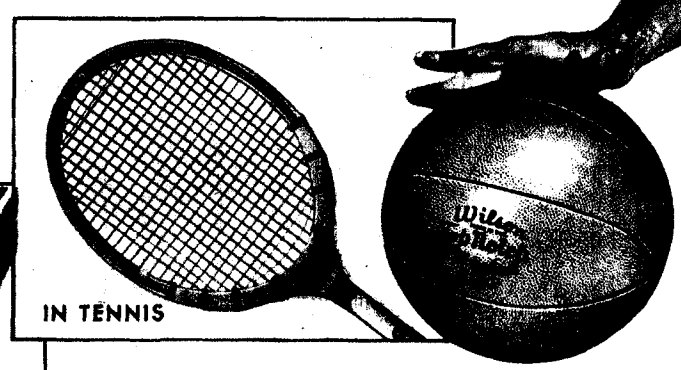
**The Wilson Advisory and Sports Promotion Staff—made up entirely of famous players and coaches—is the largest all-star group ever assembled for the advancement of sports and the development of sports equipment.*

Gene Vance, former Illini Whiz Kid, now Chicago Stags star.

IT'S Wilson TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT



IN GOLF



IN TENNIS

IN FOOTBALL

IN BASEBALL

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You can't lick the City Hall

By SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

War heroes are quickly forgotten, but Jake Anderson had a long memory. They gave him title to the city hall—and now he needed a house just about that size

AT TEN seconds to 8 P.M., in the basement of the city hall, the custodian stood with his watch in one hand and a brass whistle in the other. At exactly eight o'clock he blew the whistle. His squad sprang into formation.

"Rieet face!" he cried. "Eyees front!"

He inspected the squad with the cold disdain of an ex-sergeant, scowling at the brooms, the buckets, the mops, the rags and the polish.

"Fall out!" he cried. "And fall to!"

The squad dispersed to its various duties. The custodian sat down with an apple and the evening paper. He was working around the core of the apple and reading the comic strips when one of the broom pushers appeared.

"Say, Mr. Hartley," the broom pusher said.

"Yeah?" the custodian growled.

"I hate to bother you, Mr. Hartley, but it's something that had ought to be brought to your personal attention. There's a guy and his family upstairs in the lobby. They're on a sit-down strike."

"Well, throw them out."

"Well," the broom pusher said, "he's a pretty big guy."

"Nobody willing to take no responsibility around here," the custodian growled. "Okay, I'll take care of it. Get to work."

The custodian went upstairs to the lobby of the city hall. A husky fellow was crawling along the tile floor on hands and knees, a girl about four years old or so riding on his back.

Sitting on one of the marble benches was a girl with a baby at her breast. Piled at the base of a marble pillar was a stack of camping equipment.

"Hey," the custodian said, "what's going on here?"

The young fellow took the little girl from his back and stood up. He was pretty big. "You're the custodian?"

"I'm him. What's going on here?"

The fellow pointed at the knees of his trousers. "Look at that dust. This floor's in pretty sad shape, Mac. From now on, I want this place to shine."

"Huh?" the custodian said. *(Continued on page 53)*

"Just a minute," Jake's wife said. "You'd better take a look at this." It was a deed transferring the city hall to Jacob Fallon Anderson

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Mr. Robert L. Ripley, distinguished Artist, Author and Lecturer, photographed with his priceless collection of Oriental curios

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TREASURE IN A TALL GLASS. Because Men of Distinction are usually men of moderation, Lord Calvert is called upon to make their occasional drink a truly glorious one. Look to this notable whiskey —*so rare . . . so smooth . . . so wonderfully mellow*— to make *your* next highball a really delightful event!

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My hair shapes up like a league leader after the Vitalis "60-Second Workout!" I can't miss when I take . . .

"50 seconds to massage." Try the famous workout used by so many successful men in sports and business. Vitalis' special formula stimulates, refreshes your scalp as no non-alcoholic dressing does. And massaging with Vitalis routs loose dandruff, helps check excessive falling hair.

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Product of Bristol-Myers

the **Vitalis** "60-Second Workout" *for handsomer, healthier-looking hair*

Dude

Entertainer Joe E. Lewis rolls his own cigarette but has no use for a match

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

MOVETTE CAMERA BY AMERICAN CINEFOTO CORP.

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SINGING SHREW

Continued from page 24

cast her as a predatory distaff gangster in a picture called Persons in Hiding, written by chief G-man J. Edgar Hoover.

Thereafter, Patricia sang no more and was consigned to undulating her way (accompanied by much drooping of eyelids and arching of eyebrows) through an endless series of what in show business are called "heavy" roles. This went on until 1942, when she deserted Paramount, and Monogram Pictures gave her a role in a musical film called Silver Skates, starring Belita, the skater, and Kenny Baker, the tenor.

She sang in that picture, but the action was recorded without sound, which was to be dubbed in later. Meanwhile she went to London with the first Hollywood USO group, which included Merle Oberon and Al Jolson, where she sang Cole Porter, Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin songs for the boys who were waiting to embark on the North African campaign.

So She Studied Voice—Hard

When Patricia got back she had the unique pleasure of seeing a preview of Silver Skates, with somebody else's golden voice issuing from the Morison throat. This time she resolved in her own quiet way that she'd show them and proceeded to work on her voice as she'd never worked before.

It took six years of resolute practice between soul-stifling B pictures. And now Patricia is contributing her bit to the prodigious record of Cole Porter enchantment.

In Kiss Me, Kate, Patricia Morison has an enviable role. As an actress playing Shakespeare's Katharine to her divorced husband's Petruchio, she works off her film frustrations in a performance charged with acid and tempered with sly humor, and she sings with the forthrightness of a gal facing an audience of flabbergasted movie moguls.

But Kiss Me, Kate is by no means all Morison. In fact, there are times when the younger throaty-voiced Lisa Kirk, of last year's Allegro, must send shivers of apprehension up and down Patricia's pretty spine. Lisa stops the show in its tracks singing Always True to You (In My Fashion), a song in the Cole Porter tradition of My Heart Belongs to Daddy that sent Mary Martin straight to stardom years ago.

Certainly, with Miss Morison, Miss Kirk and Alfred Drake, with his swaggering, if sometimes bombastic Petruchio, the show has more than its decent allotment of solid talent.

Kiss Me, Kate is in fact a remarkably happy blend of fortuitous talents and circumstances. Bella Spewack in working The Taming of the Shrew into the plot has audaciously taken liberties with the Bard to none but the pedants' indignation. She has preserved Shakespeare's bawdry and, aided by Cole Porter, injected a good deal of her own, with the result that this is a hilarious musical a few cuts above the current Broadway average in adult humor content.

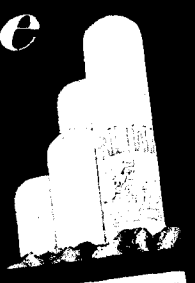
Porter's music and lyrics are among the best he has done with such conspicuous hits as So in Love Am I, Wunderbar, Wunderbar, Why Can't You Behave?, I Sing of Love, and Women Are so Simple. John C. Wilson's production is immaculate, and Harold Lang's and the ballet's dancing of Hanya Holm's choregraphy are a delight.

All this is gaily wrapped up and beribboned in sumptuous fabrics, costumes and settings designed by Lemuel Ayres, who makes his debut as a producer with Arnold Saint-Subber.

"My husband will probably say 'no' because we haven't the money or for some other silly reason"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

PALL MALL's *greater length*
filters the smoke on the way to your throat



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Filters the smoke and makes it mild

Discover for yourself why so many of your friends have changed to the *longer*, *finer* cigarette—PALL MALL. Its greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos serves as a longer, natural filter to screen and cool the smoke on the way to your throat—yes, filters the smoke and makes it mild. Thus PALL MALL gives you a *smoothness*, *mildness* and *satisfaction* no other cigarette offers you. Enjoy the *longer*, *finer* cigarette in the distinguished red package—PALL MALL Famous Cigarettes —*good* to look at, *good* to feel, *good* to taste, and *good* to smoke.

OUTSTANDING / *and they are mild!*

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as a startling new experience in the realm of suspense!

LORETTA YOUNG, ROBERT CUMMINGS in Hal Wallis' production "THE ACCUSED" with Wendell Corey, Sam Jaffe, Douglas Dick Directed by William Dieterle • Screenplay by Ketti Frings • A Paramount Picture

ADMIRAL MORAN'S PRIVATE NAVY

Continued from page 10

from three ships, each reporting an abandoned freighter drifting in the Atlantic, listing to one side and barely afloat.

That's where Moran came into the picture. The tugs Foundation Josephine and Foundation Lillian (the latter jointly owned by Moran and a Canadian company) sped halfway across the Atlantic, found the derelict Leicester, and towed her to Bermuda.

But that was just the beginning of the Leicester's tribulations. On October 7th, while the Leicester and the Foundation Josephine were anchored peacefully in port, another hurricane struck. Both the ship and the tug were flung high on the beach by the force of the winds, the tug hitting so hard that it was thought to be a total loss.

Opinions in these matters differ however, and the Kevin Moran, in the Gulf of Mexico, was ordered to run up to Bermuda to have a look. The Kevin Moran took said look, rolled up her sleeves and forthwith pulled both the Leicester and the Foundation Josephine off the beach. The Kevin Moran left the Foundation Josephine in Bermuda for temporary repairs and commenced to tow the hulk of the Leicester on to New York.

Rechristened S.S. Jonah

But on the way, a third storm hit. The unfortunate Leicester (by now known as the S.S. Jonah) began to sink again according to her three-man riding crew who screamed to be taken off. The Kevin rescued them via lifeboat, and then began a mad race to beach the Leicester on the Virginia coast before she sank. The Kevin not only won this race, but startled the city of Newport News on a foggy Sunday morning by pushing the Leicester, not onto the beach, but directly into the harbor and right alongside the drydock of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company.

As the result of activity like this, newspapers and press associations now automatically phone Moran for news of any ship disaster, on the theory that a Moran tug has a better than even chance to be in on a rescue almost anywhere in the world; and disabled ships radio specific requests for Moran assistance from as far away as the Strait of Magellan and the Red Sea.

But the backbone of the Moran business still is harbor and inland waterway operations; and these can be exciting, too. For instance, one day last May a million-gallon gasoline tank on the Cleveland water front sprang a leak. Before anybody could do anything the highly volatile fuel spread out over the surface of the Cuyahoga River. Surrounding this area were other tanks holding 100,000,000 gallons of petroleum products.

While the police and fire departments and the Coast Guard stood by helplessly, the city of Cleveland faced the prospect of being blown off the map in a disaster much like the Texas City explosion. A single spark could do it. The fire department and Coast Guard boats were useless because they lacked any means of removing the steadily leaking gasoline. And local vessels were unable to go in because they were coal-burning and their open fireboxes would have ignited the escaping fuel.

Just then the oil company's manager, C. A. Wesberg, spotted the Diesel-electric tug Anne Moran across the river with an empty oil barge in tow. A frantic exchange of telephone calls ensued with Moran's New York office, with the Anne Moran's crew and the crew of the barge. The two crews were asked, "Will you risk your lives and go in to the leaking tank?" The stolid tug and bargemen said okay.

Then, while the water front held its breath, the Anne Moran made her way through the choking gasoline fumes. She moved under the Cuyahoga bridges, where the tiniest spark from highway traffic could blow them into little pieces. Finally she reached the leaking tank. The crews calmly emptied 20,000 barrels of gasoline from the tank into the barge, and just as calmly hauled it away to safety. Most Clevelanders don't know how close they were to tragedy that day.

Recently I went out with Captain Chester Evans on the tug E. F. Moran, Jr., to engage in a pair of ship-berthing jobs in New York Harbor. The first job was easy. We met the Brazilian ship Loide-Paraguai coming up the harbor from Quarantine, and with the Michael Moran pushing on the bow while we held her stern, she was gently nosed into her Brooklyn berth.

Job number two wasn't so easy. The big tanker Williamsburg, loaded with oil from Texas, had to be taken through the Kill van Kull to its Newark Bay berth. This time our docking pilot, Chester Evans, went aboard the Williamsburg, and working from the bridge of the tanker like a maritime Toscanini, he directed the efforts of the four tugs assigned to the job by means of signal toots on a mouth whistle. (Four short blasts and one long, for instance, meant "Stop tug," and one long, one short and one long meant "Make fast hawser.")

When we emerged from the narrow Kill van Kull channel into Newark Bay, the tide was strong enough to shoot the Williamsburg across the bay and directly into Elizabeth, New Jersey. But the tanker had to make a right turn *up* the bay, so we pulled on the Williamsburg's starboard bow, while the Alice Moran held her port bow steady and the Peter Moran and the Michael Moran eased her stern around.

Putting the Williamsburg into her berth was a sensitive job, too, because the tide was strong enough for the Williamsburg to knock down a $1,000,000 dock and spew oil over a good part of the city of Bayonne. As delicately as a woman manipulating a baby carriage, Captain Evans estimated the wind and the tide and directed the four tugs in angling the big tanker against the downstream corner of the dock.

He did this so delicately, in fact, that we didn't even feel the shock of the all-important contact. Then we and the Peter Moran nosed the Williamsburg's bow around against the dock, while the Alice and the Michael pushed her in. The whole operation took two hours and cost the oil company in the neighborhood of $500.

The company performing these thrilling rescues and daily feats of maritime magic is a multimillion-dollar corporation that has five new tugs being built at a reported cost of $400,000 each. The Moran's present 38-boat fleet is estimated to be worth over $10,000,000 in tugs alone. In addition, there are machine shops, swank offices, etc. And since many debtors in the old days were

THE TRUTH ABOUT TRUMAN

By FRANK GERVASI

To get the warm, human behind-the-political-scene picture of Truman the individual, a Collier's editor went to Missouri. He talked to cronies and old business and political associates of the President and came away with an amazing story

In Collier's *next week*

"You may go right in, Mr. Rafferty—he is expecting you"

COLLIER'S LEW FOLLETTE

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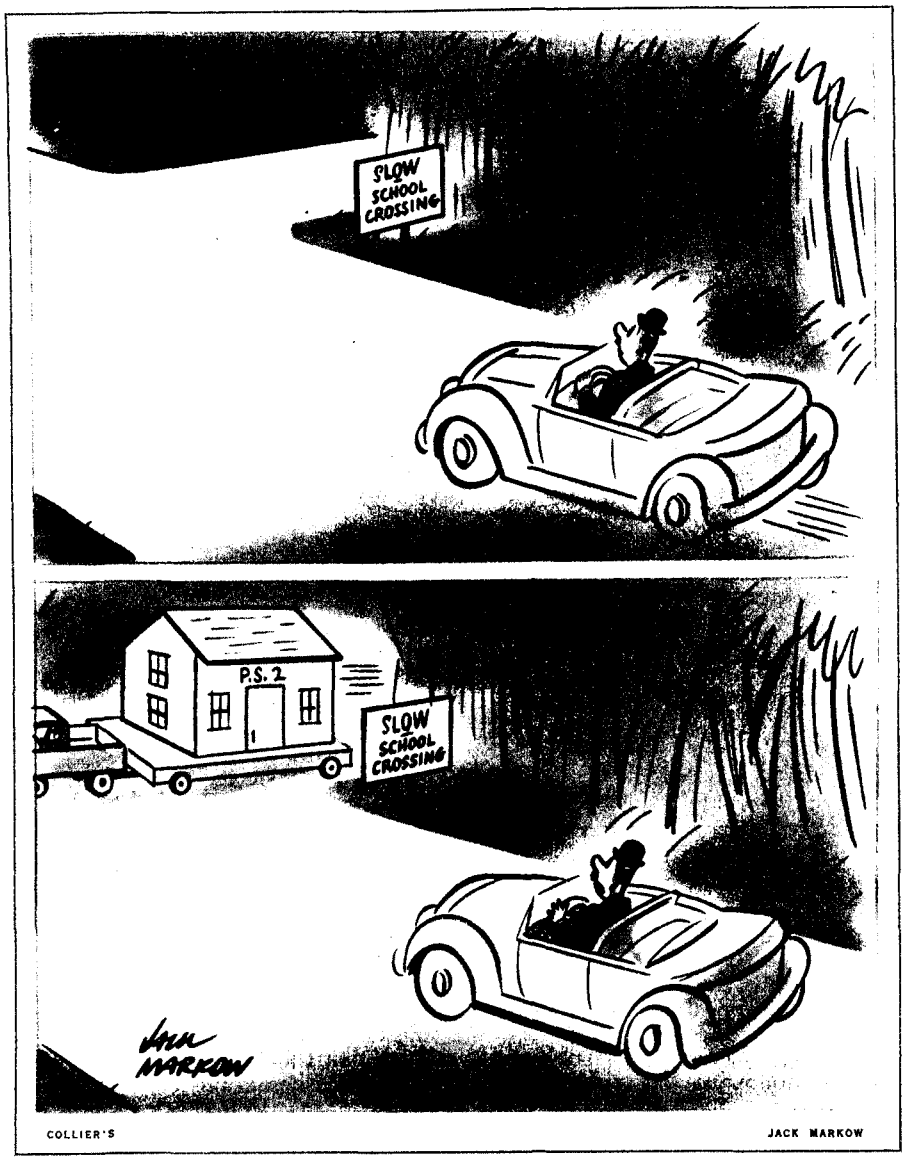

said to have paid their bills to Moran in stock and real estate, there is an interesting rumor afloat that the whole of New York City is jointly owned by the Moran Towing and Transportation Company, Columbia University and Trinity Church.

Nationally the tug industry consists of about 2,500 tugs (split up among 2,000 or so small companies) which bring in approximately $53,000,000 a year to their owners. Moran's hunk of this is estimated at $8,000,000, more than three times the gross of its nearest rival.

The Moran company does equally well in prestige. Its president, Rear Admiral Edmond J. Moran, is one of the guiding transportation geniuses on the vital National Security Resources Board which is planning U.S. defense in the event of another war; and its chairman of the board, seventy-six-year-old Eugene F. Moran, Sr., is a commissioner of the Port of New York Authority.

The company started as a family enterprise 88 years ago. It still is a family enterprise, with the stock split among more than a score of Morans and their children. The dynasty was begun by Michael Moran, whose father was imported to this country from Ireland in 1850, to work as a bricklayer and mule driver on the Erie Canal. After ten years of walking in the same rut with his father's mule, Michael Moran came down to New York Harbor, bought a boat, and swung pell-mell into the Civil War era tugboat business, which was a form of legalized mayhem akin to modern political rioting.

In those days, watchers would sit atop buildings at the foot of Manhattan Island and as soon as a ship's sails were spotted coming into the harbor, a mad dash would result, with the first tug reaching the ship getting the towing and berthing job. This, of course, resulted in miniature naval battles in which rival crews hurled things like coal, boiling water and toilet seats at each other. It also resulted in much onshore fisticuffs and intrigue, which even included the doping or occasional murder of an opposition captain.

With typical Barry Fitzgerald-type sagacity, Michael Moran eliminated this competitive shambles by working out a Towboat Exchange arrangement whereby tug owners were assured of an equitable share of the work. Then he proceeded to build up his tug fleet and his family, bestowing the names of the latter on the former.

A Moran tug was the first vessel to enter Havana Harbor after our victory in the Spanish-American War. It had been commissioned to carry war correspondents' dispatches back to New York. Another Moran tug was the first to install radiotelegraph equipment. This came about when members of the New York Yacht Club wanted to sail on the club's annual cruise in 1907, but did not want to lose contact with the stock market. So the squat, ugly Eugene F. Moran sailed along with the stately yachts, supplying rapid-fire Wall Street quotations by flag signal every knot of the way.

By the time World War II broke out, New York Harbor was dotted with Morans, and the Navy gratefully latched on to nearly all of them. Fifty-three huge Maritime Commission tugs were added to the Moran fleet for the duration, and they operated in every theater of war, towing disabled battleships, sinking a submarine or two and undergoing enemy attack.

One Moran-operated tug became a lifesaver for the Allies when a German V-2 rocket knocked out the power facilities of the all-important port of Antwerp, on which the success of the final push into Germany depended. The tug Yaquina Head—with the famous white "M" on her stack—towed an immense floating power plant from New Orleans to Antwerp, and the campaign went on apace.

Tugmen being what they are, however, the relationship with the armed forces was not *all* peaches and cream, as witness the following communiqué to Admiral Moran from Captain F. J. Hughes after a convoy tow across the Atlantic. Captain Hughes wrote: "Despite my constant assurances that this vessel was making its best speed, the Navy commodore was continually ordering us to come up to position. Finally on the night of November 15, 1944, the constant nagging became too much, and when he called me twice within a 15-minute period, I got warm under the collar and asked him if he thought I was a magician or a liar. Relations were not too cordial from then on."

Since the war, the company has been run by the cultured grandsons of old Michael Moran; and the far-flung tug fleet is handled with big-business efficiency from the New York office and from branch offices in Norfolk, New Orleans and San Francisco.

Not Like the Old-Timers

The lot of the tug crews has changed considerably from the old days, too. Today, the tugmen are solidly unionized and rank among the best-paid, best-fed and best-housed of American merchant mariners. On long trips they live in well-equipped modern cabins, and on all the tugs they eat in regal splendor. Each cook is given $1.35 per day per man, and he goes shopping in neighborhood grocery stores, like any housewife. He does the marketing and then cooks meals that cause some tugmen to court domestic disaster by labeling same better than they receive at home.

A typical harbor tug carries a crew of a captain, mate, deck hand, cook, engineer and two firemen. Minimum salaries range from $8.48 for the deck hand to $11.92 a day for the captain. The oceangoing tugs carry one captain, two mates, three engineers, a radio operator, a cook, six deck hands and three engine-room wipers. At sea, the mates get as much as $13.44 a day and the captains as much as $20 a day.

In the harbor, the men work an eight-hour day, 40-hour week. Since most tugs are out from early in the morning until long after dark, never leaving a job until it is finished, the men pile up considerable overtime pay.

For instance, John Gully, mate of the E. F. Moran, Jr., averages between $80 and $100 a week. His life is far different from most other seamen. He lives in a pleasant house in Brooklyn and drives his car or rides the subway to work each morning, dressed like any white-collar commuter. He changes to rough work clothes aboard the boat; but at night he gets back into his natty business suit and fedora, and goes home looking like a junior executive.

A few things remain, however, from the colorful days of mule driver Michael Moran. For instance, outside the 25th story window of Moran's New York office is a large megaphone. Through this the dispatchers still bellow orders to the tugs tied up below whenever electronic means of communication fail. Also, the salty tugmen's swearing has not diminished in quantity, color or intensity.

And the tugmen themselves are still pretty much the same. In 1946, Moran's Captain Earl Palmer was visited by George Headon, the traffic manager for a big New Jersey chemical company. "I have to deliver a 117-foot, 165-ton steel tower to an oil cracking plant near Kansas City, and I don't know how to do it. I may be crazy," Headon said, "but I have the feeling that you can help me out."

"Will it float?" Palmer asked.

"I think so," said Headon.

"Then we can do it," said Palmer.

Headon still blinks when he tells the rest of the story. "They dumped the tower right into the Hudson River," he says. "Then they tied a string to it and towed the blasted thing 2,025 miles to Missouri."

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CALIFORNIA'S NEW-FASHIONED RELIGION

Continued from page 15

money to him. Also, Dr. Michelson's foreign refugee work was accused of failing to meet the requirements of the President's War Relief Control Board.

In spite of these troubles, Michelson and his organization thrive. The society is licensed to sell insurance. In 1946, according to the Los Angeles Better Business Bureau, this annuity fund had bonds and stocks valued slightly in excess of $195,343.70. At the end of 1946, according to Certified Public Accountant Carl J. Dugan, total receipts amounted to $473,442.06, principally from donations. The society also owns property in England and Holland valued at $28,000.

Dr. Michelson's appeal to the public is made entirely via small West Coast radio stations, to which he ships recordings. Currently, his messages are heard from twenty-eight stations.

Radio Time Costs Plenty

Radio time can cost a whale of a lot of money. One of the biggest religious programs in the world, possibly the largest in number of stations employed, is a legitimate broadcast emanating from Glendale, North American headquarters of "The Voice of Prophesy." The "Voice" is the Rev. Dr. H. M. S. Richards whose words were carried last year to 85 per cent of the potential listeners in the United States and Canada at a cost for radio time alone of $885,000. The budget for 1949 is $906,000.

"The Voice" goes out on 675 stations all over the world, of which 433 are on the North American continent. Others range from Luxembourg to China, including 30 in Australia. Since 1943, the radio appeal has attracted 213,176 listeners who took a correspondence course on the Bible. In 1947 there were 81,825 active students.

The Voice of Prophesy spends upwards of $1,000 a week producing its programs. In addition, more than a thousand pieces of mail—books, booklets, leaflets, courses—are posted daily from Glendale. The total cost approaches two million dollars a year.

Since the Voice of Prophesy never makes a direct appeal for contributions, finances would seem to be a problem. But two-thirds of the cost is volunteered by radio listeners who send in unsolicited small contributions, seldom more than a dollar. The remainder is made up by the Seventh Day Adventists who sponsor the program.

The Adventists consider this vast expenditure eminently worth while and point with quiet pride to a pin-pricked map of the United States showing thousands of conversions to Christianity—by no means all of them Adventist adherents—as a direct result of the program.

One religious program in Los Angeles that seldom fails to fetch the old folks is called the Good Ship Grace Anchored in the Haven of Rest. This nautical tabernacle is directed by First Mate Bob, whose real name is The Rev. Paul Myers. The Rev. Mr. Myers, who likes to tell how he used to be a drinking man and a water-front down-and-outer, offers a robust greeting: "Ahoy, there, shipmates! Eight bells and all's well. You are invited to pause on the threshold of a new day and take the uplook."

The crew of the Good Ship Grace then sings a rough-weather hymn, Be Still My Soul, and First Mate Bob makes his appeal:

"You have all been busy, and this is probably why you folks have failed to write. If you have forgotten your giving, might I suggest that you write a letter today. We try to make these broadcasts without mention of money, but it is necessary."

The Good Ship Grace is anchored in Hollywood, a two-story, flat-roofed building with decks, railings, portholes, ship's lanterns, and a companionway across the grass, but in the fabulous movie citadel even this unusual architecture would not necessarily pull more than a one-time audience of curious tourists. It's the radio show that fetches the people. The building is a radio station, not a church.

Big-time evangelism on the air thrives financially on the principle that it is far and away easier to induce a listener to mail a greenback than it is to get him to rise and shine on Sunday morning, dress in his best, attend church, and drop a small piece of silver in the collection plate. But the appeal must not stop with the decibels.

The successful radio preachers use a mail-order follow-up consisting of booklets, leaflets, statues or scrolls. First Mate Bob sets his monthly expenses at $30,000. He owns his own printing press, Addressographs and bundle-tying machines. His publication, The Log, goes to a mailing list of 45,000 weekly, one dollar for a six-month subscription.

Lately, "The Voice of Eden," emanating from St. Paul's Baptist Church, and conducted by Rev. John L. Branham, an earnest colored man from Texas, has been attracting admiring attention. Its radio program, professionally produced under the aegis of Smith, Bull & McCreery, an advertising agency, is broadcast by KFWB, the Warner Bros. station, which charges $360 an hour. But the money pours in. St. Paul's, a little church seating 350, is now building a $250,000 edifice to seat 1,600, and has $75,000 cash in the bank as a down payment. The Rev. Mr. Branham is a big man indeed on Los Angeles' South Main Street.

Booklets on Varied Topics

Dr. Clem Davies of The Ministry offers via station KGER a selection of booklets, including the biography of Shem, Ham and Japheth and titles more modern such as "The Coming Judgment on Stock and Bond Investors" and "Are You Ready for the Business Boom-and-Bust?"

"You send me what you can afford," Dr. Clem urges, "and I shall put these books in your hands. And we have a wonderful map of Armageddon, a map that's been colored under my personal direction by one of the great artists of the U-nited States. It measures four feet by three feet, for only one dollar."

Sometimes listeners send in jewelry. Dr. Clem recently received a diamond ring by mail from a woman who signed her name but gave no address.

"All my life I wanted a diamond ring," she wrote, "and I saved up my wages until I could buy one. I paid over six hundred dollars for it. Then I realized that I loved my ring more than I loved the Lord and so I am sending it to you to be used in the work of the Lord."

The Little Country Church of Hollywood, unlike many radio creations, actually exists. Over it presides Sis Sarah Hopkins, widow of Sy Hopkins, founder, whose real name was the Rev. W. B. Hogg.

"Good mornin', boys," hails Sis Hopkins in a cheerful combination of deep South and hillbilly accent. "I have tuh tell yuh that I ain't hardly had time tuh look at the program this mornin'. What we goin' to sing, Miss Peachy?"

"Love Shines In," says a male voice.

While the hymn is being h'isted, Miss Peachy accompanies Brother Rudy with runs on the piano, which sound somewhat like Three Blind Mice.

Country Folk Liked Him

The Rev. Mr. Hogg was a Tennessean who came to Hollywood in 1933, financed a little radio program on KFAC, and built his church, which seats 300, from the dimes and quarters of countryfolk who liked his circuit-rider faith, down to earth, with no trimmings.

Al Salter, religious director of Station KMPC, is an ordained minister but avoids using "The Rev." Mr. Salter operates the Radio Gospel Fellowship from the rear of a bookstore in Eagle Rock, is pastor of no church at all but estimates that he reaches five million souls by long- and short-wave radio. He purchases time for his platters, although some stations gratefully use his sermons as a public service. Mr. Salter spends approximately $26,000 a year on air time, consistently runs in the red, and looks wistfully at parsons who are more frank about asking for money than he is.

He is one of the earnest radio religionists who worry about the invasion of the racketeers and the irresponsible shouters into this field. Salter points out that the influence of radio religion on shut-ins, on persons on lonely farms and on thousands of others who cannot go to church for one reason or another, is enormously important—and largely neglected.

As against Mr. Salter's reasonable approach, there is a constant flood of highly unusual devotional messages wafted up at the West Coast from American stations operating across the border in Mexico. One such gospel offering comes from Station XERB, Rosarito Beach, Lower California. Being in Mexico, XERB is not subject to FCC limitations, but its bargains in salvation are directed in English to southern Californians.

"We offer you something that every

CASEY JONES

Marathon

Scrubbing the floor I do not shirk—
It's such relaxed and quieting work
Compared to scrubbing my son and heir—
The floor doesn't wriggle, but sits right there.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

"You did very well on the quiz, Jensen. Should make you, your wife and the little one very happy"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

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home should have," says the Voice of XERB, "for a very special offer of one dollar only. We have a glowing statue of Christ that can be seen in the dark in any room. We offer you not only ONE but TWO glowing statues of Christ for one dollar. Send your dollar to Statue, that's S-T-A-T-U-E, Box 1190, San Diego, California." The music and the voice came from over the border but the dollars stayed in the U.S.A.

The daddy of all religious broadcasting in Los Angeles, and a pioneer in the United States, was the Rev. R. P. (Bob) Shuler, who began in 1924. To the sorrow of all who like a rousing fight, the Rev. Mr. Shuler's Trinity Methodist Church station, KGEF, is now off the air, interdicted by the Federal Communications Commission.

Mr. Shuler was a reformer. With indiscriminate zeal, he attacked slot machines, prostitution, liquor, bankers, politicians, famous motion picture people, Communists, publishers and policemen. He sent several persons to jail and there were several killings indirectly inspired by his exposés.

In the end he lost his license, and though he spent $25,000 arguing his case all the way up to the Supreme Court, the Rev. Bob was deprived of his station several years ago and is now voiceless. Since then, although Los Angeles radio apostles make many exciting promises and predictions daily, none of them has tried to reform the city by direct attack.

Still, the Rev. Bob was the first to prove the power of radio as a religious medium and he proved that it attracts money, too. As he was leaving the courtroom once following a trial for alleged libel, a poor woman handed him a penny, saying, "That's to help pay your fine." When Shuler told of this on KGEF the result was a postal rain of more than 10,000 pennies.

What disturbs churchmen here is not only that certain racketeers are obviously bleeding the aged and the gullible with radio appeals but that the air is so full of hysteria that all religious programs are to an extent damned by association. Men like Dr. Fifield and Calvin Smith, of KFAC, are working now in an attempt to bring more showmanship into radio religion without going the way of the shouters.

Meanwhile, it is doubtful if Los Angeles will, at any time soon, chase either its money-changers or its crackpots from its radio temples: It is virtually impossible to differentiate for the record between the merely vapid and some of the sincerely religious—and in cases in which the prophets do not care to show their books, it is impossible to tell how much money they are taking in.

Law Inadequate for Fakers

Assistant City Attorney Don Redwine says that he has no statute under which he can operate against suspected religious crooks on the air. As a matter of fact, Sergeant R. J. Holliss, of the bunco detail, Los Angeles police, sets forth that he and his men have about all they can do to keep up with the head-feelers, fake spiritualists, swamis, and crystal-ball readers who infest the city.

"I got 200 known crooks on my list," he says. "One day, I disguised myself a little bit, claimed my name was 'Mr. Hughes,' and let on to a fortuneteller that I had $12,000 to invest.

" 'It just so happens,' says this woman, 'that I got some shares of Hi-Divide mining stock, which I will let you have cheap. I see that you should buy this.'

"I asked the madam how she knew for sure. She comes right back and tells me that there is a spirit sitting on my left shoulder and two more on my right shoulder, and they are nodding their heads and telling her this.

"Had to take her in, and it cost her $350 and a two-year suspended sentence.

"Nothing we can do about radio quacks," the sergeant says. "Law's got no teeth. For instance, it's a matter of record, up on the thirteenth floor in the appellate court, that a fake spiritualist church here once issued a preaching license to Donald Duck."

YOU CAN'T LICK THE CITY HALL

Continued from page 46

"And if you can't do it, maybe we can get somebody who will."

"Look here," the custodian said. "There's nobody allowed in this here place after seven thirty except city employees on special business, and you—"

"That's a good idea," the young fellow said. "You can't just have the public running in here all hours. I need some privacy."

"What do you think you're doing here?"

"I moved in."

"Oh, you moved in. Just like that."

"Maybe he doesn't know, Jake," the girl said.

"My name's Anderson," the young man said. "Jake Anderson."

"So what?" the custodian said.

"So I own the joint," the young man said. "And I'm moving in. Now, get this floor cleaned up so I can unpack my things."

"Now, look here, mister," the custodian said. "Let's not have no trouble out of you."

"Trouble?" Jake Anderson said softly.

"I'll see about this," the custodian said.

HE WENT into the basement and phoned the police department, which was in another part of the basement.

"Hello, Fred," he said when the desk sergeant answered. "This is Hartley. Say, there's a family of squatters took over the lobby upstairs. Guy and his wife and a couple of kids."

"Well, throw them out."

"Well, he's pretty big, Fred."

"I'll send a couple of boys."

Presently two policemen arrived. They went up to the lobby with the custodian. Jake Anderson was setting up some folding cots. His wife was hanging diapers on a line strung between two pillars.

"Okay, what's the trouble here?" one of the cops said.

"No trouble," Jake Anderson said.

"We're getting along fine," his wife said, "though I must say we don't have much privacy."

"Pack up your stuff and get out," the cop said. "Or maybe you'd like to come with us?"

"I'm Jake Anderson."

"So what?"

"Nothing, except that I own the joint."

The two cops exchanged significant glances. One began sidling behind Jake Anderson while the other engaged him in conversation.

"Just a minute," Jake Anderson's wife said. "Before you start a fuss you'd better take a look at this." She got her purse from the pile of equipment and produced a photostat.

The cops examined the photostat. The custodian peered over their shoulder. The photostat was of a deed transferring all right and title to the city hall of High Falls to Jacob Fallon Anderson.

"He's Jake Anderson," the custodian said. "Remember?"

"Remember what?" one of the cops said.

— and limas? what a lift it gives them!

WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? Of course you'll like DEL MONTE Brand Catsup. Every DEL MONTE Food you've ever enjoyed testifies to DEL MONTE's reputation for flavor. And flavor's the whole story in catsup!

TAKE TOMATOES, THE VERY BEST TOMATOES — that's what DEL MONTE does. Then simmers them down rich and smooth, with exciting spices and zippy vinegar. *There's* catsup with the zest it takes to put plain foods over!

SPEAK UP FOR LIVELY FLAVOR! If your grocer doesn't have DEL MONTE Catsup, he can get it for you easily. Ask for it!

Get acquainted with all these DEL MONTE Tomato Products

- Catsup
- Chili Sauce
- Tomato Sauce
- Tomato Juice

Del Monte Catsup

BRAND — with all the flavor you'd expect from DEL MONTE

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"You was away to war when it happened," the other explained.

"When what happened?"

"When he was deeded the city hall."

"You mean this was on the level?"

"I was there," the cop said. "It sure was a big day for High Falls."

"Now, look," the custodian said, "I can't have people camping in the city hall. How would it look?"

"We aren't camping," Jake Anderson said. "We live here."

"We better talk with the sergeant," one of the cops said. They reported to the sergeant, downstairs.

"Maybe I better call the night captain," the sergeant said. He phoned the night captain.

"I'll call you back, Fred," the night captain said. And he phoned the chief.

"I think this is something for the mayor," the chief said. He called the mayor.

"I'd better get a legal ruling, Tod," the mayor said. He phoned the city attorney. "Joe, this is Chet," the mayor said. "You remember Jake Anderson? Back in '42, remember—the One Man Tank."

"Oh, sure. Jake Anderson Day, the big celebration and all. Say, what ever happened to that? We figured on Jake Anderson Day every year."

"You remember we deeded him the city hall."

"Yeah; and remember that I advised against it. Why?"

"Well, he's moved in. He's living in the city hall."

"I advised against it, Chet," the city attorney said.

"It was only a legal fiction. You know that. A gesture."

"It's still legal. I saw to that."

"But he's got his wife and kids there. In the lobby, Joe."

"Well, what do you want me to do about it?"

"Think of something."

"I did at the time. I advised against it. And I was called a dirty Fascist and worse. I told you you'd be sorry."

"Oh, hell!" the mayor said, and slammed down the phone. He sat thinking a while. Then he phoned the city attorney again. "Joe, let's let bygones be bygones. Can't you suggest something?"

"He's got you where the hair's short," the city attorney suggested. "Find out what he wants and give it to him."

The mayor called the chief. The chief called the night captain. The night captain called the desk sergeant. The desk sergeant sent a cop up to ask Jake Anderson what he wanted.

"What he wants," the cop said, on returning, "is privacy."

THE desk sergeant relayed this information to the night captain, who passed it on to the chief, who relayed the message to the mayor.

The mayor thought deeply a few moments, then phoned his secretary. "Sweetie Pie, notify the council. I'm calling an emergency session tonight. And look, Sweetie Pie, tell them to come to my house, not the hall."

The mayor phoned the chief again. "Tod, about this Jake Anderson deal. No publicity."

"Okay, Chet." The chief called the night captain and told him no publicity. The night captain called the desk sergeant.

"But, hell, Captain," the desk sergeant said, "how did I know? The Times man is talking to him now."

"I'll be right over," the night captain said. He arrived in the lobby of the city hall to find three cots set up, and a cookstove. The two children were asleep in one cot, the wife in another, and on the third Jake Anderson and the man from the Times were chatting over a bottle of beer. The lobby of the city hall smelled of wet diapers and onion soup.

"Look, Whitey," the captain said to the Times man, "we can't let nothing get out on this. And that's straight from the manager."

"Bob, you can't hold the lid on this. Either you unlock the front doors at eight tomorrow morning and let anybody who walks in get the story, or else you keep the doors locked and make it a better story."

"I'm asking you to co-operate, Whitey," the captain said. "I got my orders."

The Times man went downstairs and called from a police phone. "Look, Chet," he said to the mayor, "you can't keep the lid on this."

"We've got to, Whitey. Look how it would look."

"Well, what are you doing about it?"

"Whitey, I can't say anything for publication. You see our point of view. After all, he *was* a hero."

"Was is right. What if the opposition got hold of it? You can't keep the lid on after they open the doors in the morning. It's got to come out, so you might as well let me have it from your side."

"I'm meeting with the council here at my house."

"Be right over."

WHEN the Times man arrived at the mayor's house, the city council had assembled. The mayor was concluding an explanation. "Gentlemen," he concluded, "it's a mess."

"There's one way to get title back," a council member said. "Taxes. A private owner has to pay taxes."

"It's a bookkeeping arrangement," the mayor explained. "The rent of the office equals the taxes. No money changes hands. Except he gets a dollar a year."

"What happened to that idea?" another member asked. "We were going to have Jake Anderson Day once a year and a big ceremony handing over the check."

"The war's over," another said.

"There got to be so damned many heroes," another said. "We were up to our neck in heroes."

"That was the trouble," the mayor said. "He was the first. At the time, we were hard up as hell for a hero. Mayfield had a hero. San Gabriel had a hero. Springville had a hero. Even Giles had a hero. We were up against it."

"Boy, we did come through with the One Man Tank," a member said with fond memory. "Brother, did we make them other towns look sick!"

"That's just it," the mayor said. "We went too far. We got too enthusiastic. Keys to the city, yes. The celebration, certainly. The house, well, maybe. But certainly not the deed to the city hall."

MAYBE YOU CAN HAVE THAT DREAM HOUSE

By NORMAN and MADELYN CARLISLE

What some experts are doing at the University of Illinois to help us modernize our homes and save money

In Collier's *next week*

"Like all comedians, I suppose you hope some day to play Hamlet"

COLLIER'S — BARNEY TOBEY

"We were victims of war hysteria," a councilman said.

"And he's taking advantage of us," another said.

"A snake in the grass."

"After all, the war's over."

"What does he expect, anyhow? We give him the honeymoon cottage. And all the trouble getting the refrigerator. That's gratitude for you."

"Gentlemen," the mayor said. "that is all too true. The point is that he owns the city hall and he's moved in. So what do we do?"

"We can raise the taxes on him," a councilman suggested.

"He can raise the office rent," the mayor pointed out. "As a matter of fact he can evict us if he needs the city hall for living quarters. Whitey," the mayor asked the Times man, "what's his angle?"

"He didn't say," the Times man said.

"What did you talk about? You interviewed him."

"It seems to me, Chet," a council member said, "that the first thing you might have done is investigate the situation."

"Just a moment, gentlemen," the mayor said. He went into the hall and phoned the city hall. On returning to the council, he reported, "I asked him why he moved in, and he said he liked the place. Well built, he said. Plenty of room for the kids. And central heating."

"I hope it's satisfactory," a councilman said acidly. "Didn't he say what the angle was?"

"I asked what he wanted," the mayor reported. "He said thanks but he didn't need anything. Perfectly satisfied with things as they were, he said, now that the floors had been mopped."

"We could condemn the place," a member suggested. "Public necessity. Sovereign right of government. Tear it down."

"Then we'd have to build a new one," another member pointed out.

"Gentlemen," the mayor said. "We haven't got time. We don't want this to get out. How would it look?"

"Say!" a member suggested. "Why not give him a city job and let him move into one of the offices!"

The mayor went into the hall and phoned the city hall. He returned to the assembled council shaking his head sadly. "He says he doesn't want a nice, soft city job," the mayor reported. "And he likes the lobby. It's roomy for the kids to play in."

"There's just one thing left," a member said. "Throw him out."

"He's got a legal title," another pointed out.

"Let him sue," the first member said. "He can't lick the city hall. He'll learn."

"It would make quite a story," the man from the Times put in gently. "Do you guys mind if I add my two cents' worth?"

"Please, Whitey," the mayor said.

The Times man shrugged, and didn't add his two cents' worth.

A COUNCILMAN said, "It seems to me that maybe the guy just wants a place to live. I think somebody told me he was living with his in-laws."

"Yeah, he missed out all around. After the wonderful start we gave him," another said.

"So he had title to the city hall and decided to move in."

"I think we've gone over that point," the mayor said.

"What I mean," the councilman said, "if we could find him a nice place to live, wouldn't he like that better than the lobby of the city hall?"

"Find a house in this town?" another said. "Where?"

"A great idea," the mayor said. "I'll get the boy a house."

Three councilmen suddenly perked up. "Where?" they asked in unison.

"Just a moment," the mayor said. He went into the hall and phoned the chief of police. "Tod, what the hell's this I hear about bookie joints running wide open in this town?"

"Chet, please," the chief said. "Not over the phone."

"Come over to my house. I'll meet you outside."

When the chief arrived, the mayor was waiting on the curbing. "Tod," the mayor said, "I want those bookies run out of town tonight!"

"But, Chet, you know that's all arranged. They're not chiseling on the payments. And they can't afford no more."

The mayor considered. "Isn't there just one who's trying to chisel a little bit? I need an example."

"They're all kicking through, Chet. But if you ain't satisfied with your share

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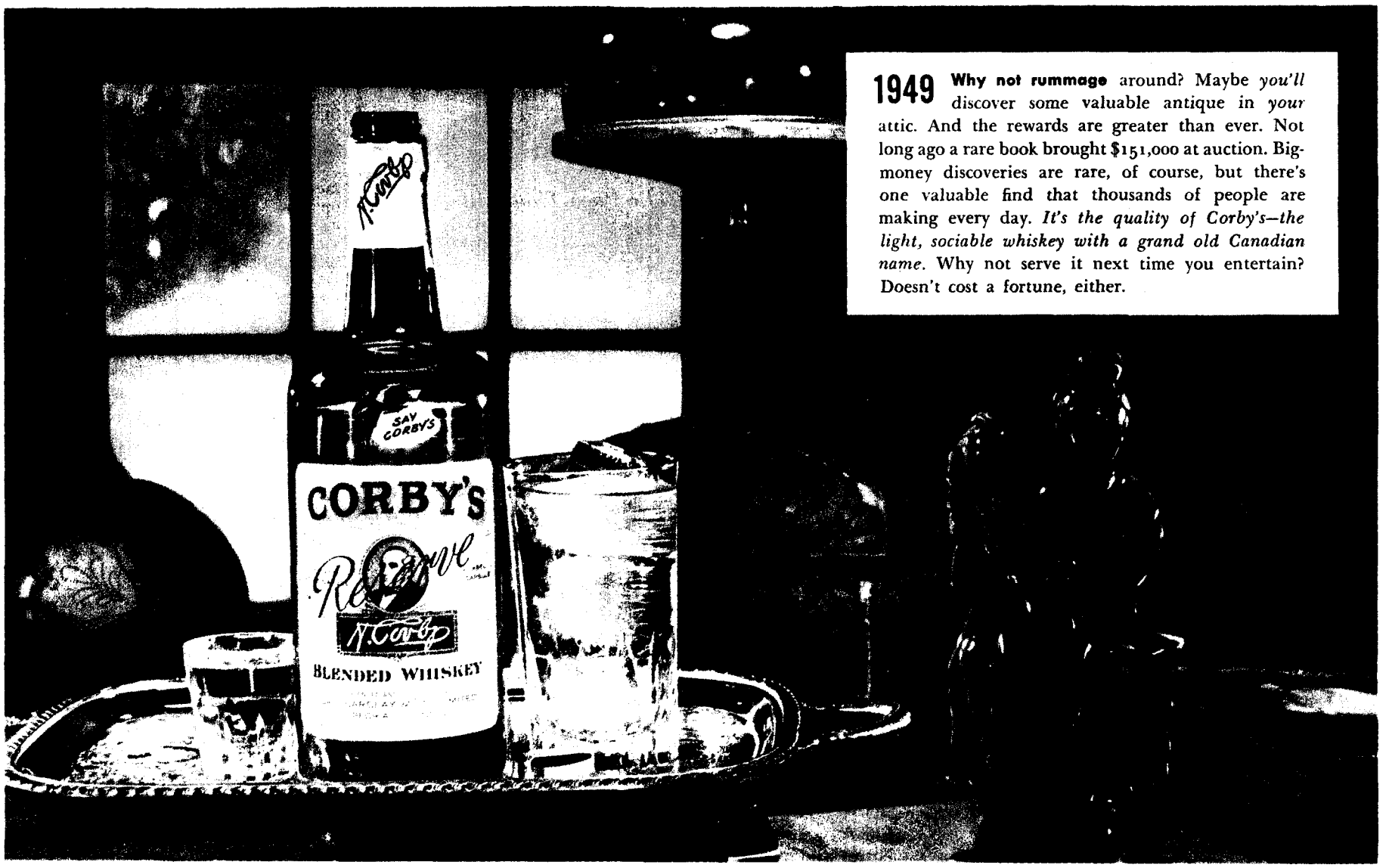
Got a fortune in your attic?

1856 **There may be** gold in your dusty old letters, postage stamps or antiques. Remember the famous British Guiana 1¢ stamp? Issued 3 years before the name Corby's began its great tradition in Canada, it's worth over $40,000 today! (And in 1873, the unsuspecting finder settled for $1.50!)

1907 **A lucky junk** dealer bought 120 tons of waste paper from the old Barge Office in New York at a few dollars a ton, when the name Corby's was in its 49th year of fame in Canada. What a buy! Historical letters worth thousands of dollars were sorted out of the scrap.

1925 **A woman in** Worcester, Mass., cleaning her attic, found a paper-backed book of poems signed "A Bostonian." It brought $17,500, in this 67th year of Canadian renown for the name Corby's. You see, "A Bostonian" was Edgar Allan Poe, and the book was a first edition of his "Tamerlane."



1949 **Why not rummage** around? Maybe *you'll* discover some valuable antique in *your* attic. And the rewards are greater than ever. Not long ago a rare book brought $151,000 at auction. Big-money discoveries are rare, of course, but there's one valuable find that thousands of people are making every day. *It's the quality of Corby's—the light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.* Why not serve it next time you entertain? Doesn't cost a fortune, either.

CORBY'S ... a grand old name in Canada since 1859

AN AMERICAN BLENDED WHISKEY

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited—Peoria, Illinois

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I'll have to talk with the boys. The business can't stand much more protection, Chet. Them boys have their problems just like we have ours."

"But we just got to have a house for Jake Anderson, Tod. Isn't there just one bookie you could make an example of and run out of town? One with a pretty nice little house?"

"The boys are always willing to oblige, Chet. I'll see if I can't get somebody to double up. Call you back."

WITHIN a quarter of an hour the chief called back. There was a house available. Two bedrooms, stucco, modern, fifty-five a month. The mayor thanked the chief and immediately phoned the city hall. He returned to the council with a long face.

"Gentlemen," he reported, "Jake Anderson doesn't want a house. He likes it where he is. He's got his eye on an acre out of town, and when he saves up some money he's going to build, he said. He's handy with tools. He's going to build it himself. And in the meanwhile he'll stay where he is."

"I'd just like to see him build," a council member growled. "I'd like to see him pass the code after I talk with the building inspectors."

"I'm afraid we're getting nowhere," the mayor said. He turned to the man from the Times. "Did I interrupt you a while ago, Whitey?"

The man from the Times stood up. "Gentlemen, here's the deal. Jake Anderson was just another kid who went away. He'd been a stock clerk at the works; a lad twenty years old. He went in as a private, and he was still a private when he suddenly found himself a hero.

"Now, let's not kid ourselves one way or the other as to what he did to become a hero. It was above and beyond the call of duty. It was exceptional bravery. It was gallantry and intrepidity. It fits the citation of the medal they gave him. But let's face it: That One Man Tank hoopla was strictly a snow job. We were hungry for heroes at the time. We needed them badly. There happened to be a correspondent on deck and he made the most out of it. I know what I'm talking about. I was the correspondent.

"Now, Jake didn't want the hoopla. He told me so the first time I talked with him in the base hospital. You know how I handled that—modesty. It went over big. And I'm not saying I did the wrong thing, either. My primary job as a correspondent was to build morale at home, and heroes build morale.

"So they brought Jake Anderson back to sell War Bonds. And that was something we had to do, too; it was important. He was due for a medical discharge anyhow. He sold plenty of bonds. You can say Jake Anderson did his share in the war.

"The town went wild over its hero. There was a competition between towns as to which could do the most for its local hero. High Falls topped them all. We didn't make the empty gesture of giving Jake the keys to the city; we handed him a deed to the city hall. He married the girl he left behind, he was made superintendent of the works where he'd been a stock clerk, he moved into the little cottage given by public subscription. And the war still had three more years to run.

"Now you can say that Jake got the breaks. That he was the first hero the town had and skimmed the cream from the hero business. As has been stated here tonight, we were lousy with heroes later. That's one way to look at it.

"But remember that while everybody else was losing his head, Jake didn't. This twenty-year-old lad knew it was all hoopla, and he didn't want any part of it. He did it only because it was put up to him as his duty. It sold War Bonds. It helped morale. Let's look at it from his viewpoint.

"He knew that he wasn't qualified to be superintendent of the works. I was there when he tried to beg out of the job. He pointed out that he'd been only a stock clerk, that he didn't have the know-how, that what he'd done in battle had no relation to running the plant.

"I made a big story out of his becoming modesty. They shoved him into the job. It was just a title; he wasn't given anything to do. After the big noise quieted down they accepted his resignation. And after that he had a pretty tough time. Nobody wanted to hire the One Man Tank at an ordinary job, and he'd flopped as an executive.

"And there's the little cottage donated to him and his bride by public subscription. Twelve thousand dollars were subscribed. A little less than five thousand saw its way into the house."

"Administrative expense," someone murmured.

"The little honeymoon cottage," the man from the Times continued, "turned out to be a thirty-eight-thousand-dollar job. Nothing could be skimped for our hero. He had to have the best. So Jake took over the place owing the difference. As I recall, he was facing payments of $186.43 a month for twenty-five years. The superintendent of the works could meet that, but not just a worker.

"He had some savings. His wife had a little. They socked everything they had into it. When they had to let it go, the house sold for nineteen thousand dollars, even though prices had gone up in the meanwhile. I'm not saying there was graft in the erection of the house. A public building always costs more. So the bank got a judgment against Jake for the difference.

"Counting what he'd put in and what was raised by subscription, he had an equity of about ten thousand. So when he lost his house and everything he'd socked into it, he still owed around nine thousand bucks."

"He could have gone through bankruptcy," a council member suggested.

"He could have skipped, too," the Times man said. "But he didn't. He kept his mouth shut and paid off what he could. He'd moved in with his in-laws, and that's not too good, either. He's got two kids, now. With what it costs to live, these days, he hasn't got much left to apply on the judgment. He's just working for wages.

"I think Jake Anderson has been figuring it out. How old is he going to be before the judgment is paid off and he can start getting a little ahead? What can he provide for his children? He didn't ask for any part of this. His nose is on the grindstone and he can't see an end to it. He's branded as a failure. He's the guy who had the big chance and missed out. He had the world by the tail and couldn't hold on. His name is mud. And all because he tried to do what was expected of him to help the war effort."

"The war," the mayor murmured, "has been over a long time."

"That, I figure," the Times man said, "is just the point. I would say that Jake Anderson is fed up. The war's over and to hell with it. He owns the city hall, so he moved in. It's a good building, space for the kids, and it's rent-free."

"But what's his *angle?*" the mayor asked. "You know very well he can't expect to live in the city hall."

"It's better than living with the in-laws," the Times man pointed out. "He can save more to apply on the judgment. Eventually he can buy that acre out of town and build a little place with his own hands."

"But he can't *do* it!" the mayor squeaked. "Think of the opposition! We'd be a laughingstock!"

"Well," the Times man said, "I think he might sell."

"Sell the city hall?" a councilman said. "Put up a sign? List it with real-estate agents?"

"It ought to bring him enough," the Times man said, "to take him off the nut with that judgment."

"Just a moment," the mayor said. He went to the phone and called the city hall. "Gentlemen," he reported on returning, "He says he might consider selling. The place, he says, is really too large for his purposes."

"How much does he want?" a councilman asked.

"Six thousand eight hundred and fifty-six dollars and thirty-nine cents," the mayor said. "No more, no less."

"A coincidence," the Times man remarked.

"What is?" the mayor asked.

"That just happens to be the amount he still owes on that judgment."

"He can't get away with this!" one of the councilmen said.

"I'll see him in hell first!" another councilman muttered.

"He's not asking for what he's lost," the Times man said. "He might hold you up for all he's socked into it. But all he wants is to get out from under. He wants a chance to start from scratch. You're getting a bargain."

"But it's impossible," a councilman said. "A thing like that would have to go to the people, and we can't afford—"

"I think you could pay him off quietly and he'd sign a paper giving the city perpetual occupancy," the Times man said. "You don't have to use public money. You guys got him into this. You can bail him out."

"Out of our own pockets?" a councilman asked.

"Need I go into detail about the various sources of your private incomes?" the Times man asked gently. "I can't imagine a better use for such money."

"Now, see here—"

"If there is no discussion," the mayor said, "the motion is passed unanimously. You guys be back here in a half hour with your share. Meeting adjourned."

THE man from the Times went to the city hall. "I'll help you pack up," he told Jake Anderson. "You did all right."

"I just got fed up."

"That's what I figured."

"But I guess I'm in for a rough time from now on. Anyhow, I won't owe anybody anything. Guess I'd better get out of town."

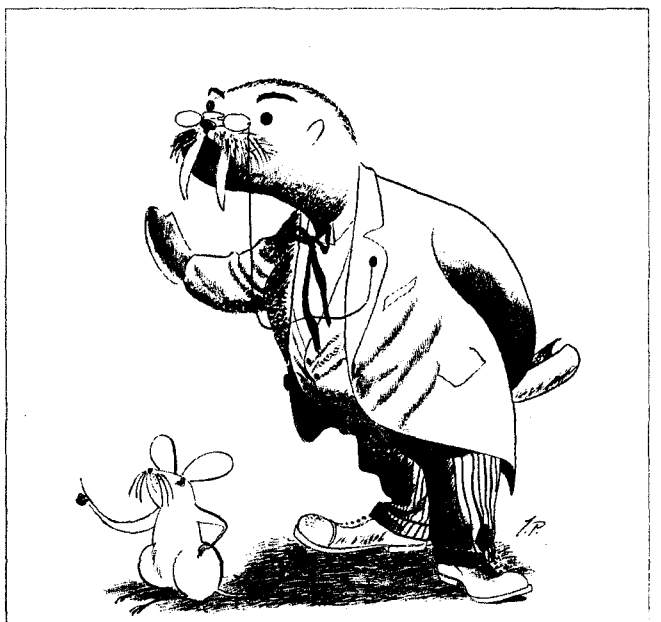
"Don't be a chump," the man from the Times said. "Brother, you've got a future here. You just think you know what it means to have the keys to the city turned over to you. Now, look, Jake, take a little time to decide. Don't jump at the first offer. Don't try to bite off too big a hunk. Let me help you on this. Don't be high-pressured."

"Huh?" Jake Anderson said, frowning.

"You're in, Jake. This is your break. Brother, the One Man Tank is peanuts compared to this. Just you wait until the word gets around. You're the man who licked the city hall!"

SENATOR WALRUS:

on The Pace That Kills



TONY PALAZZO

Life for a senator's hustle and hurry,
Hustle and bustle and scamper and scurry;
Mixture of obstacle, hurdle, and flat race,
Life for a senator's rather a rat race.

I, a conservative, call for a slowdown:
Throttle the speed that is getting me *so* down!
Slacken this galloping Senate-and-House race!
Mine is a mind for a moderate mouse race.

—AL GRAHAM

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RINGSIDE MAIDEN

Continued from page 32

ain't much. I guess a woman wants a little more, and something on the wall besides pictures of pugs."

"That picture stays up," Agatha said, pointing to Lefty's picture. "Even if he isn't our fighter any more."

"Did he quit the ring today?" Oscar asked.

"He says so," Agatha said. "And his girl says so, too."

Oscar grunted. "Sure, Lucille wants him out of it. I guess I don't blame her. It's a lousy racket, the fight racket. I was in it once."

"What do you think, Oscar? Honestly. Do you think Lefty ought to give up?"

"He's good," Oscar said. "He's pretty good. It's too bad he's quitting. Trouble with that kid is he needs somebody to push him. He's lazy and he needs somebody to make him work."

"How about you?" Agatha said.

"I needle him some," Oscar said. "Best I can."

AGATHA sighed and went through the swinging door. Jack Barlow was leaning against the bar. "Hello," she said.

The television set was working and Lucille was sitting raptly gazing at the screen, watching a shiny-faced moppet bounce about on strings. Lefty Langan was working on another boilermaker.

"You look as though you could take it. How did everything go?" Barlow said.

"All right," she said. "Want a drink?"

"That's why I'm here. Manhattan."

Agatha went around behind the bar. "I'm mixing this one, Billy," she said.

Billy Walsh put the vermouth and whisky on the bar in front of her, passed her the shaker with ice in it. He stood watching with alert interest, and Walter the waiter walked over, leaned his elbows on the bar and said, "Remember, Aggie. Three to one."

"Been taking lessons?" Jack asked.

"Just practicing," Agatha said. She had not overlooked the fact that Walter had also called her Aggie. It was started now, she thought; it was too late to stop it. She was Aggie from now on in this Eighth Avenue gin mill.

Oscar came out, wearing his apron, and opened a cupboard behind the bar. He took out a cardboard placard that said WRESTLING TONIGHT and took it to the window. On his return he kicked the cupboard door shut with violence, and Agatha knew the reason. The other placard had been in view within the cupboard, the one that said: LEFTY LANGAN FIGHTS TONIGHT.

"After a day down here," Jack said, "I thought you might appreciate a change. I've got theater tickets for tonight."

Agatha looked into his gray eyes. He was a sympathetic person, a thoughtful person. She had been lucky, she thought, in Uncle Leo's choice of a lawyer.

"And I've reserved a table at the Petite Marmite," Jack said. "In the sort of restaurant you hoped to inherit."

"I remember," Agatha said. "But I'm satisfied with what I've got. I guess I'm a hard-liquor girl at heart."

"No wine steward for you, eh?" Jack said. "I've noticed one thing about you. You approach a cocktail like a small girl sitting down to a nut sundae." He added thoughtfully, "In fact, most women do. They reach and they drink without the slightest effort to get acquainted with what's in the glass. They just swallow it down."

"Mister," said Walter, the waiter, "you got something. You got it right." He turned to Oscar. "Boilermaker," he said. "For Lefty."

Oscar filled the order and put the glasses on the tray, then gave his head a shake. "There he goes," he said. "It will be three—four days of this. When he sobers up he'll find a bromo in easy reach. He'll be back in that drugstore."

"Lucille will take care of that, you mean," Agatha said.

"That's it," said Oscar.

She smiled at Jack. "I'm afraid I've liquidated one of my assets," she said. "My house fighter is thoroughly liquidated."

She said it lightly, but later, as they were having dinner at the Petite Marmite, she still carried in her memory her last glimpse of Lefty Langan, slumped dejectedly at his table beside the redheaded girl, his big hands resting inanely on the table in front of him.

Agatha was preoccupied at dinner, and paid little attention to the food, the wine, or Jack Barlow's conversation. She was thinking about Lefty Langan. "I think he ought to go back in the ring," she announced suddenly.

Jack smiled faintly, and from the way he leaned back in his chair, and the way his eyes narrowed until only the twinkle was visible, Agatha thought that he rather enjoyed watching her impulses at work. He probably enjoyed watching her make a fool of herself, she thought.

"Well," she said, "do *you* think he ought to give it up to be a soda jer—a dispenser? What happens to soda jerks when they get old?"

"Come to think of it," he said, "I never saw an old one."

"Exactly," Agatha said. "He'll marry that redhead and she'll have six kids and put on fifty pounds and one day he'll go to the drugstore and they'll have a young, good-looking fellow in his place."

"Agatha," he said, "you're a long-range worrier, aren't you? Are you mapping out his whole life for him?"

Agatha laughed and said, "I've even named his six kids."

At some time during that evening, Agatha reached a decision. She did not know just when it was, but all at once her mind was made up. Actually, she reflected, it had probably happened at the table in Leo's Place when Lefty Langan had given back the agreement he had signed with Uncle Leo, and she had taken it and returned it to her pocketbook. She was going to encourage Lefty Langan to continue in the prize ring, and she would talk to Oscar Gumper about it.

AFTER the show Jack suggested a nightclub but now she wanted to go back to the hotel.

"The truth is," she said, "I've got a bit of a headache. I had a pretty trying day." She spread her hands apologetically. "I'm sorry."

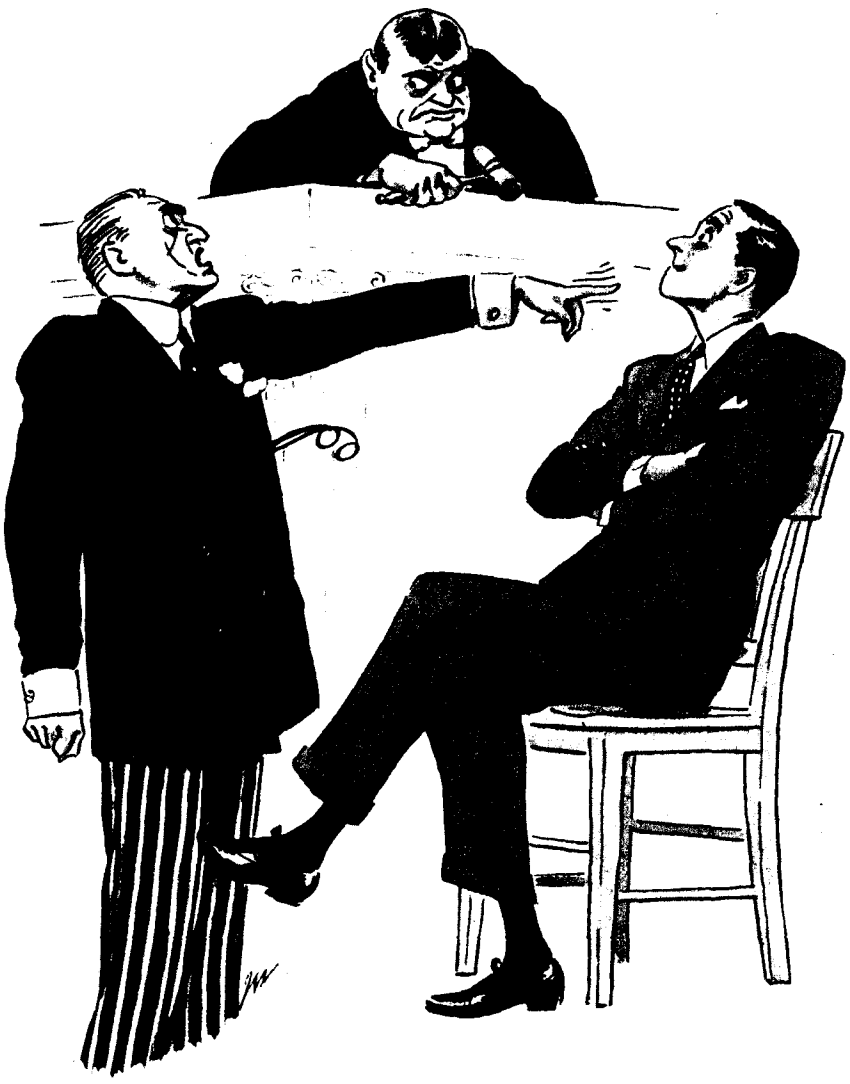
"Then I'll take you straight home," he said, and told the driver, "Hotel Westbrook."

As the taxi moved away Agatha felt ungrateful. He had become so instantly solicitous, and it was such a shopworn dodge to get rid of a man; she was sure he suspected that her head did not ache in the least.

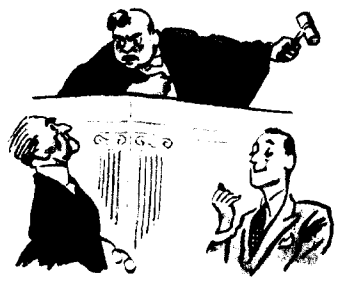
She had known him two days now, and he had helped her immeasurably. The time had come when a man had a right to anticipate a kiss in the cab without encountering a mountain of resistance. But she had fenced herself in with a headache, and she hated to have him think that might be the reason for the headache. The most unflattering summation of Agatha's character could not honestly charge her with a lack of frankness or, even worse, a disposition to be coy.

She put her hand on his and said, "Jack, you've been awfully sweet to me, and I appreciate it a lot."

"I'm your lawyer," he said. "Nothing's



"I object! It's irrelevant, immaterial, and—"



JUDGE: Objection overruled! Proceed with your description, Mr. Brown.

WITNESS: Well, as I was saying, the defendant came into the clubroom wearing one of those Arrow White Shirts—

COUNSEL: I object, Your Honor! The witness could not be certain of positive identification of the defendant's shirt!

BROWN: Oh, yes I can! You can't miss that streamline-type design. It's what-do-you-call-it MITOGA.

JUDGE: Proceed, Mr. Brown.

BROWN: Well, he was wearin' this swell-lookin' Arrow White Shirt, with a really terrific collar—that Arrow collar that doesn't wilt, you know—and . . .

COUNSEL: Object! That's an unwarranted assumption without—

JUDGE: Overruled! Arrow Collars *do not* wilt and buttons don't pop off either!

COUNSEL: But Your Honor—!

JUDGE: Witness will proceed.

BROWN: Well, then we started talking about Arrow's *Sanforized* trade-mark that keeps 'em down to less than 1% shrinkage. Then I asks him where he bought it, so he tells me.

JUDGE: And where *did* he buy it?

COUNSEL: Object! *Object!* This has no bearing on the case! It's irrelevant! It's immaterial! It's incompetent! It's—

JUDGE: (*rap! rap! rap!*) Counsel, you've gone too far! I'm holding you in contempt of Arro—I mean contempt of court! This hearing is adjourned until tomorrow morning. And, Mr. Brown—would you mind stepping into my chambers to see *my* new Dart shirt?

Arrow-Mitoga-Sanforized: Reg. Trade-marks

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

$3.65 · $3.95 · $4.50 · $5.50 · $7.50

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers of Arrow Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Sports Shirts

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too good for a client of Martin, Elder and Barlow."

He smiled and squeezed her hand rather impersonally, and it was clear to Agatha that he was going to respect that headache. He couldn't have more respect for the United States Supreme Court than he had for that headache. Agatha let her hand lie in his. She felt very strongly that there had to be some sort of repayment for her spurious headache.

"I'm wondering," she said softly, "what kind of fee you're going to charge me."

"My fee won't amount to much," he said. "It comes out of the estate, fixed by statute."

IT HAD been a lovely opening for a man to claim his fee, and he had ignored it. Surprisingly, she was annoyed, as if he were the one pleading a headache, and she took her hand away.

A moment later the marquee of the Westbrook came to view. He went with her as far as the elevators, where he shook her hand rather politely and said, "I'll call tomorrow to see how you're feeling."

Agatha detected a note of sarcasm in his voice, although his eyes told her nothing. Trying to look wan with suffering, she said, "I'm going to take some pills and go straight to bed."

"Yes," he said, "A headache can be a pretty irritating thing."

Agatha stepped into the elevator, feeling ungrateful and contemptible and angry all at once, and saw him turn his back and stride away before the elevator doors closed. The car moved up swiftly, and when the operator gave Agatha an inquiring look she said firmly, "I'm going down again."

She had to complete the run, up to the thirty-first floor and down again, and by the time the doors opened again on the lobby she was sure that Jack Barlow was well on his way. She hurried out of the hotel, found a cab at the hack stand, and gave the address of Leo's Place.

By now the edge had been taken off her enthusiasm, and she felt more than ever that she was letting herself in for something she would regret. That was the reason, of course, she had not told Jack what she was planning; that was the reason she had pretended a headache. She was simply determined to do something about Lefty Langan.

The neon sign, familiar now, flashed ahead of her on Eighth Avenue, and the cab drew up beneath it. She paid the fare and hurried across the strip of sidewalk to the door, as if to snug haven in this dubious neighborhood.

Oscar Gumper was behind the bar, talking to two customers. She walked to the far end of the bar, and a glance to her left showed her that Lefty Langan was no longer at the table. She felt an odd disappointment.

Oscar came along the bar to Agatha's end of it, said, "I didn't expect to see you again tonight, Miss."

"I came down to talk to Lefty Langan," Agatha said. "Where is he?"

"He went places," Oscar said, his head bent a little, but his eyes studying her. "Him and Lucille. I guess we won't see him again tonight." He shrugged. "Maybe not for a week. He's on a toot, Miss."

"Oscar," Agatha said, "I've been thinking about that boy, and I want to do something about him. I feel an obligation about him. I guess it's Uncle Leo's legacy. Anyhow, I want to get him back in the ring. Will you help me?"

Oscar laid his hands palm down on the bar, the jagged contours of his knuckles showing. "I'd like to see Lefty fight," he said. "The kid ought to fight, but he needs a lot of work."

"I was hoping you'd take him in hand," Agatha said. "Start him training again, and push him the way you said he ought to be pushed. I'll take care of the expenses—within reason, that is."

Oscar shook his head. "But I tell you, Miss, it would be a waste of time and money. Lefty won't train, with that Lucille after him all the time. He'll end up back in that drugstore."

Agatha had known from the beginning what was to come. She said in a low, unnatural voice, "The thing I wanted to know, Oscar, is will you help?"

"I'll do what I can," he said. "But I'm telling you, with that Lucille around—"

"I know," Agatha said. "We just have to get him away from Lucille for a while. Do you have enough influence to persuade him to get away and train?" Agatha asked. "Can you get him here with his suitcase packed tomorrow afternoon, say about three o'clock?"

"I think I could," he said, and gave her a steady look. "You plan on sending him away someplace?"

"I live in Connecticut," Agatha said hurriedly. "I thought I might take him out there, Oscar, and sober him up and give him a chance to make up his mind to what he wants to do."

Oscar shrugged. "Well, I can have him here, three o'clock tomorrow, but I can tell you Lucille ain't gonna like it."

"Let's worry about Lucille when the time comes," Agatha said, and smiled. "Lucille is the least of our problems."

"We left our television set on, and a houseful of people, and here we are!"

COLLIER'S — SIDNEY HOFF

AGATHA gazed out the window of the New Haven coach at the monotone of the green landscape. It seemed that a huge brush swept a continuous wash of green past the window, yet now and then she saw familiar landmarks; she was nearing home. She glanced at her watch; in another ten minutes now.

Beside her Lefty Langan was sleeping. At New Haven he had opened his eyes when the train stopped, given Agatha a blank look, followed by a sheepish grin, then had closed his eyes again. They had hardly exchanged a word since she had picked him up, badly hung over, at Leo's Place. Sitting beside him on the train ride, Agatha had time to consider the disheartening prospect of playing nursemaid to a beaten, hung-over prize fighter, a young man whom she hardly knew at all, and had repressed her qualms by assuring herself again and again that this was a business proposition. She was salvaging her ten per cent. Her interest in the matter was solely commercial.

It was not too difficult to explain it in these terms to herself, Agatha thought, but it would not be so easy to explain to her mother. She had telephoned Gwen that morning to inform her that she was bringing a guest out to the country for a day or so, and Gwen had said, "All right. There's plenty of room. Who's coming?"

"A Mr. Langan," Agatha had said. "A business associate."

It had been only postponing the reckoning, but Agatha had hesitated to inform her mother, over the telephone, all that she had in mind. Agatha put out her hand and gently shook Lefty's shoulder.

He opened his eyes again, and sat up straight. His eyes seemed clear now under the ridge of his eyebrows, and his molded, expressive lips turned in a smile. "I wasn't asleep," he said. "I was just figuring things out. I wake up, see, and I'm on a train. I look around and I got a good-looking dame with me. Then it comes to me. You're taking me to a training camp."

"Well, not a training camp exactly," Agatha said. "It's my home. We have a big barn you can use."

Lefty looked out the window, murmured, "I ought to told Lucille where I was going. She know about it?"

"I imagine she does by now."

Lefty pursed his lips. "I kind of promised Lucille," he said. "Fact is, I was back to the drugstore and took that job."

"There's a train back to New York in an hour," Agatha said. "You can take it if you want to." She thought that perhaps it would be a good idea if he did.

"Wait a minute," he said, holding up one hand. "I want to get the pitch, that's all. How about Benny Small? He's my manager. He's got a contract. How about Benny? He know about it?"

"Not yet," Agatha said.

"I think you better fix it with Benny," Lefty said.

"I'll have my lawyer take care of that," Agatha said, and had a twinge of guilt. Her lawyer, as she had called him, had no inkling of what she was up to. She had last seen him when she had pleaded a headache the night before and left him flat in the lobby of the Hotel Westbrook.

The train was slowing. A voice on the loud-speaker announced, "Menasset."

As the train drew to a stop Agatha scanned the line of cars nosed to the railing, but she did not see her mother's station wagon. She got down ahead of Lefty, still looking at the cars, saw a canary-yellow convertible, with the top down, and caught her breath. An instant later a voice said, "Hello, Agatha. Your mother asked me to pick you up."

Agatha turned, and saw the pink face of Charlie Harper, a shade pinker than normal.

"Oh," she said. "Hello, Charlie."

Lefty Langan had carried the luggage down, and stood at Agatha's elbow, looking incuriously at Charlie Harper. It was the first time Agatha noticed that Lefty had not worn a hat. He was dressed in a sport shirt, open at the throat, gabardine slacks and an old sport coat. His battle-scarred face protruded uneasily, like the head of a souvenir turtle with a view of Miami painted on its shell.

"Mr. Langan," Agatha said, "Mr. Harper."

They shook hands, and Charlie, with an odd, sidewise glance at Agatha, picked up one of the bags.

"My car's over here," he said, unnecessarily. Charlie had always explained the showy cars he drove by saying it was good for business; they were a sort of advertisement for Charlie Harper, realtor, he had always said, but Agatha remembered that in his boyhood his bicycle had been the shiniest and had sported the most elaborate gadgets.

They followed Charlie to the car, and he stowed the suitcases in the back and said a little gruffly, "Guess we can all three sit in front."

"Guess so," Agatha said.

She sat between them on the drive through the village where she and Charlie had both been reared, and all the way home she had a stranger on each side of her.

FINALLY, speaking across Agatha, Charlie said, "Been up this way before, Mr. Langan?"

Lefty opened his eyes. "I was to New Haven for a fight once," he said.

"The Arena?"

"Yeah," Lefty said. "I forget the guy's name. He was a sucker for a left hook."

Charlie was puzzled. "Who's that?"

"I said I forget his name," Lefty said.

Agatha said, "Mr. Langan is a boxer, Charlie."

"That so," Charlie said.

The car had swerved a little, and Charlie occupied himself with returning it to the statutory side of the white dividing line. Agatha added, "He was a friend of Uncle Leo's."

"That's right," Lefty said. "Leo was my pal."

Charlie stole a quick glance at Agatha's resolute profile, let his eyes linger an instant on the ridge of scar tissue above Lefty's eyes, and returned his attention to the road.

Agatha changed the subject. "This is Menasset, Mr. Langan," she said. "It's not very imposing, but it's nice."

"You live right in town, Aggie?"

Charlie's head came around again when Lefty called her Aggie, but Agatha said smoothly, "It's practically in town, but it's country."

Charlie turned off the main street of Menasset and followed a winding asphalt road to the hilltop where the Christopher house stood. It had been a farm once, and twenty acres of land remained, only a short walk from the post office. The white colonial house stood back from the road, among oak trees.

"Not bad," Lefty said. "Yeah, like out in Queens. Benny's got a place out there, flowers and everything."

"This house was built in seventeen ten," Charlie said shortly. "Not a nail in it."

"Mr. Harper is in real estate," Agatha explained. "He can tell you all about houses. Suppose we get out. Here comes my mother."

Gwen Christopher advanced slowly along the walk, clutching a huge pair of clippers, and looked at Lefty Langan as if he were a hedge in need of trimming.

"Mother, may I present Mr. Langan," Agatha said. "It was nice of you to send Charlie to meet us."

"It was nice of Charlie to go," Gwen said imperturbably. "How do you do, Mr. Langan?"

"Yes, ma'am," Lefty said. "Thanks, Charlie." He reached into the car and brought out both bags, their handles swallowed up in his big hands.

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"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, Agatha," her mother said. "Do you want to show Mr. Langan to his room?"

"Yes," Agatha said. "Come on, Mr. Langan."

As they went up the walk to the house Agatha glanced back and noticed her mother in close consultation with Charlie Harper. Lefty said, "How come this Mr. Langan, Aggie? You called me Lefty up to now. Am I out of line—calling you Aggie?"

"Call me Aggie," Agatha said. "And here's your room." She pushed the door open. "Bath across the hall, all to yourself. Dinner in half an hour."

She picked up her own suitcase and fled to her room. She went at once to the window, and looking out, saw Charlie and Gwen still talking on the lawn. It was just as well, she thought, to have Charlie blurt out the facts he knew; they would make a cushion when Agatha unloaded what was to come.

A voice in the hall called urgently, "Hey, Aggie."

She went to the door. Lefty stood there, his hands spread pleadingly. "Aggie, I just got to have a drink. I *need* it."

Agatha looked dubious, and he said, "Just one, Aggie. This is kind of a strain on me."

"All right," she said. "Just one, then."

Agatha slipped past him to the stairs, and hurried down to the liquor cabinet. Mrs. Wills, the cook, eyed her dubiously.

"Aggie, you're a sweetheart," Lefty said when Agatha brought back a bottle of rye, a can of beer and a glass.

She surrendered the bottle of rye with misgivings, and said, "Remember, just one."

"Okay," he said. His smile was shy, and he added hesitantly, "Say, Aggie, is it all right with your folks?"

"Is what all right?"

"My being here. What I mean is no fight camp ever looked like this. I don't know as your mother is going to like it, having a fighter around."

"Don't worry about it," Agatha said warmly. "Everything will be fine, and you're very welcome here."

SHE started back to her own room, but before she had taken two steps she heard her mother calling her name from below. Agatha squared her shoulders and went down the stairs.

"What are you up to, Agatha?" Gwen asked. She was smiling, but her eyes were level in her tanned, direct face. "Do I understand this young man is a prize fighter?"

"Charlie briefed you correctly, Mother," Agatha said. "He's a fighter and I own ten per cent of him."

"You *what?*"

"I own ten per cent of him," Agatha went on firmly. "Uncle Leo advanced him some money to get started, in return for ten per cent of his winnings. I inherited that ten per cent from Uncle Leo."

"This," said Gwen, "is something new."

"Oh, no," Agatha said. "It's customary in the fight racket, Mother."

"Well, pass me a cigar!" Gwen said, with a grin. "The fight racket! Your interest in him is strictly business? From the way Charlie went on I didn't know what to expect. Still, Agatha, what is he doing here?"

"Mother, he got knocked out," Agatha said. "It was a terrible blow to him and he was in such a state I brought him out here to cheer him up and get him back in condition. You see, he went on sort of a toot."

"That explains why you took him up a bottle of whisky," her mother said dryly. "To get him in condition. Agatha, what do you know about this young man? What's his upbringing?"

"PS 51," Agatha said. "And the U.S. Navy."

"I'm sure they're both redoubtable institutions," said Gwen. "But what else do you know about him?"

"Mother, he's a fighter," Agatha said. "The principal question is whether he can fight, and he can. Now look here, you know it's going to be fun."

"Fun?"

"Having a fighter of our own," Agatha said. "There'll be some excitement around here, Mother. It'll just be for a little while, just until we've got him back in shape; then he'll go back to New York, Mother. I know I should have talked it over with you on the telephone, but how could I explain it over the phone?"

"Here he comes," her mother whispered. "We'll talk about it later."

Lefty Langan came very carefully down the stairs, with attention to his balance. Some instinct had prompted him to remove the sport coat and put on a white shirt and tie and a plain dark suit. He was just a little tight, and quite shy, and so plainly was this an ordeal for him that Gwen Christopher was touched and made an effort to set him at ease.

Lefty sat on the edge of his chair, saying, "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," and later, as they were having dinner, and Lefty still sat on the edge of his chair, elbows at his sides, head erect, it occurred to Agatha that he was exhibiting his Navy manners. He addressed Gwen as he would a commissioned officer in the Waves.

AFTER dinner Agatha took Lefty to the barn. Many years had passed since it had stabled a horse, but the floor was still in sound condition.

"Not bad," Lefty said. "We can rig a bag off that low beam over there, and there's plenty of room for a ring."

"A ring?" Agatha said. "You mean a regular prize ring? Well, let's not talk about the ring and the punching bag just yet. I mean to my mother."

His bright eyes met hers. "She don't like the idea?"

"She doesn't know about it yet. I'll have to break it to her gently."

Lefty swung his arms, uneasily. "Maybe I ought to go back to New York, Aggie."

"Certainly not," Agatha said. "You're going to fight. You're not going back to that soda fountain." She said it with more conviction than she felt, realizing that she was already in much deeper than she had ever intended.

Lefty danced a few steps, shadowboxing. "Yeah, I'm gonna fight," he said. He stopped short and smiled at her. "I'm feeling better, Aggie. Lots better." His right whistled past Agatha's ear, and he grinned as she flinched away. "I'll stop Manolo next time, Aggie. You got my guarantee."

"You bet you'll stop him!" Agatha cried.

They stood a moment, facing each other, both bright-eyed and eager, and for a moment of enthusiasm the old barn was Madison Square Garden and they were hearing the roar of the crowd. Agatha definitely heard it, and felt herself blushing. She turned quickly and slipped out of the barn. Unmistakably there had been a humming in her ears and a warm, excited rush of blood, and she was disturbed, considerably disturbed.

"Hey," Lefty's soft voice said, "you trying to lose me?"

She stopped on the lawn, and turned. It was nearly dark now, but even so she was aware of his soft-footed, easy walk as he approached her.

"It's getting dark," Agatha said.

"Yeah. Nice night. It's pretty nice up here, Aggie. I like it." He stretched his arms. "This air is good to breathe."

Agatha filled her lungs with it, but it did not relieve a nervous pressure on her diaphragm. His head was clearly outlined in the fading light, and she saw the shine of his teeth and heard his voice gently saying, "Aggie, when you walked into Leo's Place the other night I thought

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you were just some ritzy dame from uptown, but you're okay. You're a pal, Aggie."

Before she knew it his arms were around her. She tried to push him away, and turned her head. His lips brushed her cheek.

"Stop it, Lefty," she whispered. "Stop it."

"Relax, baby," he said. "Why don't you relax?"

"Lefty," she said breathlessly, still trying to get away. "Stop it." She added with what she hoped was detachment. "I'm just not the physical type."

"Baby, you got plenty of physique," Lefty said, reassuringly, and undertook to demonstrate the proposition.

He was strong, and Agatha felt a moment of panic, but fought it down, controlled her voice, and said, "How about Lucille?"

Lefty dropped his arms. "How do you like that?" he said. "That's a dame for you."

"I think we'd better go in," Agatha said, and started across the lawn.

She had taken only a few steps before he was again beside her. "I'm out of turn again, Aggie. I'm always getting out of turn."

"It's all right," Agatha said.

"If I get out of turn, just slap me down," Lefty said. "I'm sorry, Aggie."

She turned to face him. "Forget it, Lefty. Now we understand each other, don't we?"

"Yeah," he said. "Sure. Strictly business. Right?"

"Right," Agatha said.

"I won't get out of line again," he said. "If I do—"

"I'll slap you down," Agatha said, and laughed.

WHEN Agatha went down for breakfast the next morning she found her mother on the sun porch, taking sips of orange juice between puffs of a cigarette.

"Good morning," Agatha said. "Is Lefty up yet?"

"Lefty?" Gwen said, showing a faint crease between her eyes. "Doesn't he have a name, Agatha?"

"Yes, it's Frank."

"Well, Frank is out inspecting the barn."

"I'd better call him for breakfast," Agatha said, and started with a brisk light step to the door.

"Give him a minute," Gwen said. "Let's have a word or two first, Agatha, you and I. How long have you asked this young man for?"

"I haven't asked him exactly," Agatha said, turning resolutely to face her mother. "I mean not as a house guest. He's out here to get in condition. It's business. If you don't like the idea, I can put him on the next train back to New York."

"I doubt if he'd object to that," Gwen said. "But, Agatha, I have to know what the idea is before I like it or not. What precisely are your plans?"

"I haven't any blueprints, Mother," Agatha said. "This thing just happened. There was a lot of pressure on him, Mother, and I wanted to get him away from it for a while. Do you mind his being here?"

"It's not that I mind," Gwen said. "But you caught me unprepared." She smiled and patted Agatha's shoulder. "This is your home and you should feel free to ask anyone you wish. Of course Frank seems to be a nice enough boy, and all that."

"I wish you'd try to get acquainted with him." Agatha said. "Because I have to run into New York today," she added hastily. "I'll be back on the afternoon train."

"Oh, good heavens," Gwen cried. "You mean you're going to leave him on my hands?"

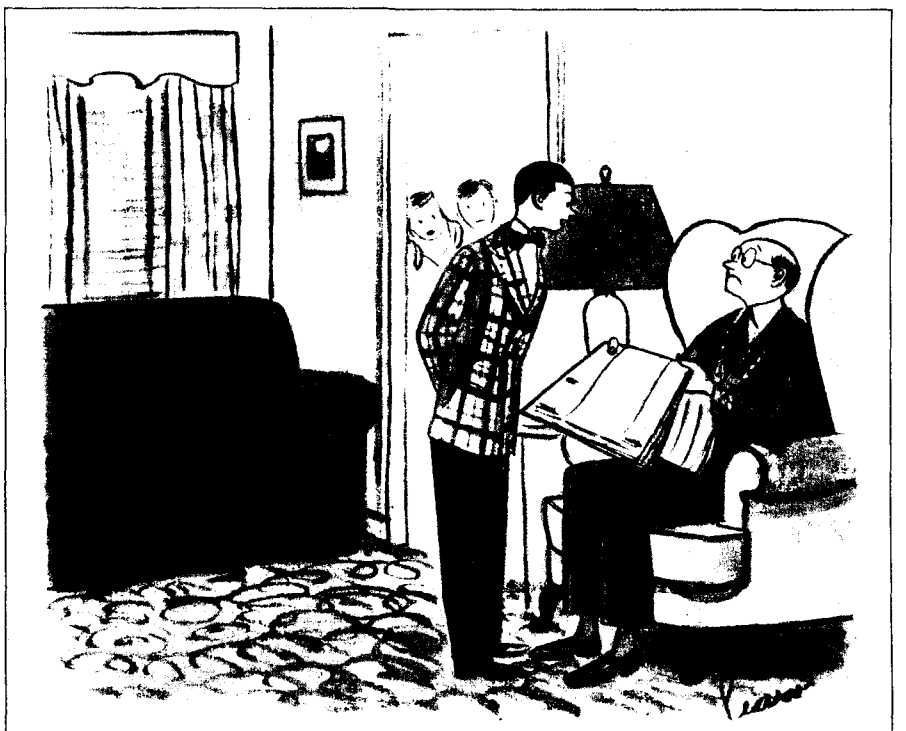
"Yes, if it's all right with you. I have that bar on my hands, you know. I have to do something about it. Will you look after Lefty today? He may want to use the barn—for exercises and all. How about breakfast?"

Gwen sat in thoughtful silence at the breakfast table, and had lighted a cigarette long before Agatha and Lefty had finished eating. Agatha knew her mother well enough to be sure that if Gwen were faced with a problem completely defined she might feel it necessary to take a firm stand, but that Gwen tended to let things ride until some maternal compulsion took hold. She was obviously feeling some maternal disturbance now, because she asked, "Just how long will this go on, this exercising program?"

"Not long," Agatha said. "Mother, you'll hardly know anything is going on. Lefty will be up early, and go to bed early, and most of the time he'll be out there in the barn. You'll hardly know what's going on."

"Oh, I *want* to know what's going on," Gwen said.

Lefty, looking embarrassed, said, "If I'm in the way, ma'am, you just say the word."



COLLIER'S "Well, then, may I borrow the house?" CHARLES PEARSON

Gwen met his bright, dark eyes and said, "Of course you're not in the way. In fact I'm counting on you as a golf partner today while Agatha's in town."

"You mean you're going to town today?" Lefty put down his knife and fork and looked forlorn; and Gwen said with more warmth in her tone, "You and I will have a round of golf. It will be exercise for you, and that seems to be what you want. Do you play golf?"

"Some," Lefty said.

Agatha had a moment alone with Lefty before Gwen drove her to the station, and he said, "Aggie, I don't know that this is gonna work out. Your mother don't like the idea, and I think I better go back to town with you."

"Just give it a few days' trial," Agatha said hurriedly. "Wait until we hear what Oscar has to say. Lefty, I'm planning to bring him out here to take charge, and I'm sure he'll come. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yeah," he said. "Sure." He was standing on the lawn, with his hands deep in his pockets, as they drove away.

"He doesn't seem happy here," Gwen said as she drove Agatha to the train. "But we're not going to operate a permanent sanctuary for knocked-out prize fighters, so it won't be for very long." She gave Agatha a sidewise glance as she turned a corner. "You wanted a little excitement in your life, and I suppose that's what this boy represents. I understand how you feel about that, Agatha. This town can be dull, and there's not much opportunity for a young girl."

Agatha flushed. "Good heavens, Mother, don't get the idea it's romance."

"I should hope not," Gwen said. "I meant Charlie Harper, not Frank. And listen, excitement isn't the best substitute, either. Agatha, I think when you sell your bar, you'd better dispose of your fighter, also. It's a ridiculous thing, owning a share of a prize fighter."

"All right," Agatha said. "Don't worry about it, Mother."

But Agatha had no intention of selling Leo's Place, not just yet. She had no intention of resigning herself again to Menasset and Charlie's real-estate deals and evenings at the country club and mornings at the library. She had made her break, and she would not turn back now.

Leo's Place had just opened up when Agatha got there and Billy Walsh was polishing glasses behind the bar. Oscar Gumper, his long, solemn face relaxed, approached her with a smile. They shook hands, and his first question was, "How's our boy?"

"Sobered up," Agatha said, and she had to shout because of a hammering noise in the kitchen beyond. "Putting away a tremendous breakfast when I left this morning," she said. "What's all that racket?"

Oscar grinned and took her elbow. "You said you wanted the office fixed up. I came in early to get it started. It was gonna be a surprise for you, Aggie."

"It will be wonderful, Oscar," Agatha said, watching the carpenter. "Thanks a lot."

Back in the bar, she said, "Oscar, I came to town especially to talk to you. Taking Lefty away to Connecticut was a pretty sudden decision, and I've given a lot of thought to it since. Oscar, what do you think about buying Lefty's contract from Benny Small?"

"I guess if you pay Benny a little something, he'll give you a release," Oscar said. "But the boy's got to have a manager, Aggie."

"That's what I want to talk to you about," Agatha said.

Oscar began an unnecessary polishing of the bar. For some time he did not speak, and Agatha waited, watching the movement of his hand, her eyes drawn to the big, jagged knuckles. At last she said, "You were in the ring, Oscar, and you know the angles. You should make a good manager."

"I said I'd help train the boy," Oscar said. "I figured I'd get him back in shape, and Benny Small would handle him same as before."

Agatha slid onto a bar stool and leaned one elbow on the bar, her eager face turned up to him and her level gaze meeting his. "Look, Oscar," she said. "If we can buy that contract from Benny Small, between us, we'll take equal shares. You manage him, and I'll foot the bill until he's in the money again. Maybe we can make him middleweight champion of the world!"

Oscar smiled. "If he don't lead with his right, you mean."

"But how about it?"

"Lefty can hit," Oscar said. "He'll never be no fancy Dan, but he can hit." He turned and tossed the bar rag into the sink, and with his back to Agatha, poured a jigger of rye and drank it. When she saw his face again it looked longer than usual and his eyes avoided hers. "Aggie, I want to help Lefty out," he said. "I want to see that kid fight. But one thing I want to know, what's your angle in it? I wouldn't want you to take him on and get tired of him and drop it all, just because you were tired of the lark."

Agatha said, "I'm serious about it, Oscar. Maybe I did go into it just for the excitement, but I'm serious about it. I won't quit."

"It will cost you some dough, Aggie, and you may never get it back."

"I'll take that chance, Oscar," Agatha said firmly.

"Then okay, I'm with you. It's a deal." He glanced at the clock. "This time of day Benny would be at Skelly's Gym. We can catch him there."

THEY took a cab up Eighth Avenue to the gymnasium, and got out in front of a dingy brick-front, a few blocks from Columbus Circle. Oscar led the way into a dark hallway with fight placards on the wall, and up creaking stairs to a huge room, two stories high, with gray walls, two rings and several rows of seats. Agatha's first impression was of noise and movement and the smell of oil of wintergreen. Men in headguards were sparring in each ring; others punched bags on the balcony above.

Agatha slipped into a seat and watched Oscar cross to a small man standing near the automatic timer's clock.

The fighters all reminded her of Lefty Langan. They had a proud, loose way of walking, a consciousness that they were important here, the center of attraction.

Agatha watched two of them in the ring in front of her, and she thought that they seemed to hit each other pretty hard. When the automatic bell rang at the end of three minutes the boxers leaned over the ropes and a man in a sweater washed their mouthpieces and poured a small amount of water into their mouths.

Agatha was fascinated, and was startled when Oscar touched her shoulder and said, "Want you to meet Benny Small. Benny, this is my backer, Miss Christopher."

"I knew your uncle, Miss," Benny said. "Leo was a great guy." Benny was a small man with a pink, well-fed face. His eyes were surprisingly mild.

"Favor to Leo," he said, "I'll let you have the boy. I told Oscar I'm gonna keep ten per cent, but the rest of my third you can have, and Oscar can manage him, if that's the way you want it. Talk it over."

The manager walked toward the far ring and Oscar sat down beside Agatha and whispered, "I don't like it much, Aggie, but I don't know what we can do about it. Benny figures we won't never make a boxer out of Lefty, but he wants insurance. He'll let us have Lefty for a grand, but he wants that ten per cent insurance. What do you think?"

"I think I'd better call my lawyer," Agatha said. "Is there a telephone here?"

(To be continued next week)

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

in heck isn't the subject taught and given as a required course in our public schools?

R. M. HEATON

. . . Children, especially teen-agers, are realists. Until the last few years they were content to try to act grown-up, dress and have dates once in a while like their older brothers and sisters. We give them sex education, give it to them in gobs. So now what do we have? A nation of teen-agers, from the H.S. freshman on up, "going steady."

I say that there must be a hand that could guide the mob, some place among the publishers, editors and critics. Otherwise, I find myself in the same league as a pessimist with George Bernard Shaw, when he said we were headed for another Dark Ages. . . .

STELLA M. HOISINGTON, Bingen, Wash.

. . . Most other countries are far ahead of America in the protection of unmarried mothers and all mothers. About all we can point to is Mother's Day once a year. America ignores the subject of women's human rights as assiduously as Europe works to rescue and elevate the female sex. All American girls should be told of the abolition of "illegitimacy" in Sweden, Russia, the Netherlands and other countries.

ALMA BOOKER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . I wish Amy Porter had elaborated on her suggestion that parents should supply the love and understanding which prevent daughter's mistakes. Some mothers, intelligent ones, too, will become overzealous about their children. They will preach. They will nag. They will spy unethically. They will overemphasize chastity as the chief factor in marriageability.

Such stress encourages a girl to think that virginity will compensate for poor homemaking, good health, a sense of humor and many other qualities equally as important in happy marriage. She assumes she's a prize because she's escaped sexual mistakes.

I believe that is all wrong. During the war, as director of a USO club, I determined to find out what men *say* they want in women they would marry for love. Chastity was on most of the lists I asked for from some 3,000 boys and men in the service. But it was *never* the only requirement. One forthright sailor wrote, "I'd rather risk a warm-blooded girl who had made a mistake than to get a cold fish with no sense of humor or human understanding." A married man wrote, "I married a virgin who soon became a slovenly, lazy nag."

MRS. DALE MORRISON, San Antonio, Texas

MAIN STREET AFLOAT

TO THE EDITORS: The idea of parachuting our mail-order catalogues into the far corners of foreign countries whose people have been misled respecting the greatness of the United States of America intrigued me, but this was months ago. What has happened to the idea? Why could it not have been developed and made to include the by-air distribution of gum, candies and other American-made things that were so attractive to Europeans with whom our soldier boys came in contact a few years ago?

Now you have really rung the bell with Main Street on a Flattop (Nov. 27th).

LEE AD. RICHMOND, La Grange, Ill.

. . . It seems to me that the cost, which you put foremost in your reasons why this might not be done, would be a small price to pay toward a lasting peace. The amount would undoubtedly be less than the millions being spent daily for less effective tools of peace.

D. W. THOMPSON, JR., Beacon Falls, Conn.

HOW FAT THE ROSE

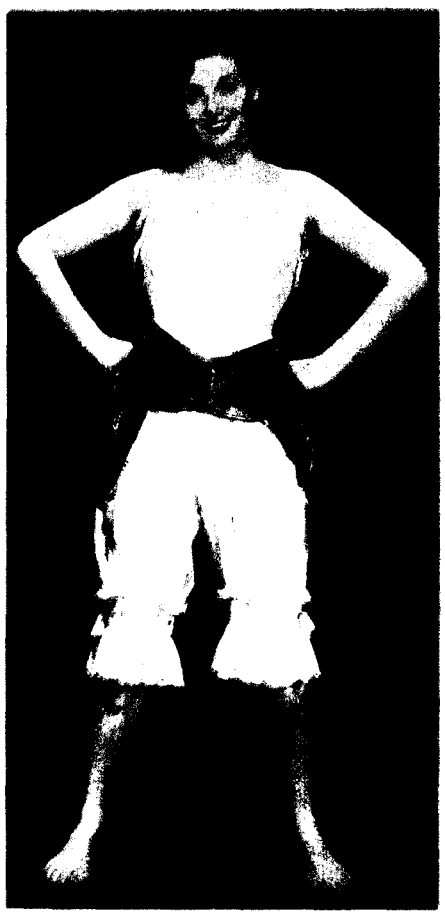
DEAR SIRS: Re the corpulence of opera singers, sneered at by Billy Rose, physical bulk is necessary to carry the artist through the heavier roles. Most of the great singers—Melba, Eames, Sembrich, Tetrazzini, Caruso, Nordica, Calvé, Rethberg, Ponselle—were generously proportioned. Would we have banned them from the stage, because they didn't live up to the cheap Hollywood idea of glamor? Ponselle reduced drastically for the role of Carmen and lost notes in her voice that never returned. The public doesn't care if a prima donna is fat or thin, so long as she can sing. Some of our skinny peacocks of the opera stage can look to the clam and be wise. Lina Pagliughi, a great singer of vast bulk, has been singing successfully in Italy for years, and there is in this country today probably the finest female voice in the world, Ebe Stignani, who, rumor hath it, has not been engaged by Mr. Johnson because of avoirdupois, and a crying shame that is! Let Mr. Rose stick to his excellent work on Broadway, and leave matters of high art to others better qualified to judge.

RICHARD T. ANDREWS, Washington, D. C.

THE PALEFACED BOB HOPE

DEAR SIRS: Warren Phillips' preview of The Paleface (Nov. 27th) was worth four-starred awards, but I thought you might be interested in Bob Hope's own appraisal of the film. Said Bob: "The Paleface is dedicated to March 15th. When you see me making love to Jane Russell you'll know why it's so titled. In it Jane rides hard and I ride sidesaddle. I want the Un-American Affairs Committee to know the Indians in it aren't redskins, they're maroons.

"During the making of the picture, an economy wave hit Hollywood and they had to let eight of Bing Crosby's make-up men go. Incidentally when I first came to Hollywood I was a poor boy from Cleveland. I



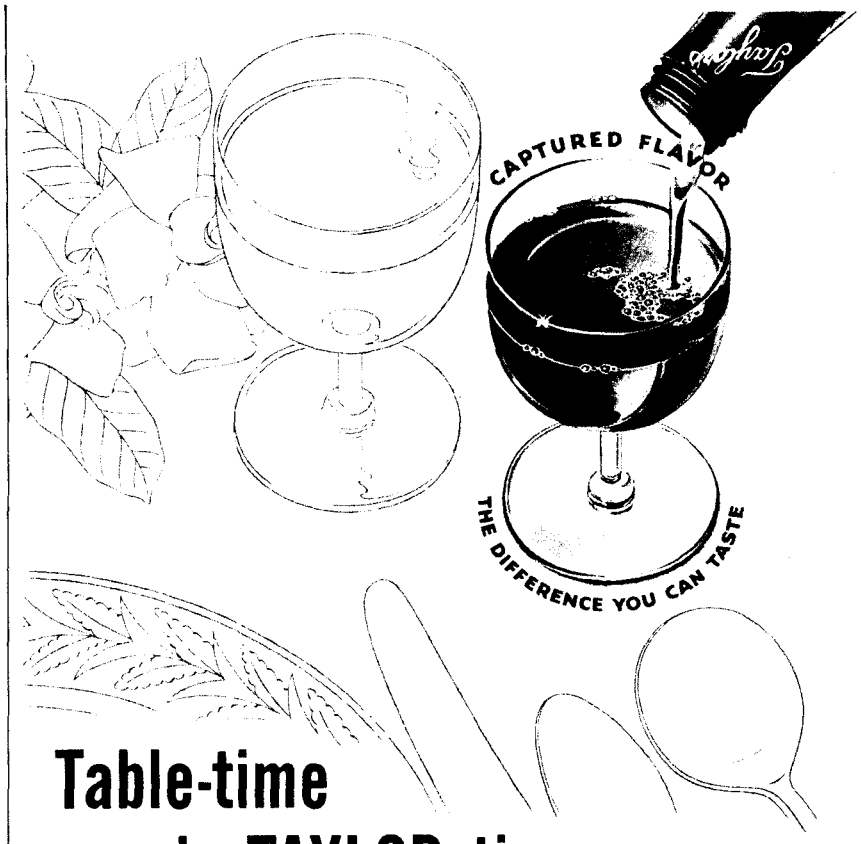
PARAMOUNT

slaved night and day and made a lot of money. Then the income tax set in. Now I'm a poor boy from Cleveland.

"But the headaches and ulcers are worth it. If you stagger on for twenty years or so, Hollywood gets so proud of you they make a picture of your life—and give someone else the part."

Enclosed is my favorite shot of Jane Russell from The Paleface.

JAY SCOTT, New York, N. Y.



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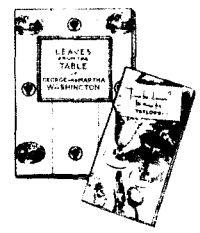

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ANOTHER LAND, ANOTHER LOVE

Continued from page 13

with a pink-and-blue neon sign blinking the name, Gypsy's Den. It made Joey nervous, that sign winking like a bloodshot eye. Funny how things like that, things that he had hardly noticed before, now made him tense and jumpy. Little things: someone leaving a door open, drumming fingers upon a table, playing with a necktie, twisting a glass of water. Sometimes he had to close his eyes to keep from yelling because of the knot in the pit of his stomach. Just nerves. He'd get over it.

Inside, checking his hat, Joey felt suddenly tired. For some reason he wished the evening were over instead of just beginning. Strange. Here he had Irene and the conviviality he had sought; a night of pleasure was still before him. And now, suddenly, he wanted to avoid the whole thing.

Irene excused herself. A waiter, in what Joey supposed was gypsy garb, smiled and bowed to her as she passed on her way to the ladies' room. She must be a frequent guest, Joey thought. He gazed about the place—a low-ceilinged, smoke-filled room with risqué murals.

He recognized the old familiar pattern: The smart set, the seekers after atmosphere, were mobbing the Gypsy's Den, and it was basking in its moment of prosperous popularity. He saw them sitting at the tables talking and laughing and eating and drinking. And because they did not really know what it was they were seeking, noise and the forced merriment that they mistook for joy were substituted. Joey felt a little sorry for all of them. Tomorrow they would be crowding another restaurant: Armenian, Turkish, Spanish. Just so long as it had atmosphere, new atmosphere and a lot of noise.

MEMORY swept over him again: You go down that steep winding road, past Dogashima, wild and secretive in the gorge, through Tonosawa and Yumoto and soon you are in the coastal plain where the asphalt highway runs straight and smooth through the rice paddies. Then you pass under a railroad bridge and you are in the city of Odawara on the shore of Sagami Wan.

As they sped through the rice paddies the farmers straightened momentarily from their work and, leaning on their hoes, stared at the jeep. Occasionally one waved at them. The children raced to the side of the road and stood in groups, waving frantically, laughing and shouting.

The ride down the mountain had been silent. It was obvious that the girl now regretted having accepted Joey's invitation. She was afraid once more, and her fear was a tangible thing. He could almost touch the barrier it created.

"*Anatano namaewa nan desuka?*" he inquired without removing his eyes from the road. "What is your name?"

"Mieko," she answered. "Mieko Nashima."

"Ah, so," he said. "and mine is Joey—Joey *san*."

"*So desuka?*" She smiled. "Joey *san*." She was amused by his use of the suffix. Suddenly the tension was gone. "Indeed," she laughed, "it is a whimsical name."

After a while they were in Odawara. Mieko told him where she lived, and when he reached the corner, he turned to the left.

She instructed him to stop at the third house. It was large, surrounded by a high hedge and a wooden fence.

"*Dozo.* You are welcome to my father's house. Joey *san*."

He hesitated. From the appearance of the house and grounds, from the very conduct of the girl herself, he judged that she was extremely well-born. The deal promised little.

"*Dozo.* Please."

Oh, what the hell, he thought, what can I lose? Bowing, he murmured, "*Arigato,*" and entered through the massive wooden gate that she held open for him. Stepping from the narrow, dirty unpaved street, Joey blinked in astonishment. He was in a meticulously tended garden. Pink and white roses bloomed everywhere. There were gnarled cherry trees, an apple tree, and several other trees heavy with little Japanese tangerines. They walked up the path to the house and he noticed a shallow pool beneath the trees. Big golden carp moved lazily in the clear water.

At the door he removed his shoes, stepped up onto the matted floor and followed Mieko down a hall. She opened a sliding partition and Joey went into a room. Mieko motioned, and he seated himself on one of two cushions on either side of a low, lacquered table in the center. Mieko knelt in the doorway and bowed deeply, her forehead almost touching the matting. Then she rose and slid the partition shut. Joey could hear the patter of her feet as she ran down the hall.

In one corner of the room was the usual Shinto shrine. This one was very large and very ornate of black lacquer with intricately worked gold trimming, and obviously of great value. An orange, an apple and a persimmon had been placed before it as offerings. Also in the room was a large, expensive, American-made combination radio and phonograph.

The partition opened and bowing again, Mieko entered with a tray on which were two cups of steaming green tea.

Later she presented her mother, a wrinkled brown woman with a pleasant smile. But mostly they were alone in the room, talking over a great bowl of fruit and countless cups of tea. Joey learned that the girl was nineteen, that her father was in the construction business and had once manufactured cigarette cases for export to America, and that her only brother had been killed in the fighting for Munda.

When Joey finally left that day the shadows were long in the garden and the dusk was gathering in the east. . . .

At the table, the cocktails were brought and Joey ordered the *shashlik*. As the waiter scurried off with the order, Joey struck a match and held it to Irene's cigarette. Then he lighted one himself. He settled back in the chair and fingered the stem of his glass, gazing for a moment into the reddish-brown depths of the Manhattan. "Well," he said, "at last we can talk. How have you been, gorgeous?"

"Why, I've been fine. But you're the important one. Why, I haven't seen you since—I hate to even think about it—the date, I mean. It makes me feel decrepit, Joe."

"Decrepit! How old are you? Twenty-five? Twenty-six?"

"No gentleman asks a lady her age, you beast."

"*Faux pas* number one! Can you ever forgive me, baby?"

"Never." She smiled. "Absolutely never. But, tell me, you blundering brute, how have you been? Where were you? What brings you to New York?"

"Are you dickering for the story of my life?"

"Well, not—"

"I HOPE I'm not interrupting." The man smiled as he leaned over, one arm around Irene's shoulders. "I couldn't stay away another minute. How are you, dollface?" He was in his late forties, tall and nattily dressed.

"Sam! Oh, you darling!" Irene emitted a little shriek of joy. "When did you get back?"

"Yesterday. I called your apartment last night but there was no answer."

"Oh, Sam, I want you to meet an old friend. Joe Brooks, Sam Arnoff."

Joey rose and shook hands with the other man, who hardly glanced at him. Ah, Joey told himself, another Big Deal. New York was lousy with Big Deals.

"Joey," Irene said, "Sam is an agent. A *ten-per-center*."

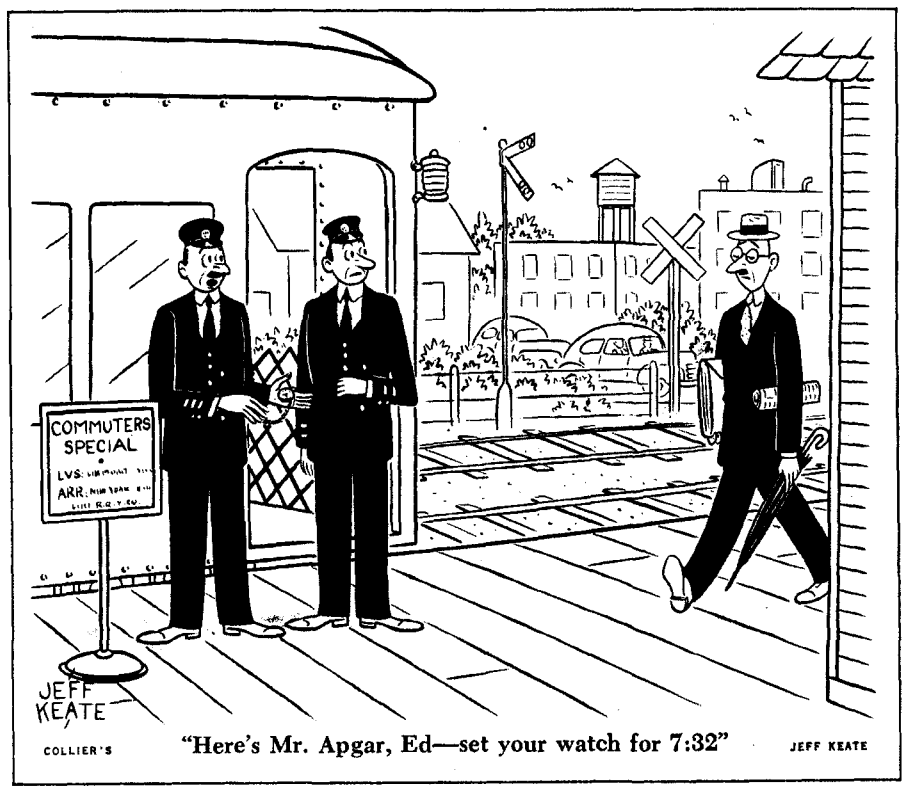
"Actors?" Joey inquired.

"Well, uh, yes," Sam flashed his teeth in a grin. It was very effective against his tan. "Entertainers, to be exact. You know—wakes, weddings, and confirmations."

"Yeah," Joey said dryly, "I know."

"Sam," Irene said, "tell me all about Bermuda. And that lovely tan! You look good enough to kiss."

"Bermuda is Bermuda. The Scotch is good, the swimming is wonderful, and



COLLIER'S "Here's Mr. Apgar, Ed—set your watch for 7:32" JEFF KEATE

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COLLIER'S "Same as last Saturday" PERRY BARLOW

the prices are high. But, baby, take it from Sam, there's no place like New York. As for sun tans—that's why they make sun lamps. And as for that kiss—"

"Not here, Sam," she replied archly, "what would your wife say? And after all—in public."

"So someday I'll collect it in private. Or even better, some night I'll collect it in private. For now I'll leave you with your boy friend. But listen, honey, I'll call you. Probably tomorrow night."

"Okay, Sam. Good-by."

"Don't say good-by, dollface, just good night."

"It's been a pleasure," Joey said coldly.

Arnoff looked at him for a moment and the smile faded from his face. "Likewise," he said curtly as he turned away.

"Well," Irene remarked as Joey seated himself, "you two certainly were most charming to each other. Why were you so sour?"

"I don't know," Joey shrugged. "Maybe it's because I resent most New Yorkers. They all give you that country-cousin look. Did you ever notice?"

"Not Sam, Joe. You were probably imagining it."

"Maybe. And then again"—he grinned—"maybe I was jealous. Did it show in my face?"

"I'll tell you a secret, Joe," Irene leaned forward in her chair. "I'm inhibited. I'm afraid to look too closely at faces any more. Honestly."

"Why?"

"Well, I read a story once about a man who rode the subway back and forth to work and analyzed the faces of the other passengers. He finally went crazy looking for a virtuous face. So now I never look at anyone's face—"

"Did you ever find one?" he asked.

"What?"

"A virtuous face."

"Among my friends? Hardly," she laughed.

"Not even Sam?"

"No. Not even Sam." She raised the cocktail to her lips. Joey saw the waiter hurrying toward their table bearing the *shashlik* on two flaming skewers.

Joey ate in silence, thinking:

After that first time he couldn't stay away from the Nashima house in Odawara. Every time he could beg or wheedle a jeep he drove down from Yokohama to Odawara, the dingy alley, the heavy gate, the garden, and Mieko, beautiful and fresh as a dew-covered flower, smiling shyly, saying in her low, sweet voice, *"Konnichi wa,* Joey *san."*

Then there would be the fine time inside the house, the Japanese food to be eaten with *ohashi,* or chopsticks, green tea, hot *sake,* and fruit. And the music of the phonograph, always waltzes, and, after he had taught her, he and Mieko waltzing, close together and in silence, her head on his shoulder and the clean scent of her hair in his nostrils, with the pressure of her arm against his neck, and the strong consciousness of her femininity.

Or they would sit on the thick cushions holding hands and listening to the softly sad notes of an old Chinese love song the name of which he could neither remember nor pronounce. He would look at her face, trying to memorize the shy way she smiled, marveling at her wonderful eyes. And when she looked at him there was in her face no guile, no deception, but only a kind of vulnerable trust.

And all too soon it would be time for him to leave, and the entire household would assemble in the vestibule, and when he had put on his shoes, they would all bow, touching their foreheads to the matted floor, whereupon Mieko's father would gravely rise, shake his hand with warm dignity, and say, *"Sayonara,* Joey *san,* good-by. Come soon again."

After thanking him, Joey would walk with Mieko out through the garden and for a moment there would be for each only the other's eyes.

"Sayonara, Mieko, until very soon."

"Until very soon, Joey *san.* I shall be lonely in your absence. *Sayonara. Sayonara,* Joey *san."*

LIFTING her cup of coffee in both hands, Irene asked, "Well, how did you like the *shashlik?"*

"Very tasty. It's lamb, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it's all in the way it's cooked, of course."

"Of course."

Just then the small string orchestra struck up a gay polka. "They're quite good," Irene said.

"Listen, baby, this Sam—how do you know him?"

"Oh, I don't know. I met him at a party once, and now I just see him a lot. Why?"

"Just curious. Well, to change the subject subtly, how come you're not married yet? Girls as pretty as you are generally snapped right up."

"Well, I'm still modeling, and I'm not married because so far I haven't met anyone worth marrying. Present company naturally excluded."

"Oh, naturally." He grinned. "But, if you'll pardon the deluge of personal questions, what are you looking for in the way of a man? Must he be handsome,

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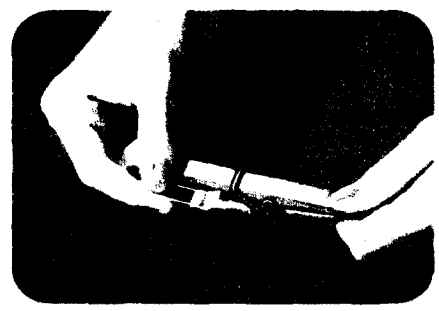

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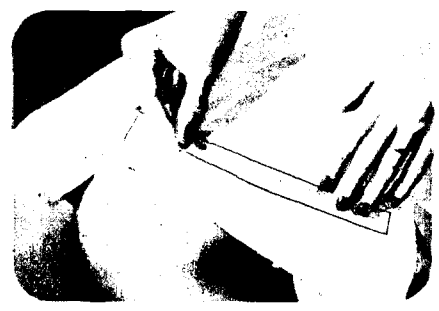

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or wealthy, or a Big Operator like your friend Sam, or what?"

"Not exactly," Irene replied seriously. "I've never thought about it too much, but I guess I just want what every other girl wants—security, a home, love. But I'm willing to wait. When I marry, I don't want any Monday-morning annulments."

Joey wondered if Irene, too, was confused and apprehensive. Here was he, Joey, twenty-eight and going nowhere. And there across the table sat Irene, a girl living on a merry-go-round. Still a girl, but with her face already showing the faint lines of too many cocktails and too little sleep. Impulsively, he reached across the table and took her hand.

AFTER the polka, a swarthy violinist began to wander among the close-packed tables, playing an air that came high and sweet off the strings of his fiddle.

"Honey," Joey whispered seriously, "do you know anything as lonesome as the sound of a violin?"

She regarded him gravely for a few seconds. "It is lonesome—awfully lonesome," she whispered.

Memory carried Joey to the other land, that other time:

He sipped the scalding tea and listened to the sad strains of the old Chinese song. He saw the tears welling in her eyes—those remarkable eyes that were beyond all forgetting. *"Mieko,"* he asked, "what is that song about?"

"It is the song," she answered softly, "of a Chinese maiden of Shanghai who longs for her lover, a soldier, who is far away."

"Ah, so," he replied.

"When do you leave for America, Joey *san?"*

"The day after tomorrow. In the morning."

"Perhaps you will be able to visit my father's house again tomorrow?" she asked hopefully.

"To do so would afford me much pleasure. But it is an impossibility. The news came suddenly, and tomorrow there is much in Yokohama that must be accomplished—"

"This, then, is the last time that I shall see you, Joey *san?"*

"*So desu,* Mieko. It is so."

"But someday you will return to Japan?"

"Perhaps, perhaps someday."

"Soon? You will return soon?"

"I don't know."

"I shall be very lonely without you, Joey *san."*

"I, too, shall be lonely, Mieko."

She turned her head away.

"It is time for me to return to Yokohama, Mieko. The hour grows late. We can dance one more time if it would please you. It would give me great joy."

The girl rose gracefully. She was smiling, but Joey could see the tears behind the brightness of her eyes.

She placed a record on the turntable. The music of a Strauss waltz filled the room. They danced very close and there was an ache in Joey's chest, and his mind kept repeating: This is the last time, the last time, the last time.

Then the music stopped and they stood still, Joey's arms still around her and she clinging to him, her face buried in his shoulder. She was sobbing. They remained like that for a long moment, and then he raised her head, cupping his hand under her smooth, warm chin.

"In America, Mieko, it is the custom, when parting, to kiss. So now I kiss you. I kiss you in farewell."

She nodded her head, and Joey pressed his lips against the moist fullness of hers, feeling all the eagerness of her mouth, and the tenderness of her girlish body hard against him. Then he brushed his lips across her hair and gently pushed her away. "It is time," he said.

"The last good-by Joey *san."*

"The last good-by, Mieko," he told her. "My Mieko." . . .

Joey sat slumped in the chair. Maybe one day soon he would go back to Japan. He saw himself alighting from the train at Odawara Station: It would be the express from Ofuna. Once more he smelled the musty odors of the Orient and was a part of the swirl and color and bustle of the streets. As he picked his way toward the Nashima house Mieko would be waiting for him. Of that he was sure. He would sweep her into his arms and pour out in his formal, textbook Japanese all the things that were bursting inside him, using the words that he had never used to her. *Anata-ga-sukidesu. Sukidesu. Sukidesu.*

"I never realized I was such poor company that you'd be reduced to talking to yourself," Irene interrupted icily. "And whatever were you muttering? 'Sooky-something' was all I could make out."

His face reddened. "Nothing really. Just a Japanese word."

"Well, what in Heaven's name does it mean?"

"Oh, it means 'love'—'I love you'—things like that."

"How flattering! You *did* have me in mind, of course?"

"To be truthful, baby"—he grinned, recovering his composure—"I was just reviewing my conjugations. You know, there are certain essential phrases a man should know in all languages."

Joey was aware that the evening was not progressing well. He would have to concentrate upon being less of a bore. Just as he opened his mouth to speak, Irene seized his hand.

"Joe, darling," she said without looking at him, "excuse me for a moment. I see a couple that I know and I've just got to dash over and say hello. I'll only be a second."

"Sure." Joey half rose as she left the table. She was obviously cross and this was her way of punishing him.

You've got to have this Japanese thing out once and for all, he told himself. You can't go on mooning about it, staring into space, talking to yourself. Be realistic and honest. There is nothing to hold you back. You have it within your power to board a plane and be in Japan in a matter of days. You can walk through those familiar streets and you can find her waiting there for you. You can do it if you want to.

But you don't want to. You've got to face it. You're afraid because she's Japanese and you're Caucasian and you know how true and how strong love would have to be to weather such a union. Oh, not because of her. But because of you. Someday you would grow tired of Japan. And that day you would reproach yourself for ever having married her.

All your life it's been dinned into you —East is East and West is West. Joey, you can't quite escape your training and your environment. You're afraid to make the break.

He finished his drink and started on what was left of Irene's.

Or, he told himself coldly, to be more specific, you haven't got the guts to break away. You talk big. You think big. But you don't act accordingly.

Joey relaxed. Well, he thought, at last you've faced it. And you'll no longer go on kidding yourself that you'll one day return to Mieko. You've finally admitted that you're too conventional and too apprehensive—or too cowardly—to try for a better, cleaner life in another country.

So, admitting all this, what have you got? A memory that will linger for a long time and that will spoil you for other women, spoil you for all the willing, amusing, diverting Irenes of the world. But sooner or later you'll get over it. In six months or a year or five years. Time will do it. Time will dim the memory of the little Japanese girl far across the Pacific, and cynicism will tarnish it. In five years you may be telling her as a cheap joke at stag parties and conventions.

HAVING finished the drink, Joey gazed about the overcrowded room. He spied Irene talking to another couple. He caught her eye but she immediately looked away, pretending that she hadn't noticed him. He was still being punished.

Talk. The place was full of talk and *shashlik* eaters and expensive tans. For a blinding moment he hated the whole stagy thing. But most of all he hated himself for being a willing part of it.

Suddenly he rose from the table and threaded his way to the tiny bar. He ordered a double bourbon and stood so he could keep an eye on Irene.

Later he would be entertaining and witty with Irene. And he would try to resume where he had left off with her four years before. All he needed was a few drinks to loosen his tongue and make the necessary lies come easier. He would eradicate from his mind all extraneous material—those old, haunting remembrances—and concentrate upon getting drunk and making love to Irene. There was nothing else that mattered now. Absolutely nothing else.

Joey tossed off his drink, shuddering involuntarily as the liquor seared his throat, and ordered another. The bourbon was so strong that it brought tears to his eyes.

But somewhere deep inside he was weeping and it was not because of the whisky.

"So I said, Mabel, get your things on. We need fresh air. We're hothouse plants!"

"He'd just stretched out on the sofa and I saw another Sunday afternoon listening to him snore!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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How Right Can You Be?

By PARKE CUMMINGS

The poll takers may have fallen on their faces but this man's predictions were on the nose

"It looks like Dewey from here," I said

THE end of inauguration finds me burned up by friends who still go around saying, "Cummings was just as wrong as the rest of them. He claimed Dewey would win."

This is pure bosh. I predicted not once, but several times, that President Truman would be re-elected. My first prediction was made on July 15th last, soon after the convention, when I stated: "Dewey will take America like Grant took Richmond." Nothing could be clearer and more unequivocal than that. If Grant took Richmond in the election of 1868, I will cheerfully eat one half of one per cent of all the newspaper polls up to Election Day—a generous enough offer for anybody.

Not content with this, I reiterated my position, less than a month later, by remarking: "It's the Republicans in a walk." Here again there can be no shadow of a doubt how this was intended. When Al Smith used to threaten to take a walk, he meant that he intended to walk out, not in. Can any fair-minded person claim that I didn't mean that a number of G.O.P. senators, representatives and governors were similarly headed for the exits? Just how explicit can a fellow get, anyhow?

Of course there are always a few muddle-headed citizens who fail to grasp what a man is driving at, and there were still whispers that I looked for a Truman defeat. It became necessary for me to state my position again, and this time I made it crystal-clear.

I stipulated—and I quote: "A new man will fill Truman's former role." This, it goes without saying, was a reference to Senator Alben Barkley who, as Vice-President, has been elected to take over the office vacated by Mr. Truman ever since 1945. I doubt if enough people realize that for over three years this country hasn't had *any* Vice-President, and I hope they'll note this confident prediction of mine before they start impugning me as a prophet again.

But I didn't leave matters there. A month or so before the election I further clarified the consistent stand I had taken, with the flat prediction: "Truman is in for a terrible headache." In the light of chaotic world conditions and the arduous duties of the Presidency, I deem it unnecessary to elaborate further on this prediction of victory.

Equally clear was my statement, three or four days later: "The people want a change, and they'll get it." Need I point out that facts—in the form of the drastic changes that have taken place in the House and the Senate—have proved me everlastingly right?

Yet in spite of my consistent stand on the question, the ugly rumor still persists that I underrated the drawing power of the President and his party. How can one explain it? Is it perhaps due to a remark I made to a group of people one evening shortly before Election Day? The remark I made was: "It looks like Dewey from here."

"You think so?" several people demanded.

"I'm sure of it," I retorted calmly.

My host twiddled with a couple of knobs for a moment, and the image leaped out clear and distinct on the screen. It *was* Dewey. Was it my fault that several malicious rumormongers deliberately twisted my meaning to make it appear that I thought President Truman would lose?

In the light of all the foregoing facts, I think my record will speak for itself. And furthermore, I think we can say the same for practically everybody else while we're about it.

"He was as wrong as the rest of them"

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THE TAMING OF SUPERWOMAN

Continued from page 39

sooner," he said to George. "Don't you answer your phone no more?"

George stepped forward. Cam darted in front of him. "It was my fault. I didn't want to interrupt the scene and spoil the mood. I was going to call Mr. Jennings right back."

Earl watched her unblinkingly. "It must be hot stuff to be a casting director. No wonder George works behind locked doors."

"George," she said, "you had better run in and see Mr. Jennings. I'll take care of the office until you get back. Including things like this one who crawl under locked doors."

"Let me smack him," George said. "Ever since the first day I set eyes on him, I've wanted to smack him. It didn't seem fair because I outweighed him. But now—"

Cam flew to the telephone. "Mr. Jennings, I just caught Mr. Carleton. He's on his way down. He was in the elevator but I got him. Certainly, Mr. Jennings."

Then she faced George. "Don't be childish. Go along. I'll take care of Earl."

GEORGE went along. When the door closed behind him, Cam faced Earl. "Where did you steal that key?"

Earl laughed. "Didn't. I have a master key. You're a dope, you know. You put your dough on the wrong horse. No use smooching up to George. He won't be with us long enough to do you any good."

"What are you talking about?"

"You, bootsie. You're a good-looking girl and I don't blame any dame for using what she's got, but it's too late to work on George."

"I wasn't working on George. Besides, what—"

"Now, Cam. Hold your horses. I won't squawk on you. I like you myself. I told Jennings that this morning. And we're going to be working very closely together, you and I."

"Says who?"

"Listen. This is confidential and don't you go blabbing. But WFIX is sold. There's a new boss and there's going to be a shake-up and little Earl isn't coming out on the bottom, believe you me. But George is."

"Sold. Who bought it?"

Earl's eyes glittered. "Maggie West."

Cam looked at Earl. Maggie West was Hollywood's girl genius. A baby-doll starlet, she had married a head producer. Five months later, the producer had died of natural causes, leaving her three legs on a studio. She had hired one of Hollywood's leading legal lights and acquired the other leg through solid legal channels.

She had promptly forgotten her acting, an always dubious talent, and concentrated on her real talent for making money. It was entirely possible that Maggie, with her nose for finance, was buying WFIX. Plenty of movie people were interested in television.

"But she won't fire George. Who would have charge of Superwoman? Nobody else can operate her."

"Nobody else but me. Why do you think I got that key? While George is home putting hot compresses on his eyes, I come in and play with Superwoman. That was what I was going to do when I broke in on your little love scene. I'm going to demonstrate her this afternoon to Maggie while George finds himself unexpectedly detained in the treasurer's office."

Cam caught her breath. "You rat. You loathsome rat." Earl's expression did not change. "So you were the one who loused up the master file last night."

"I didn't louse it up. I was just investigating. Anyway, if you know which side your bread is buttered on, you'd better order yourself a casting couch. Because—"

Between her teeth, Cam muttered, "Go drown yourself."

Earl folded his arms on his narrow chest. "Not today I won't. At two thirty, I pick up Maggie at Hampshire Towers. At three, she does a studio tour, conducted by little Earl. At five, I hand out the release about her buying the station to the newspapers. At five fifteen, George gets fired. At five thirty, I'm free. I could take you to dinner."

Cam ran out of George's office. The door slammed behind her. The muscle dancer, now alone in the reception room, looked up. "Was that Mr. Carleton who just went in there? Can't you ask him to see me for a minute? I want to give him a demonstration."

Cam took the key to George's office out of her bag. She thrust it in the muscle dancer's hand. "Go ahead. Show him everything you've got. Don't take no for an answer. And if he throws you out, keep the key and go back in. That's the way to get ahead in television."

Outside the WFIX building, Cam stood undecided. The noon crowds jostled her as she hurried to the curb, signaled a cab and said, "Hampshire Towers."

The desk clerk at Hampshire Towers said that Mrs. West had left orders that she was not to be disturbed. "Look," Cam said, "this is terribly important. I'm from the television station WFIX and I have some confidential information for her. It's a matter of life and death." Then she smiled.

The smile did it. The clerk rang Mrs. West. After a short conversation he told Cam she could go up.

Maggie West opened the door. "Life and death?" She was a tiny woman with blue eyes that glittered like steel traps.

Cam said, "To me. And important to you, too. I want to tell you about George Carleton. He's a casting director of WFIX. They're pulling a dirty trick on him and I think you should know."

Maggie West stepped aside. "Come in. Who are you—an actress?"

"Just a secretary, but I—"

"Have you thought of being an actress? You're pretty enough."

"Yes. But let me tell you about Mr. Carleton. He invented a wonderful casting machine and now they're going to steal it from him and fire him without letting you know."

"Why aren't you an actress? That red hair—"

Cam straightened. "Because I don't photograph. I cared a lot about that, once. But now I don't. Because I'm in love."

"With your Mr. Carleton?"

Cam nodded. Maggie said, "Sit down. Is he handsome, too?"

Cam sat down on white velvet. "He's no glamor-puss. I suppose he's ugly. But I love him."

Mrs. West nodded. "I wouldn't want to marry a handsome man. Too much risk. You never know where you are. Women are different. Looks don't matter so much to them, do they?"

Cam smiled at Mrs. West and hurried on with her story. "You see, they're not going to let George demonstrate his own machine this afternoon. A creature named Earl is going to do it."

Mrs. West nodded. "I know Earl. Smart. And useful, I imagine. But—"

"That's just it. He wants George's job. But if you insist on seeing George himself—"

Mrs. West stood up. "I suppose I can do that. If it's that important to you. He's a lucky man."

Cam stood up, too. "But don't tell him I came here. I don't think he'd like it."

Mrs. West glanced at the tiny jeweled watch on her wrist. "Men never do. Well, I'll look into it."

CAM wandered back to the station in a happy daze. On the way, she stopped at a stand and ate two hot dogs with enormous appetite. She felt pleased with herself.

When she got back to her desk, she smiled sweetly on the new crop of applicants. The morning crowd had vanished. Cam beamed at the new faces.

"Mr. Carleton doesn't give interviews. But if you fill out these forms and leave a picture, we'll call you. Don't—"

The buzzer from George's desk sounded sharply. Cam jumped up. "I'll be back in a minute."

She went in. George looked up, his big

COLLIER'S

"I'd like something that doesn't make too much noise when it's being broken"

CHON DAY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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face dark. "Have a nice lunch? You were gone long enough."

She shut the door. "I—I didn't know how long you were going to be with Mr. Jennings. I had a little business to do, so I went out."

"Did he take you to a dreamy place and feed you cocktails?"

Cam blinked. "Who?"

"I see now why you wouldn't let me hit him. You certainly play the field, don't you?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Earl. You and Earl. I suppose you even gave him a key to my office."

"George, don't be an idiot. Listen—"

"Well, who'd you lunch with if you didn't eat with him?"

A telephone rang, and the green light flashed on the board. Cam said desperately, "Alone. Honest. At a stand. Two hot dogs and a pineapple drink."

"And it took two hours!" He reached for the telephone.

She put her hand on his arm. "Don't answer it, please. Not for a minute, I'll explain everything."

He picked up the receiver. Cam withdrew her hand. He said, "Yes, Mr. Jennings. The treasurer's office? Be right there. No trouble at all." He stood up and slammed down the receiver in one movement.

Cam said, "Please. George, baby, I'll tell you all about it. It was for you—"

"Don't baby me. I'm not the type. Look after my calls this afternoon and please try to have your feet out of your desk drawer. This is a business office."

"I loathe you!"

He looked at her mildly. "I don't blame you. I'm certainly not much. But I don't see what your game was this morning, leading me on to make a fool of myself. Unless you wanted me to do it in front of Earl."

She screamed, "You'll be sorry."

HE NODDED and picked up a portfolio. Grinding her teeth, Cam watched the door close.

Then she went over and looked out the window, twelve stories down to the river. She opened it and leaned out. If I jumped, she thought, he'd care such a small damn that he wouldn't even look up from Superwoman. A filing-cabinet man, that's what he is. And I went and broke my neck to plead his cause with Maggie West so he could keep his filing cabinet. Well, let him keep it. Let him grow old and arthritic stooping over it. Let him take the master file home and spend the one evening in front of the fire with it. Let him—

She went over and pulled the master file out of the case. It was just a jumble of colored cards, but it represented George's heart. And lifeblood. And circulation. If I threw that out of the window, she thought, he'd care more than if I threw myself out. She stared at the file. She put it on the desk. Suddenly, she said aloud, "Why not? What's stopping me?"

She upended it out of the window. The breeze caught the cards and they swooped like prettily colored butterflies. She looked down at the empty filing cabinet. "Dead," she said, "murdered." It was queer, but there was no pleasure in the sight. She wondered if all murderers felt that way. The minute the thing was dead, the passion was gone.

THE afternoon was busy, thank heaven. George did not come back from the treasurer's office, so Cam kept her feet out of her desk drawer, gave out applications and answered questions.

At three ten, Mrs. West and Earl went by her office. Mrs. West was all in pale blue, with a pink hat trimmed with pale blue roses. Earl was panting with an affability which included Cam.

"We'll be back right away to see Superwoman," he called from the door.

"Mr. Carleton is upstairs in the treasurer's office. Shall I get him?"

Earl stuck his head farther in the door. "Leave him be. He's getting his affairs in order. I'll take charge."

Cam waited for something to happen. George didn't come back, but the muscle dancer did. She leaned over Cam's desk. "Mr. Carleton was a perfect darling. He's dying to see me work."

Cam said, "That will be wonderful. Hello, Earl."

Behind the muscle dancer, Earl had been making faces to indicate that she was to be removed. When the muscle dancer turned around, his face took on an expression of executive resignation.

"Mr. Carleton, I just wanted to make sure you had my telephone number. Any night you want me will be convenient—"

Mrs. West, trailed by Mr. Jennings, entered the reception room. Earl looked wildly around.

"Later," Cam said. "If you'll just have a chair, he'll be out later."

Muscles said, "But—"

In that fraction of a second, Earl escaped into George's office. Mr. Jennings nodded at Cam vaguely and guided Mrs. West ahead of him, and the door slid gently shut.

Muscles sat own. "Who's that?"

"VIPs," Cam said briefly. Her brain wasn't in any better working condition, but her nerves were alerted. Something was going to happen before long. Muscles was talking, and Cam was making brief grunting noises. Suddenly, George's door opened. Earl slid out.

"Get him," he hissed, "and fast. She wants him to demonstrate Superwoman. I didn't want to push her too far so—scram. Don't just sit there and goggle at me."

Cam scrammed. She scrammed upstairs to the next floor and burst past the treasurer's secretary. George looked up in cold surprise.

"The VIPs are here. They want a demonstration. They want you."

"But Mr. Jennings said he didn't need me this afternoon."

She glared at him desperately. "They're waiting. Come on."

George followed her without a word. On the way down, she put a hand on his

CASEY JONES

Frightening

If horror movies, which I adore,
Don't make my hair stand on end any more,
It's not, I assure you, a lack of scare,
But of hair.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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Wasted Effort

IN HOLLYWOOD, where anything can happen, a publicity agent decided to plug a new Western movie by having the cowboy star bring his horse into a famous restaurant for breakfast.

The actor, who was very fond of Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal, figured he might as well order a big bowl of the same hot cereal for his horse—which he did.

A couple at a table across the way looked up briefly.

"Publicity stunt," said one.

"I don't get it," said the other. "That Grape-Nuts Wheat-Meal doesn't need any publicity."

(ADV.)

arm entreatingly. "Listen. I've done something awful. You'll probably never forgive me and you shouldn't."

George shrugged.

"I've thrown your master file out of the window."

His head jerked up. "The master file? Are you crazy, Cam?"

"Probably, but I'm taking the blame. I'm going in with you and explain. I won't let you take the blame."

"Naturally, you won't. But that doesn't bring back the file. I'm afraid, Cam, that you and I can't work together any more. I'll—"

"Fire me," Cam said. "Go ahead and fire me. I don't care. But first I'm going in and tell Maggie West what I did."

"Who?"

"Maggie West. She just bought the station. I was trying to help you, George, but I guess I'm a fool. I—"

He shoved a handkerchief at her. "Don't cry—I can't bear to see women cry."

SHE followed him through the reception room. The door to his office was ajar. He held it open and she slipped through, walking with her head high. She didn't look at Earl or Mr. Jennings or Mrs. West. She made for the window. She had just reached it when she heard George's voice.

"Hello, Maggie."

Cam turned around. Maggie had jumped to her feet, her mouth open. "Alex! Where did you come from?"

Mr. Jennings looked up in surprise. "This is George Carleton, Mrs. West. He's our casting director."

Maggie laughed. "That's where you're wrong. He's Alex Hilton and he still owes me three years on a five-year movie contract."

"Alex Hilton?" Mr. Jennings was always a little slow on the uptake. Maggie nodded vigorously.

"Haven't you ever heard of Sexy Lexy Hilton, Mr. Jennings? And to think you had him hidden behind filing cabinets! Come, kiss me, Lexy."

George went over meekly to Maggie. He bent his head and accepted her kiss on his cheek. It left a bright smear of Passion Pink. Cam kicked the wastebasket into a corner and sat down on it.

"He was Desert Dave for a whole series," Maggie was saying. "And then Satan's Skipper. But I think the best box office was when he played the native prince in Moondust. I could make that right over again and clean up. Maybe I will, Alex."

Mr. Jennings looked dazed. "Desert Dave? Native Prince?"

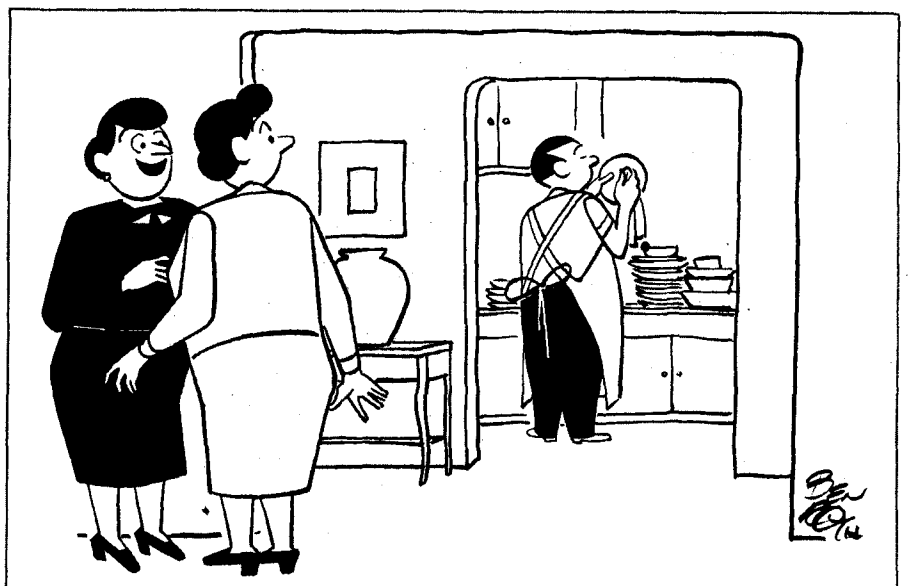
George said apologetically, "B pictures. That's all I can do. I'm no actor. But I was broke when I got out of the Army in California and I got a job as a stunt man in the movies. Then they found out that I photographed like some nauseous pretty boy, so they put me in tiger skins. It was good dough and I didn't mind it until they began calling me Sexy Lexy—"

"Darling," Maggie said, "you were naughty. You ran away. But I've been reissuing your pictures. You haven't lost your public. Where did you go?"

George sighed. "I borrowed a Social Security card from a friend, who was going to Ireland. He was an engineer and so was I. And I had this idea for a casting machine—so I built one. I liked building it."

Cam stared at him. He hadn't changed. He wasn't Sexy Lexy at all. He was George. His nose was too big and his ears stuck out. His eyes blinked mildly from behind thick glasses. She felt a little sick. Earl came over and leaned against the wall beside her.

"That's a break. I was afraid he was gonna try to skunk me. I told Jennings today I wanted you raised to be my assistant. He said okay. It means more dough. Good, eh?"



"Eating out last night cost so much, he promised to do the dishes tonight. Doing the dishes tonight will make him want to eat out tomorrow night. Eating out will cost so much, he'll promise to do . . . !"

COLLIER'S — BEN ROTH

"Much better than I deserve," Cam muttered.

Maggie West was talking brightly. "And now, darling, let's get you on a plane. I'll talk to the Coast and we'll get something lined up. We can start shooting the first of the week. Lexy, I should be furious but—"

"How about demonstrating Superwoman, Mrs. West?" Earl's voice rose over hers. "I want to show you I can work her as good as Sexy Lexy. I'm your new casting director, you know."

Cam's brain revolved. "No. Not yet, Earl. George will show you how later. Not now."

But George's voice boomed over hers. "Naturally, Earl. Go ahead."

Cam stood up. Mrs. West sat down politely. Earl approached Superwoman a little smugly. He picked out the master file drawer unerringly. He pulled it open. Cam held her breath. For a minute he didn't move. Then he turned and his eyes traveled around the room to Cam.

"You double-crosser. You blabbed to him, didn't you? No wonder he was so anxious for me to try Superwoman."

"Is there something wrong?" Mr. Jennings asked, through his beard.

"Wrong?" Earl's voice broke. "The master file's gone. Missing. And it didn't walk out by itself. So it stands to reason that somebody stole it. And my guess would be—"

"I didn't steal it," George said. "I threw it out of the window."

Maggie was the first one to speak. She said, "Alex, talk sense. That valuable big machine—you threw it out the window? I don't believe it. Not after you built it."

Cam cleared her throat. But George stepped in front of her. "I can operate Superwoman without the master file. I can build a new one. I can even build you a casting file for the whole Hollywood office. But you can't operate Superwoman without me. That's why I threw the master file out of the window. I like this job."

Maggie tapped her toe on the floor and puffed out her cheeks. After a minute, she said, "Not at Sexy Lexy's salary you don't."

"Who said anything about Sexy Lexy's salary? I'm satisfied as is."

"But I thought you wanted to get married."

He stared at her. "Who said anything about getting married?"

Mr. Jennings cleared his throat: "George, you're a deep one. First, we find out you're Sexy Lexy and then we find out you're getting married. We can arrange a little—ah—increase. Did you know anything about this, Earl?"

EARL shot a look of quick disgust around the room letting it settle on Cam. Then he turned to Mr. Jennings. "Sir, there's a dancer out here whose work I'd like you to look at. A muscle dancer. She'll need a little taming down for television, but I think she has something. But we ought to snap her up before the other stations get a look. If you will—"

The door closed behind them. George still stared at Maggie. "Who said I wanted to get married?"

Maggie motioned toward Cam. "She did, when she came to see me this noon. At least, I thought—"

"This noon?"

"She came over to save your job for you. But I guess you've done that yourself."

Cam made a small noise. "I didn't say he wanted to marry me. I just said I wanted to marry him."

George looked at her. Then his big face broke into a grin. "Damn it, Cam, did you? Did you mean it? You weren't kidding?"

Cam shook her head. "I wasn't kidding."

Maggie stood up. "What was Earl saying about a muscle dancer?"

Cam motioned to the reception room. "She's out there. I'll get her."

"I'll get her myself. I just bought this place, didn't I?" Maggie went over to the door and opened it. She went through it. Before it closed, she thrust her head in. "This locks, I hope."

THE SHAME
of our
LOCAL HEALTH DEPARTMENTS

By
JACK HARRISON POLLACK

Some two hundred thousand Americans die needlessly every year because of inadequate local health departments. What can be done about it? Get the facts

In **Collier's** ***next week***

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DALE CARNEGIE: A MAN WITH A MESSAGE

Continued from page 26

The book on How to Win Friends and Influence People is simply a distillation of all that Carnegie has been teaching and preaching for 37 years in his courses in public speaking and personality development. It had its genesis in a post card listing certain fundamentals, graduated into a larger post card, expanded into a pamphlet, and finally blossomed into a book. Carnegie compiled it as a text on human relations and hoped that it might sell 30,000 copies. "I am," he says now, in speaking of its success, "the most surprised man in the world."

To Carnegie, who overcame his own shyness by debating in college, public speaking is the highroad to self-confidence, which in turn is the key to winning friends and influencing people. Stated as simply as possible, Carnegie looks on himself as a pioneer in a new field of adult education and feels that his main job is to help men and women conquer fear and develop courage.

As practiced in a Carnegie class, where every student must take his turn on the rostrum, public speaking is group therapy not unlike that practiced by Alcoholics Anonymous. By teaching his students to speak easily before a group, Carnegie has saved as many people from their own dread uncertainties as Alcoholics Anonymous has saved from the whisky barrel. In one notable instance, the Carnegie Institute and Alcoholics Anonymous joined forces, and together effected the rescue of a now-prominent New York businessman who had graduated from Harvard and had then taken an intensive postgraduate course in the Bowery.

Another extreme Carnegie case involved a man from Brooklyn, who, when called upon to make his first speech in class, responded by fainting dead away. Carnegie, with admirable aplomb, bounded to the fallen disciple's side, pointed dramatically to his prostrate figure, and, in a voice ringing with optimism, announced: "In four weeks, this man will be speaking to you from this floor." Carnegie was right.

The Dale Carnegie Institute of Effective Speaking and Human Relations is currently operating some 300 classes in a total of 168 cities in the United States, Canada, Hawaii and Norway.

In addition, Carnegie expects to open a class in Turkey under the direction of a man from Istanbul who came to the United States to buy locomotives and stayed to enroll in the course. This was not unusual. Many foreigners, temporarily situated in this country, look up a Carnegie class while they are here and take the course.

Those Who Come to Scoff—

Carnegie sees as his greatest obstacle the indifference of people to improving themselves; nevertheless, he consistently enrolls around 15,000 students a year, 60 per cent of whom have been recommended by former students. Most of them, as Carnegie himself puts it, "come to scoff and stay to pray."

In any event, they have come from India, South America and other far-off places; whole families have trooped in en masse to take advantage of the family rate, which is less than the regular by one fourth; some of the nation's biggest industries, including a Hollywood motion-picture studio, repeatedly send their executives to Carnegie for overhauling.

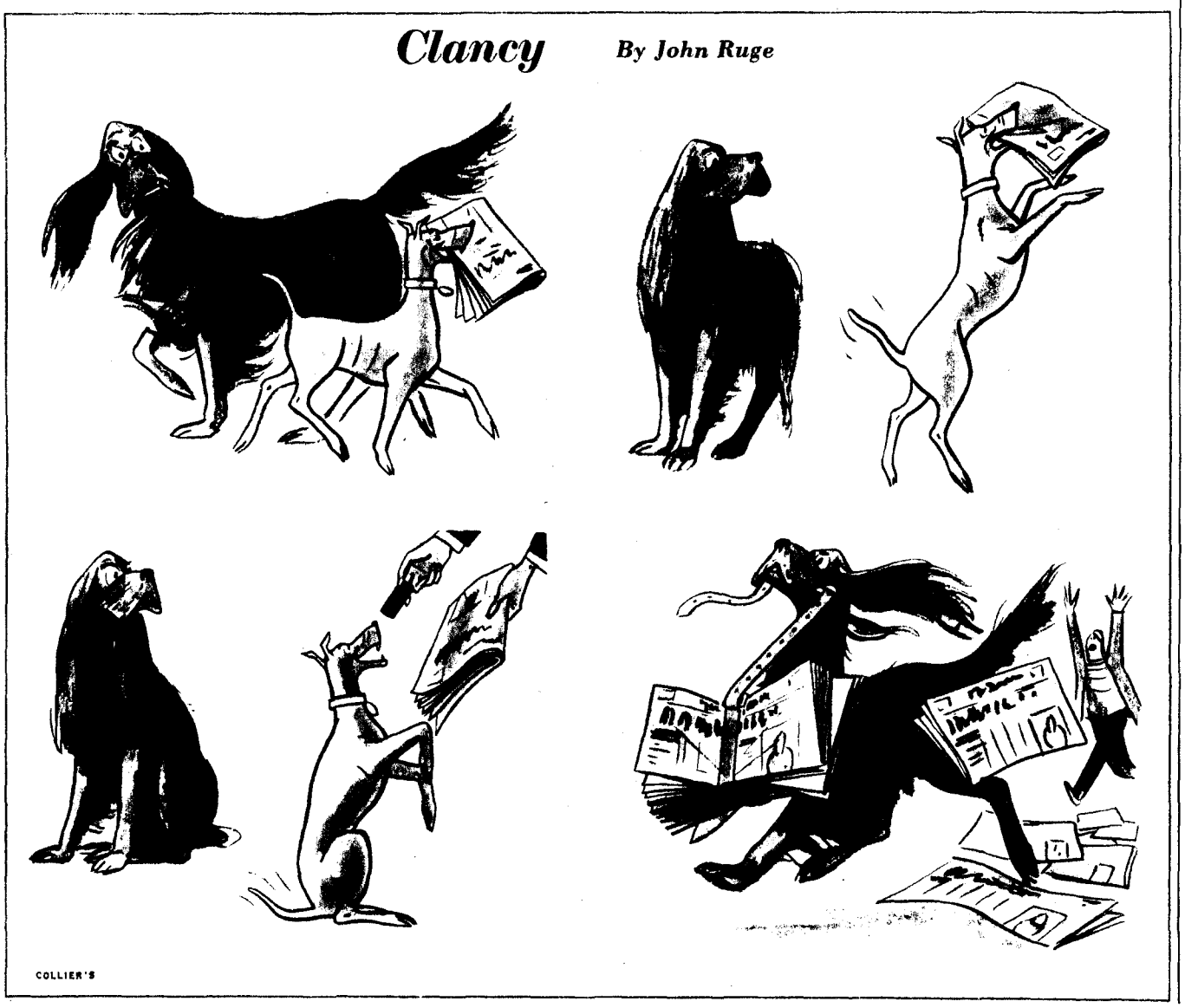
A former mayor of Baltimore, the president of a large shoe company, and the manager of one of the world's greatest hotels have taken the Carnegie course. The Coast Guard currently has several high-ranking officers enrolled; there is a United States Army general taking the course; and society has contributed a genuine Philadelphia Main Liner.

In addition, two missionaries from Africa, although they have not held formal classes in the jungle, have recently reported to Carnegie that they successfully applied the salient principles of the course to a group of frustrated savages, a feat which Carnegie shrugs off as simply more evidence that both the disease and the cure are universal.

They come from everywhere. A prominent Cuban once traveled all the way to New York to prepare himself for a three-minute talk. A man seeking a diplomatic post as an ambassador, knowing he would somehow have to learn to speak to an audience, enrolled in the course under an assumed name and then ran out of class when he was called on for his first talk. With the effort supreme, he returned for the second session and stayed to graduate with honors.

Carnegie even professes to have cured a frightened board chairman who was in such straits he found it difficult to entertain a motion. By the time he had finished the course he was so fascinated by his own forensics that, in order not to waste Sundays in unproductive silence, he took to turning up at a Quaker meeting house in Brooklyn, where, to his consummate delight, he had discovered the congregation was encouraged to speak up as a regular part of the service.

Although Carnegie instructors are in a great many cases college speech professors, many graduates have become so imbued with the Carnegie idea that they eventually take training as instructors, too. The *esprit de corps* that is generated



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at a Carnegie commencement exercise (session number seventeen) is frequently so great that the graduating class vows to keep itself in brotherhood forevermore. One group in Pennsylvania has an excellent start inasmuch as it has been meeting for more than 20 years.

Despite the eloquence of such testimonials, Carnegie is occasionally dismayed to find that a student has completely missed the point of the whole course. When this happens, he usually discovers that he has transformed a meek little man into a raving extrovert. It is an unsettling experience.

Carnegie still cringes when he recalls a misguided student, who, when asked what he had got out of the course, struck a dramatic pose, thrust his finger into the air, and cried: "Seven hundred and forty-two dollars, a new confidence, a new courage, and thirty-nine new friends. That's what I've got out of this course since last October!"

Through no fault of his own, Carnegie also attracts a certain number of cranks, who, fortunately, confine themselves for the most part to writing letters. Carnegie is frequently asked for advice on a variety of subjects, and he has been forced to stretch his own credulity to the snapping point by advising people to apply his principles of winning friends and influencing people to such improbable matters as, say, fixing flat tires.

Carnegie's long and earnest preoccupation with the problems of human friction has enabled him—to his own satisfaction, at least—to reduce the art of living to a series of simple, commonsense maxims. Carnegie knows 12 ways to win people to his way of thinking, six ways to make people like him, nine ways to change people without giving offense or resentment, seven ways to make his home life happier, and any number of ways to master whatever other problems there are in the techniques of handling people. This is his gospel.

Six Keys to Popularity

The gospel is disarmingly simple. Carnegie's six ways to make people like him—become genuinely interested in other people, smile, remember that a man's name is to him the sweetest sound in the English language, be a good listener, talk in terms of the other man's interest, and make the other person feel important—these are all obvious platitudes that have been dispensed over a mother's knee for ages. Yet, Carnegie has been astonishingly successful in selling them professionally to people who have forgotten them or who, for one reason or another, find it difficult to apply them.

The gospel, even to Carnegie, did not come all at once. He cannot remember any particularly blinding moment when the secret of harmonious living revealed itself to him. But he does recall that his first important triumph over himself came when he won the debating championship of Warrensburg State Teachers College, in Missouri.

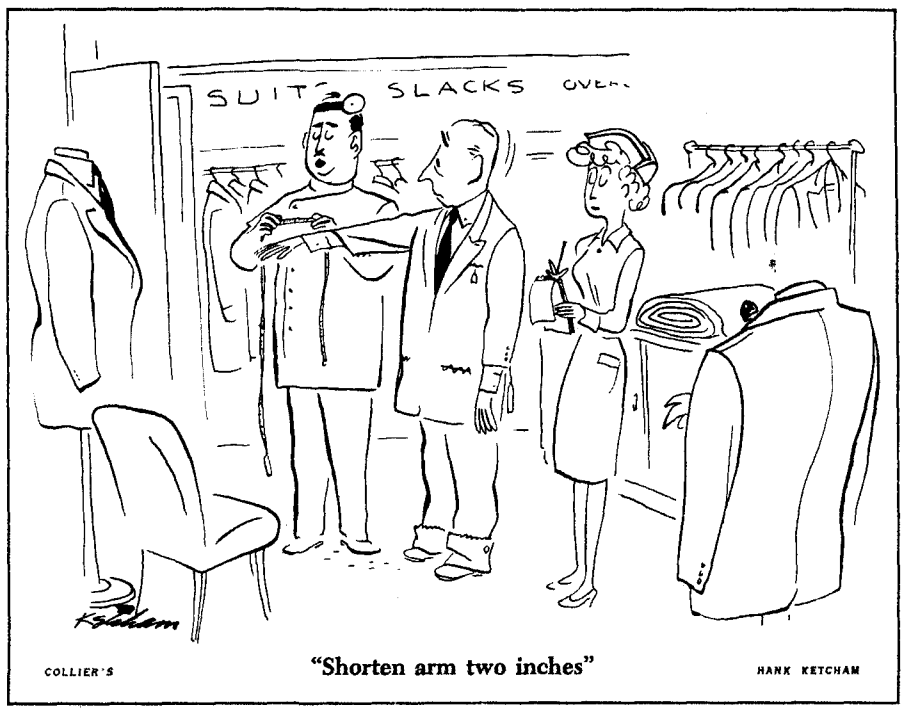
The son of a farmer, Carnegie was painfully shy as a youth. A state of extreme penury, coupled with the fact that he had to ride a horse to school instead of boarding with his richer schoolmates, combined to make his existence at college a humiliating experience. His clothes fitted him so badly that the girls refused to go out with him, and Carnegie started looking for his revenge.

Unfortunately, there were few ways to make a lasting impression on the campus. Carnegie's athletic prowess was largely confined to a certain talent for pitching hay into a loft, no great accomplishment for a Missouri farm boy, and debating was about all that was left. However, having already played the role of Snooks, the Newsboy, in a high-school play entitled Imogene, or The Witch's Secret, circa 1901, Carnegie was aware that what he lacked in talent he was beginning to make up in determination.

Needless to say, Dale Carnegie was the toast of Warrensburg after he had tutored the winners of both the public speaking and the declamatory contests and had himself captured the college debating championship. Although the wheels on the family buggy still squeaked discouragingly and the springs still popped up through the seat, the girls began buzzing with compliments for that nice Carnegie boy with all the talent.

After college, however, the buzzing stopped temporarily. For a time, he tried valiantly to sell correspondence-school courses in the sand hills of Nebraska, but the farmers he approached were seldom interested in becoming research chemists or certified public accountants, and his only important sale came when he trapped a lineman up a telephone pole and sold him a course on electrical engineering.

In 1908, at the age of twenty, Carnegie got a new job selling ham, bacon, soap and lard for a packing company, and he performed at this more practical task so enthusiastically that he was offered a branch managership after only two years. This was the historic moment at which the secret of enthusiasm manifested itself to Carnegie.



"Shorten arm two inches"

Carnegie, in fact, became so charged with enthusiasm that he gave up his selling job and went to New York, where, still flushed with his schoolboy triumph in Imogene, or The Witch's Secret, he enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. His first role was that of Dr. Hartley in a road-company version of Polly of the Circus, and he bolstered his precarious income by selling suitcases during his off hours. After nine months, he left the temple of Thespis in disgust and tried vainly to persuade his roommate to do likewise.

"You'll never get anywhere in this business," Carnegie warned him.

Carnegie is still embarrassed over this early effort to influence someone. His roommate was Howard Lindsay, co-author of Life With Father and the current Broadway hit, Life With Mother.

Following a rugged period of truck selling, Carnegie returned to his first love and began teaching public speaking at a New York Y.M.C.A. in 1912. Eventually he extended his operations to include classes in several near-by cities, and gradually it dawned on him that proficiency in public speaking was doing strange and wondrous things to the personalities of his students. He has been at it ever since, attacking from the viewpoint that public speaking is a powerful antidote for fear.

When a welcoming committee greets Carnegie at the railroad station in a city where he is scheduled to speak, he is frequently overlooked by committee members who expect a red-blooded giant to bound from the train, breathe deeply of the good air, and grab in a viselike grip the hand of the first man who gets close to him. Carnegie is instead a gentle, neat, gray-haired man of sixty with a well-turned sense of humor, a quiet demeanor and a horror of exhibitionists.

On the platform, he falls something short of a fire-eating monster, but he does speak with almost hypnotizing assurance, and he is one of the most enthusiastic speakers extant. Enthusiasm, in fact, is his most enduring quality. It is not inconceivable that Carnegie, the piper, could lead an army off a high cliff with his enthusiasm. His audiences, although they are invariably prepared to ridicule both the man and the idea, consistently come away wondering what happened.

Not long ago, at a luncheon of sales executives in New York, Carnegie asked several hundred businessmen to take out pieces of paper and copy down his rules for generating enthusiasm with pep talks, morning exercises and so forth. There was an embarrassed silence while the men of commerce looked painfully at one another in search of a clue.

Gradually, as Carnegie rushed on, well-manicured hands started slipping into well-tailored pockets for pencils and paper, and within a couple of minutes some of New York's top executives were furiously scribbling Carnegie's homely recipes on how to increase profits simply by getting out of bed on the enthusiastic side.

One of Carnegie's close friends has described him as a man who likes to preach and make money. Carnegie's success obviously has brought him considerable wealth, but he still lives modestly in a small house on a quiet street in Forest Hills, New York, where he harbors a secret desire to learn how to play the accordion. When he is not working on a new lecture tour, he putters around his garden, takes long, meditative walks in a near-by park, constantly exclaiming over the wonders of nature, and regularly inspects a set of dinosaur footprints he purchased last year from Yale University.

Carnegie's wife, Dorothy, is a graduate of one of his classes in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and her mother, by coincidence, was a lady who boarded with the elder Carnegies at their farm in Missouri when Dale was a boy and Dorothy was not yet born.

Dale and Dorothy periodically set off without warning for extended vacations, and Carnegie confesses that this habit of going on vacations, willy-nilly, is the reason he never finished How to Win Friends and Influence People. Instead of adding that chapter for the people the book doesn't help, he succumbed instead to an impulse to visit Alaska.

An avid reader, Carnegie has filled his already brimming head with an endless supply of oddities, and they have now taken over an important part of his normal conversation as well as his lectures. There is virtually nothing that does not remind him of some little-known fact, and he is fond of startling people with such observations as: "Know how big the national debt is? No? Well, it's over 250 billion dollars, and remember this: Only a little more than *one* billion minutes have passed since the birth of Christ."

Antiquity of Man Estimated

He is likely to observe that it is against the law to shake dustrags out of windows in New York, and may follow this up with: "Know how long man has been on earth? Well, if the Washington Monument represented the age of the earth, you could represent the time that man has been on earth by laying a dime on top of the monument."

Although Carnegie believes passionately in the precepts of his teaching, he is not under the illusion that everyone needs it. "The most important thing in the world is getting along with people," he says, "and almost everyone can do that. One in a hundred can't, however, and he is the one who needs the course. The others will get along just as well without it."

Carnegie also concedes that neither he nor the course is infallible. "There are some people I can't possibly help," he said recently. "Occasionally, you find people who under no circumstances seem able to get along with other people."

Carnegie is quick to say that a submoron can read How to Win Friends and Influence People, and he happily admits that in all his teachings he only glorifies the obvious. Most of his ideas, he confesses, are simply lifted from such philosophers as Jesus, Confucius or Socrates, and are converted into functioning maxims in the Carnegie workshop.

"If people would only think a little, they wouldn't need my course at all," he says. "For example, I teach them how to stop worrying. Holy smoke! All you have to do to stop worrying is remember two little proverbs: 'Don't cross your bridges before you come to them' and 'Don't cry over spilled milk.' What's so hard about that?"

The one thing that occasionally rankles Carnegie is his own inability to follow consistently the course that he himself has charted. He realizes that it is difficult, if not impossible, to maintain a steady course in negotiating the straight and narrow, and he is able to console himself only by recalling that other philosophers have also had trouble practicing what they preached. In this connection, Carnegie identifies himself with Confucius, who suffered from a similar disability.

When Carnegie gets off the path, Mrs. Carnegie, remembering that she once spent $76 to take the course, laughingly demands her money back, and this usually straightens him out. Occasionally, however, he finds himself in a mood that is calculated only to alienate friends and minimize influence.

Not long ago, on an otherwise placid Sunday afternoon, Carnegie was put in a bad temper by a caller, and he provoked himself further, after the caller had left, by brooding over the inconvenience it had caused him. On one of his circuits around the house, he stalked out onto the sun porch, glanced around balefully, and stalked off into the house again.

"There," said Mrs. Carnegie, arching an eyebrow, "goes the man who wrote The Book."

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RETURN OF THE NUMBERS RACKET

Continued from page 23

Jacksonville, Florida, lost $90,000 in a few days before he woke up to the fact that he was being run out of the business. Luis Lorenzo, until recently the second biggest Clearinghouse banker in Cleveland, lost $145,000 on a slow-burn "big fix" which a rival operator worked on him.

In many cities, police officials try to pass off the numbers game as "just a minor little racket." In Los Angeles, for example, Assistant Police Chief Joe Reed, Deputy Chief Pat F. Brown and Police Lieutenant Roscoe Washington all assured me that I was wasting my time on the West Coast, because the real numbers racket was to be found back East.

Yet, in a span of less than four hours, on Los Angeles' east side, I found it possible to purchase the tickets of twelve different numbers banks. Many were of the same banks whose slips had been photographed and published, nearly a year earlier, by the Los Angeles Sentinel.

Bought Slips All Over Town

In New York, I have had the same experience. Commissioner of Investigation John Murtagh assured me that the numbers racket was just "small-time stuff," that it was restricted almost entirely to Harlem and the Crown Heights district. High police officials echoed the same line. Yet I had no trouble at all buying policy slips in the Wall Street area, in the midtown theater district, and the Bronx.

Actually, policy is one of the largest rackets in New York City, and the police themselves prove this contention by bringing into gamblers' court a constant stream of small-time policy writers—between five and six thousand every year!

So many of these are arrested, day after day, that one special criminal court has been set aside two days a week to handle nothing but gambling. Usually the writers are run through the mill with a routine fine of $20. The fines are returned to the writers by their policy overlords, who consider such expenses just a minor part of the overhead.

Occasionally a magistrate will get sick of seeing the same people. When Magistrate Samuel Orr discovered that Julius Contreras had been convicted five times previously for numbers writing, he declared indignantly, "You are going to have a vacation," and he sentenced Contreras to $500 fine or a six-months term in jail.

Yet this did not indicate that a police cleanup was under way. Magistrate Orr made himself crystal-clear when he suggested that the police stop filling his court with small fry and bring in some of the higher-ups.

Such arrests of higher-ups, however, are few and far between. When the police do occasionally make an arrest, the reporters are called in and given the story with fanfare, as if an international spy ring had been caught trucking atom bombs into the White House.

On April 19, 1947, one such police "coup" occurred. Commissioner Arthur Wallander proudly announced that a gambling syndicate with a weekly take estimated at $5,000,000 had been broken by a spectacular series of police raids. The commissioner called it *"the outstanding series of lottery arrests in the history of the department."*

Actually neither this arrest, nor the arrest of a Brooklyn ring later, made any major dent in New York's real policy operations.

The situation in New York is not unique. The same pattern can be found all over the country where high police officials—the honest ones—have contented themselves with merely harassing the numbers racketeers.

In any city where numerous numbers banks operate, it is a sure-thing bet that at least some of the police are selling protection and taking their cut of the ample proceeds supplied by a gullible public.

They sell protection and then make a record for arrests by wiping out every competitor of their chosen syndicate foolish enough to challenge it. They grow rich, and, having sold protection in wholesale lots, permit the numbers operators to retail freedom from law enforcement to prostitutes, burglars, stick-up men and assorted criminals of every variety.

These are very serious charges. Whenever they have been made—by a crusading newspaper in Milwaukee or by a top police official in Cleveland—they have brought forth the indignant cry of "Smear!" Yet repeatedly they have proved true whenever vigorous investigators have really dug into the muck that surrounds the policy game.

A Big Shot in Milwaukee

In Milwaukee, Doyle Getter, a reporter on the Milwaukee Journal, discovered that policy had climbed into the big-business class since the war. At the center of the racket Getter found Smoky Gooden whose police record dated back to 1920. Up to 1933, Gooden had been convicted on seventeen separate occasions. But since that time, although he had been arrested five times, the police had never secured a conviction.

Getter hid a cameraman in a truck across the street from Gooden's Smoke Shop. At the end of the day the photographer had taken picture after picture of morals squad patrolmen and detectives entering and leaving Gooden's headquarters.

After these pictures were published in the Milwaukee Journal, investigations were started. The police insisted that their visits with Gooden were in line of duty, justifying this by stating that Smoky was a stool pigeon furnishing information and that Smoky was an honest merchant from whom they made legitimate purchases.

But these explanations didn't satisfy District Judge Harvey L. Neeleen who then ordered a John Doe (one-man grand jury) inquiry. At this writing the investigation was still proceeding. But in the meantime, a few of Milwaukee's policy wheels have folded up and a decided

Racketeers who run the numbers game capitalize on the superstition of their clients with gimmicks like this Dream Book which purports to predict a winning number on the basis of the bettor's dreams. For other paraphernalia of the numbers racket, turn to pages 72 and 73

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crimp has been placed on the operation of the others.

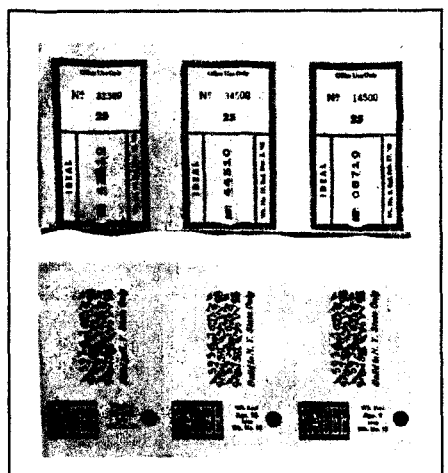
In Cleveland the job of ripping the mask off the numbers racket has been achieved by a former F.B.I. agent named Alvin J. Sutton. Youthful and courageous, he quit his federal post a year ago to take a $1,600 cut in salary as Assistant Safety Director. Both numbers bankers and cynical police officials greeted Alvin Sutton's appointment as a joke, referring to him as "that Boy Scout up at the city hall."

Mr. Sutton Did Homework

What the cynics didn't know was that when Sutton left the city hall at night, it was always with a brief case full of police records. Mainly he concentrated on the 1939 investigations of the Mayfield Mob which had eventually ended in penitentiary sentences for sixteen ex-bootleggers and gangsters who had muscled in on Cleveland's numbers banks and policy houses.

Sutton found himself stymied by one persistent question. His predecessors thought they had broken the back of the racket with their 16 convictions. Yet policy had not only continued to flourish in Cleveland, it had blossomed and grown to a $70,000,000 annual take.

In Al Sutton's homework two names



Just off the printing press, policy tickets like these (both sides are shown) help to build up a booming, multimillion-dollar industry for unscrupulous crooks

kept cropping up. One was that of Frank Hoge, indicted along with the Mayfield Mob, but given a directed acquittal by the trial judge. Throughout the underworld it was whispered that Frank Hoge and his brother Willie had come to the top after the Mayfields were sent away. They had become the real chiefs of the new numbers syndicate that ruled the racket in Cleveland.

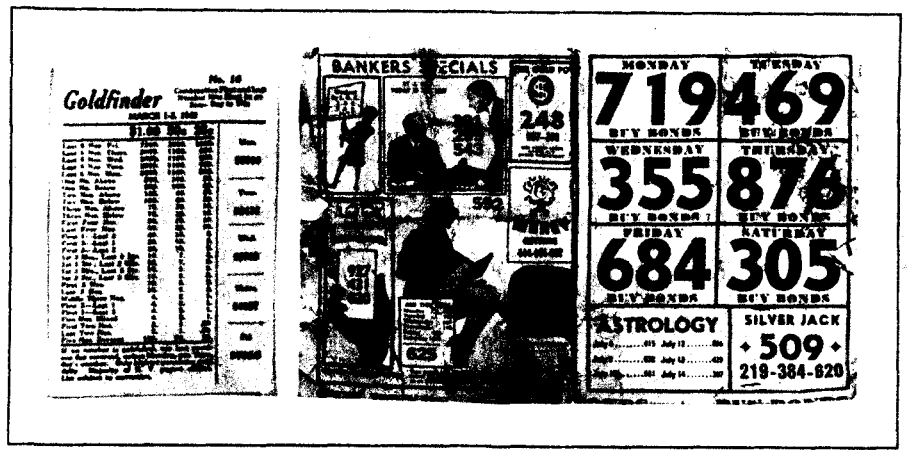
The other name was that of a police lieutenant, Ernest L. Molnar. As head of the Vice Bureau in 1939, Molnar had secured most of the evidence which led to the conviction of the Mayfields, evidence which—all too conveniently, it seemed to Sutton—had proved insufficient to convict Hoge.

Then Sutton discovered that Police Lieutenant Molnar, whose take-home pay never topped $4,000 a year, was living on a splendid scale—purchasing real estate, taking repeated Florida vacations, buying expensive suits in dozen lots.

Molnar had been transferred out of the vice squad in 1942, yet he maintained contact with Hoge and other policy figures—Luis Lorenzo and Little Brother Drake. These men made frequent long-distance calls to Molnar's farm, at Novelty Lake.

All the signs pointed to Ernest Molnar as the pay-off man, the arranger and purveyor of police protection.

But no jury would sustain a bribery



Policy addicts naïvely swear by tip sheets like the one shown on right, which makes use of astrology and arbitrarily selects a "paying" number for each day of the week. Left: Result sheet, called a "Goldfinder," shows which combinations pay off

conviction on the basis of signs alone. Sutton had to get witnesses to actual bribe transactions—insiders who could back up their testimony with such a mass of detail that no doubts would remain in a jury's mind. Most of the trails led to dead ends.

Late last February, Sutton got the break he had been praying for. Luis Lorenzo sent him a message that he wanted to talk.

Lorenzo was in trouble—deep trouble. He was awaiting trial for kidnaping, and was certain that he was being framed by Hoge and by Molnar.

He told Sutton how Molnar had picked him out, way back in 1936, when Lorenzo was just a small-time punk operating a back-room dice game. Molnar, he stated, had given him the okay to run a house of prostitution. A few years later he had invited him to enter the numbers game—just about the time the Mayfield Mob was being put on the spot. Gradually, Lorenzo maintained, he became a big-time policy and numbers operator with the police lieutenant's blessing—one of the Big Three Syndicate.

Lorenzo's purpose in making this exposé was to beat the rap on the kidnaping charge. Even as he conferred with Sutton, he sent the news along the grapevine that he had started to chirp, that he would sing a whole opera if his trial went on to a conviction.

Frightened, Molnar agreed to testify in Lorenzo's defense. But he won no acquittal for his former friend. Lorenzo was convicted by a judge who threw the book at him with 6-to-45-year sentences in the Ohio State Penitentiary. Lorenzo's appeal was pending at the time of this writing.

Then the singing turned into a regular anvil chorus. Lorenzo and two associates dictated long and detailed statements concerning Molnar's deep involvement with the numbers racket.

It proved highly accurate when checked against circumstantial evidence and it ended with Molnar's suspension from the force on charges of unbecoming and subversive conduct.

Many Offered to "Sing"

Then, at last, other timid witnesses began to come forward. One by one, strangers would sidle up to Sutton on the street, and whisper, "I want to talk. Where can I meet you?"

One witness dictated his story in the empty bleachers of Cleveland's huge stadium, Sutton's shivering secretary recording each hot detail with fingers frozen by the icy winds sweeping in from Lake Erie.

Within a month, Sutton and Prosecutor Frank T. Cullitan were able to march a long string of witnesses before the

Tough Luck

THE UNLUCKY	THE ILL LUCK
Convict, Chicago	He appealed his 15-year sentence, got a new trial and was sentenced to 99 years in the penitentiary.
Resident, Des Moines	Doctors discovered his rashes were due to his allergy to all paper money.
Resident, Chicago	Just as he finished painting the doghouse, his dog bit him.
Burglar, Pittsburgh	He was arrested for breaking into a cleaning plant, and found he had stolen some of his own clothes.
Soldier, Medway, Maine	He spent $110 on a trip to Kansas to see his girl and found her in strict quarantine.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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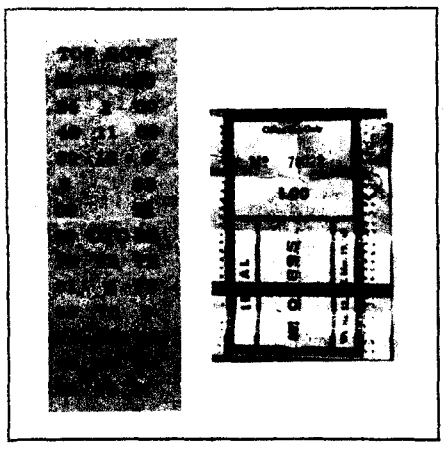

Inflation has hit the policy game too, as dollar ticket on the right shows. In the old days, the racket existed on nickels and dimes. Left: A result slip showing winning numbers of the day

grand jury, which promptly indicted Molnar. He was charged with soliciting and accepting more than $75,000 in bribes.

Sutton, who up to then had been "just a Boy Scout," suddenly became the city's hero.

Molnar came to trial last July. Lorenzo, now dubbed "The Talking Man," testified having paid him more than $64,000 for protection. A parade of other witnesses told of passing bribes to Molnar, week after week, by the handclasp method.

It had got so that cops in Cleveland wouldn't shake hands with their best friends.

One witness testified to having attended a meeting at which Molnar met with Willie Hoge and other numbers racketeers to plan muscling in on the Goldfield policy house.

Another flock of witnesses, from banks and department stores, laid bare Molnar's amazing financial manipulations. They showed how the $80-a-week lieutenant had managed to spend more than $60,000 in five years, apart from living expenses. He had bought more than $7,000 worth of clothes—all for cash. He had purchased over $23,000 worth of banker's checks—for cash—to use in his real-estate operations and in paying $17,000 to a New Jersey cram school for the education of his son.

The prosecution pictured Molnar as stepping into the saddle to rule the policy underworld after he had cleared the field by the Mayfield convictions.

After ten days of testimony that laid bare for the first time the intricate alliance between Cleveland's police and the policy racketeers who had become their partners, the jury convicted Molnar. (Molnar's attorneys are currently pressing an appeal.)

The Suckers Get a Break

Judge Joseph Artl promptly sentenced the dethroned vice-squad boss to a long term in the state penitentiary. In doing so he unconsciously gave the suckers who play the numbers game in Cleveland one of their very rare chances to turn the tables on the policy operators. When newspapers appeared with tremendous headlines reading "Molnar Gets 6–60 Years," swarms of players, superstitious as always, rushed to lay their bets on 660. The policy bankers were caught flat-footed—for once in their lives—when the number hit!

The conviction of Molnar has shaken both the Cleveland department and its policy underworld to the roots. But Sutton has not been content with one spectacular conviction. He has followed it up with raid after raid on the policy barons. Even the Hoges, who seemed immune until recently, are on the run. Willie Hoge was caught by Sutton in a major policy raid.

What Sutton has proved is that whenever the policy racket is seriously attacked—whenever the drive is directed against the big shots—it withers and dies. Only where officials look upon the numbers racket as something inevitable and unbeatable do you find it corrupting the police, robbing the suckers, financing vice and crime and enriching the racketeers.

The gangsters are back—with slot machines and punch boards, harmless looking but deadly in their hands. Collier's soon will follow up this article on the Numbers Racket with others exposing the new style mobsters who are squeezing millions out of the innocent "non-gambling" public.

Pure Luck

THE LUCKY	THE GOOD LUCK	
Carl Moore, Lamar, Mo.	He insured his car thirty minutes before it was stolen.	
Gas Station Operator, Peru, Ind.	A bandit shot him to prevent pursuit, and the bullet entered his wooden leg.	
Residents, Battle Creek	The water-meter readers went on strike.	H_2O
Convicts, Newark	A gasoline shortage caused the abandonment of work at the penitentiary rock pile.	
Ticket Seller, Santa Anita Track	He punched a wrong button, was stuck with $50 worth of tickets, and won $2,858.	

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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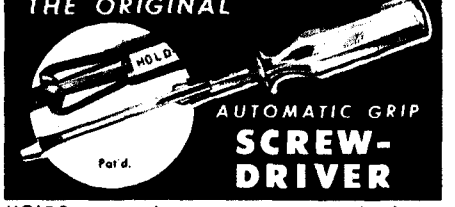

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The Numbers Racket Is Corruption

OF COURSE we know gambling is a sin. Or we should know. We have been told often enough. Gambling also is a legal offense, a misdemeanor punishable by fines or jail if the police are annoyed enough and choose to prosecute.

Why is such an amusing pastime as gambling a sin and a misdemeanor? It is easy enough to understand why stealing is naturally wrong, but the ethics of gambling are not so obvious.

The winner in gambling, assuming the game is honest, gets no more than his due. He paid for a chance and won. What's wrong in that?

The losers also paid for chances and lost. Where is their sin or crime? Isn't life full of chances? Wasn't it Solomon who observed that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor yet riches to men of understanding?

If only sensible well-disciplined people bet very modest sums, well within their funds allotted to recreation, it would be extremely hard to make a convincing argument against gambling. Hundreds of thousands of men bet small sums on football games. If they bet no more than they can afford to spend on that much recreation, it wouldn't be easy to convict them of any wrong anywhere.

Bingo is a gambling amusement very popular in highly respectable circles. Millions of people play cards. Many play bridge or gin rummy for small stakes. Nearly everybody who plays poker plays for money. Poker has a bad name when the stakes are high and the game gets commercial, but bridge is eminently proper. How do you draw the line? Historically it has been easy to arouse public opinion against gambling, probably because of our Puritan traditions. Lotteries were unpopular and we had the antilottery laws. These have been enforced by the United States.

The Irish Hospital Sweepstakes are almost the only successful exception. The government frowns on the sweepstakes, makes life hard for the winners, but is ready and eager to levy income taxes on any winner.

For a long time betting on horse racing was forbidden by law. It still is in many states. During recent years betting on the races has been made legal and several states and cities collect important revenues from the horse-racing business. Yet betting on horses is as bad in 1949 as it was nearly a half century ago when the late Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes persuaded New York to outlaw racing. After long consideration New York, California, Illinois, Florida, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and some other states reversed the trend and decided to legalize bets on horse races and to tax them.

The numbers racket has been a particularly unsavory form of gambling because of the character of its sponsors and protectors. This is not to suggest that the businessmen and politicians who operate other varieties of gambling are admirable people. But even among generally low characters the operators of the numbers rackets have been repulsive.

Thomas E. Dewey first got national attention by his success in sending to prison the Tammany politicians who protected the numbers racket in New York. Other cities were shocked by similar exposures and took pleasure in punishing some of the grafters who profited by the mean revenues of this filthy business.

As the article this week by Albert Q. Maisel shows, after all these reforms the numbers rackets are being re-established in many cities. Wherever they exist, if they exist on a large scale, it is a safe guess that the police tolerate the operation. If the police tolerate gambling, some politician behind the police is probably collecting graft and providing protection.

That is no more tolerable now than it was 15 years ago. Whatever our attitude toward gambling, there can be no defense of political graft or of police corruption. Graft and corruption are the dry rot of government.

Of course the guilty should be punished. But is that enough? Has not the situation drifted on long enough to suggest the desirability of some constructive thought?

We got rid of much of the police corruption surrounding racing, by legalizing betting at the track. Nobody has yet suggested that the numbers racket should be made legal. Yet there must be a remedy. Would it not be an appropriate subject for inquiry by the Conference of Governors or some other group of public officials acquainted with the methods of governmental research? Out of some such consideration real progress might be made practicable. . . . W. L. C.

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